THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCT. 31, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

DRAWN BY WALTER H. EVERETT

In This Number

DON'T YOU CARE!—By Rupert Hughes

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Another Victory for Equal Rights!

-now both sexes may have
that Royal Tailored Look

We announce for Fall a tailored-to-order Overcoat Service for men and women. From now on, *Mi-lady* as well as *Mi-lord*, can enjoy the facilities of the world's premier custom-tailor shops.

The greatest designers of women's clothes have always been men. Consider *Paquin*, *Poiret* and *Cheruit*. And a Royal Tailored overcoat, for either man or woman, embodies those inimitable features of style and grace that mean—"*man-tailored.*"

Your local Royal dealer takes your measures and sends them to our tailor shops in New York or Chicago.

And the woolen selection! It is stupendous—magnificent! The most brilliantly beautiful overcoat weaves in history are on display at our dealers' stores. Meltons, Worumbo Montagnacs, Chinchillas, Fancy Backs—an unparalleled wealth of De Luxe overcoatings. And you pay—to your delightful surprise—only $16, $17, $20, $25, $30 or $35!

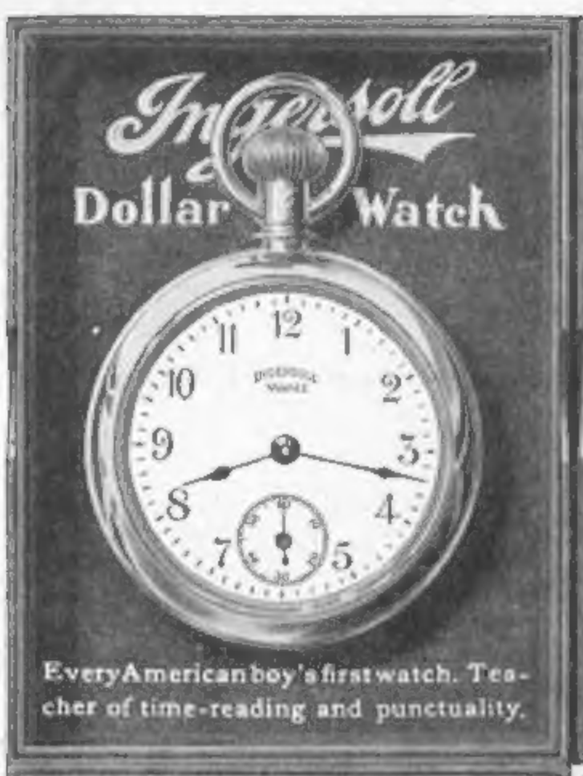
Over 10,000 dealers now—and we're still adding to our dealer family. Applications considered from high grade men's stores in open territory.

The Royal Tailors

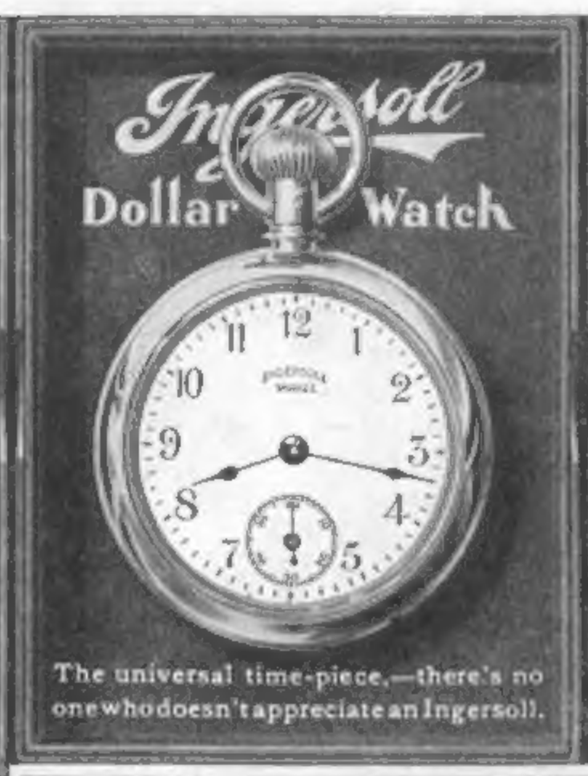
Chicago New York

Joseph Wolf
President

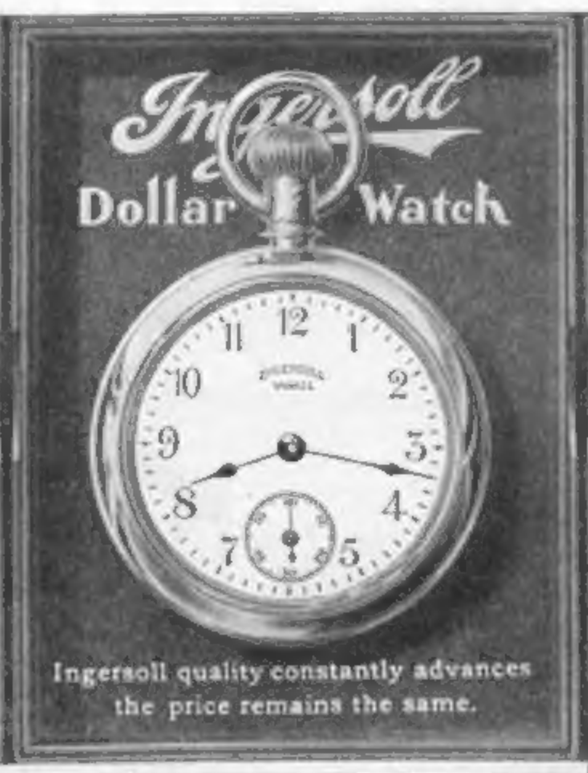
Royal Evening Dress Week— October 31st to November 7th Inc.



Every American boy's first watch. Teacher of time-reading and punctuality.

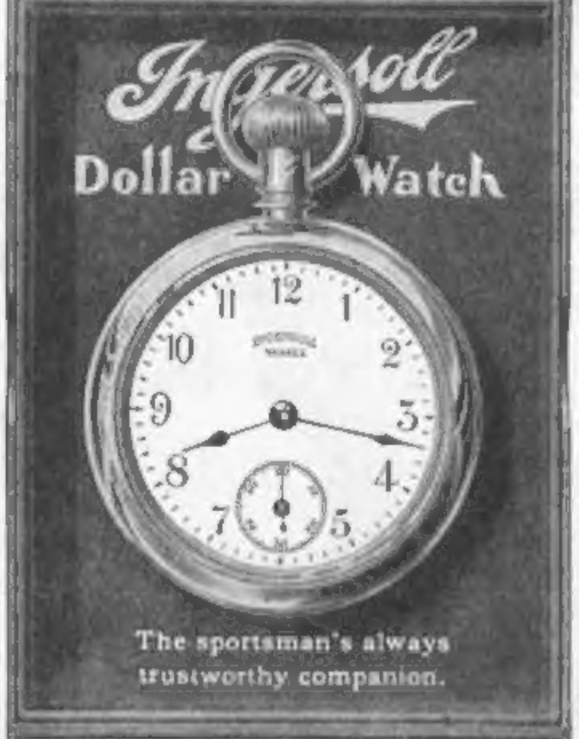


The universal time-piece,—there's no one who doesn't appreciate an Ingersoll.



Ingersoll quality constantly advances the price remains the same.

Every watch tested for seven days running before it leaves the factory.



The sportsman's always trustworthy companion.

Guaranteed to keep good time.

How Prohibitive Price Handicapped the Nation

It made millions of people do without watches.

Every day it wasted minutes and quarter hours for all these millions.

It retarded the growth of punctuality and efficiency in America.

It fostered habits of laziness and sloth.

The price of good watches was prohibitive because it cost so much to make them that millions of people had to do without.

Today the power of the Prohibitive Price is destroyed.

American genius found the way to simplify watch construction while maintaining time-keeping accuracy.

The whole world is better for the invention of the INGERSOLL DOLLAR WATCH.

It is one of the marvels of the age!

It is the great teacher of punctuality and precision.

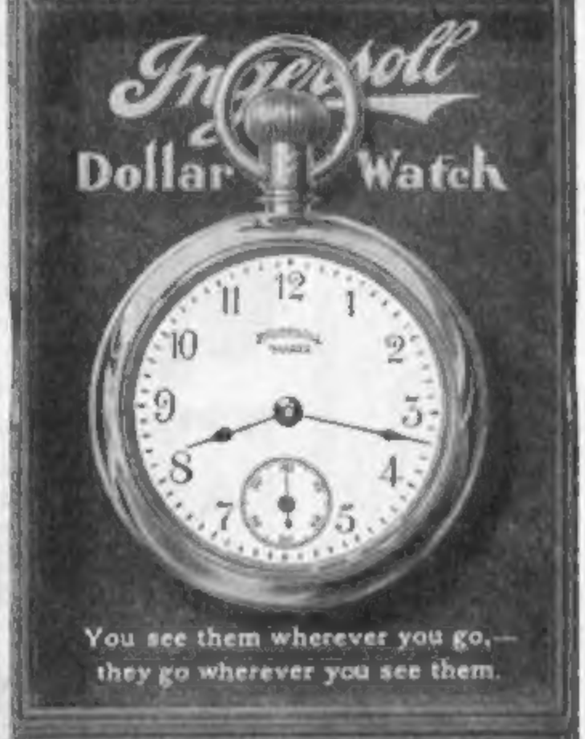
It has made Time the servant of the millions.

Forty millions of people have bought it, and fifteen thousand more are buying it every day.

It is sold at the uniform price of ONE DOLLAR all over the country, by 60,000 dealers—in every city, town and hamlet—any jeweler can sell you one.

Look sharp for the name "INGERSOLL" on the dial.

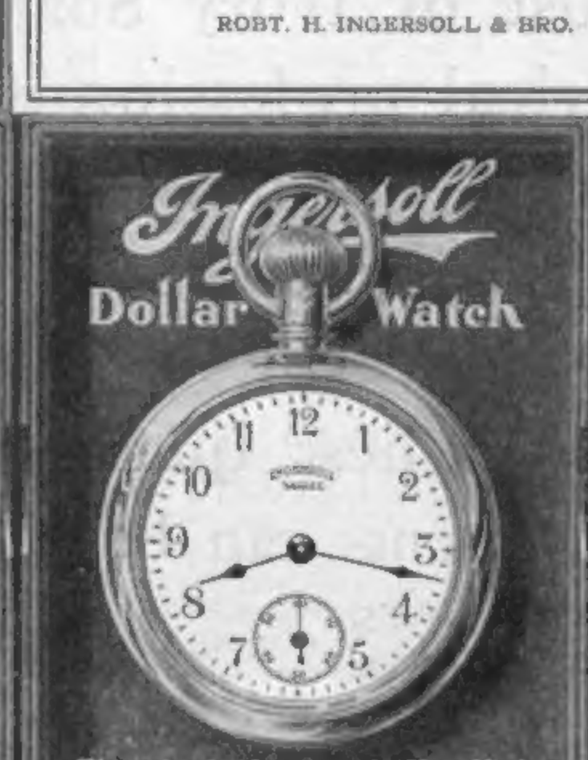
ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO. 315 Fourth Avenue, New York



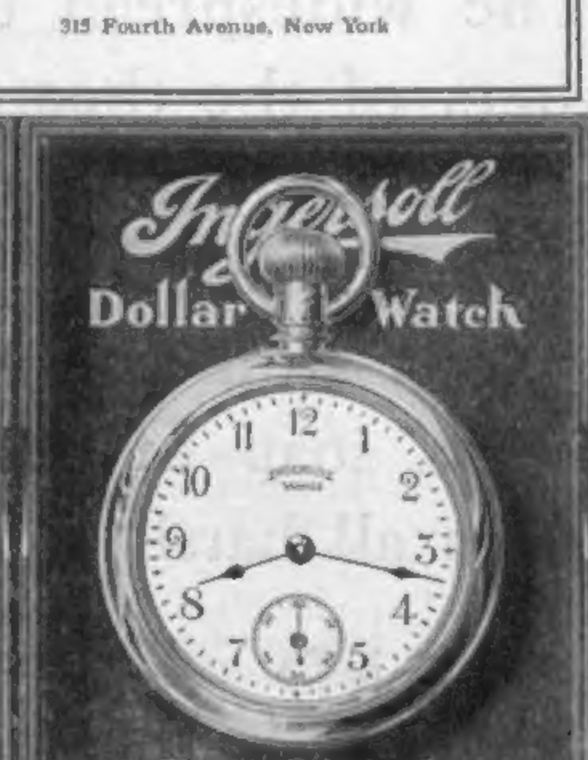
You see them wherever you go,—they go wherever you see them.

The household watch. Hang one in every room.

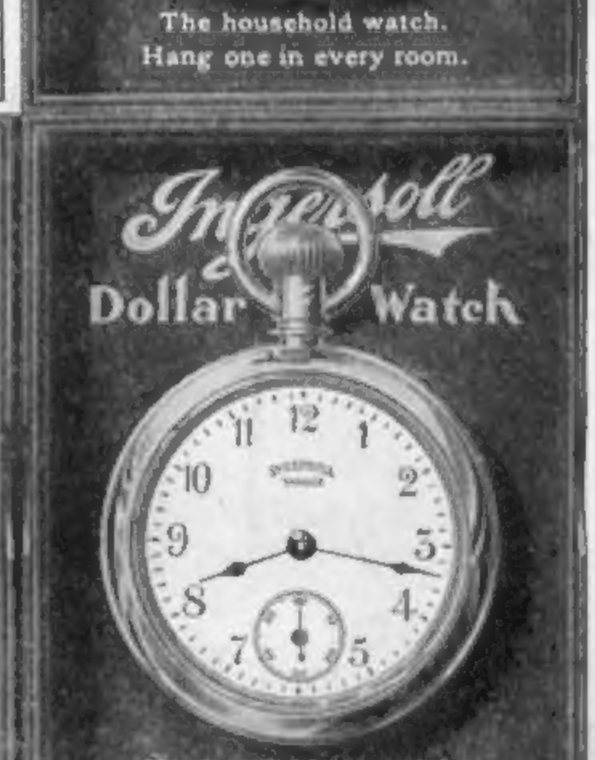
Thin, compact, accurate and as good as it looks.



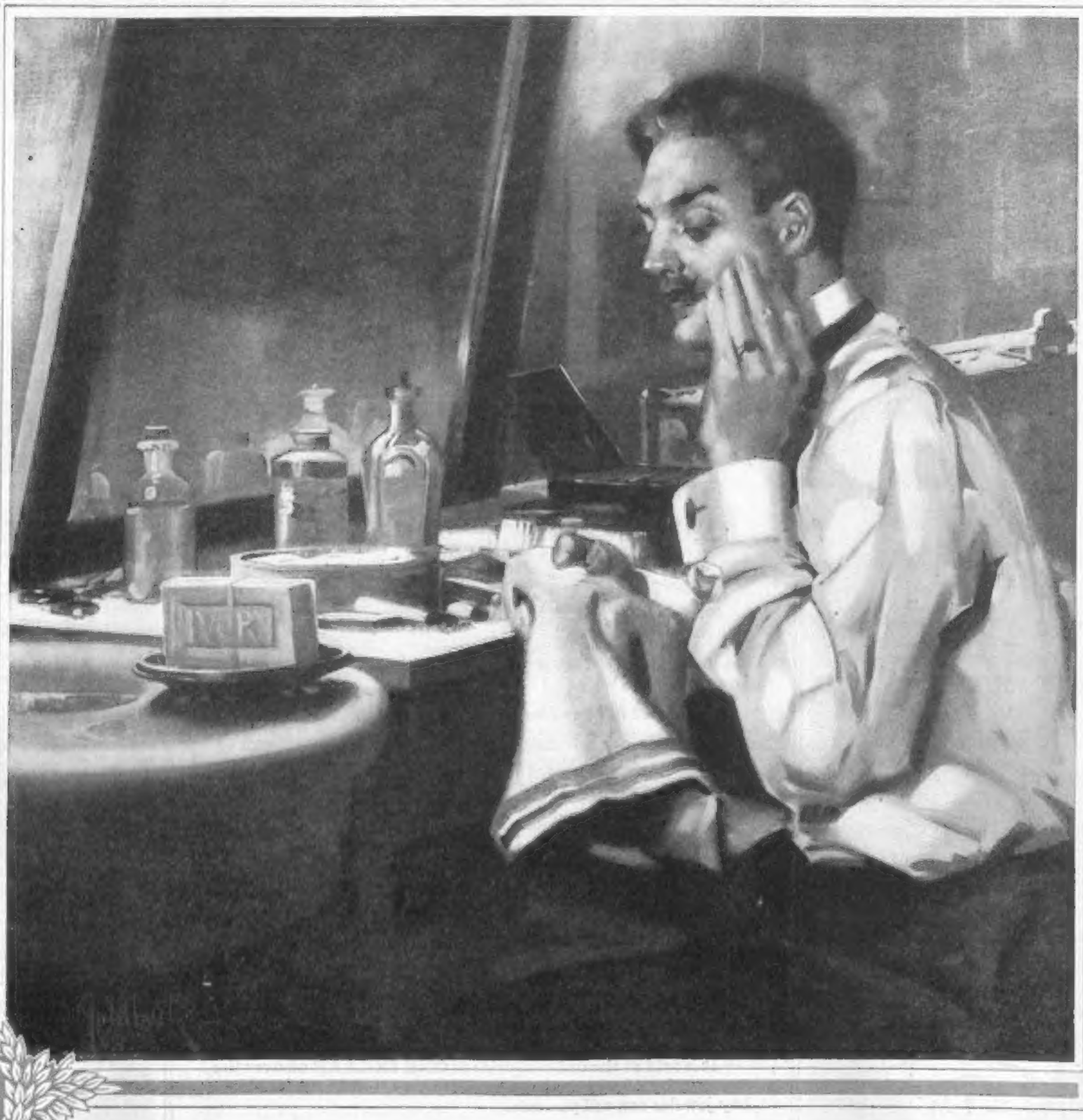
The price is the same in New York or the smallest village.



The watch that made the dollar famous.



Not hurt by jars or jolts that would ruin more delicate watches.



The widespread use of Ivory Soap among the members of the theatrical profession is significant. Better than anything else, it shows how mild, pure and high grade Ivory Soap must be. For with the skin tender from the continual use of make-up, nothing but a soap of the highest quality and entirely free from all harsh ingredients can be tolerated.

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. . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

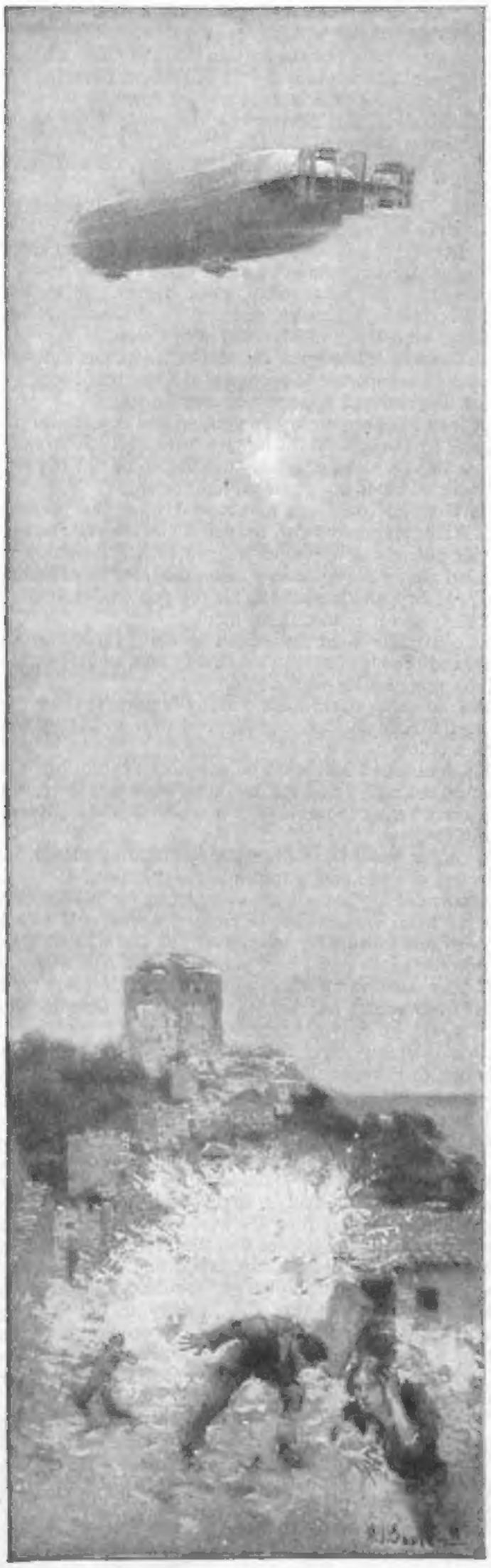
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 *PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 31, 1914* *Number 18*

THE MILLER OF OSTEND

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

DECORATIONS BY HENRY J. SOULEN



AN OLD man pushing a two-wheeled cart, under which a short-eared gray dog pulled, stopped in the narrow street behind the Digue de Mer. The shops of Ostend were nearly deserted, few besides the baker and the tobacconist remained. And in those the women sold. Every man in Belgium had his breast against the Prussian column. The old miller, out yonder on the road toward Brussels, ground a little wheat and peddled it about slowly over the cobblestones, for the dog, like his master, was old.

The shop before which the miller stopped had a few cans of English pipe tobacco piled up in the window. The English marines had finally landed after the long days of deadly waiting. Ostend was changed as by some sorcery. This, the gayest city in Europe, was now the most deserted. The marines patrolled the Digue de Mer, the railway station and the roads. A great Red Cross flag floated over the Kursaal, the fantastic temple to Chance that Leopold had built to turn the emigration toward Monaco northward. The kings of the earth were at a deadlier game than *trente-et-quarante* and the new queen had taken this house of Fortune in which to store the broken pawns. The old man pounded on the door of the shop and called out in a sort of *patois*, a bastard kind of Flemish-French.

For some moments there was no response. Then suddenly the door flew open. The old miller was caught in two young arms, hugged, and pushed out into the street. The sunny thing that came like a butterfly out of the dingy shop scolded and kissed the miller, then stood back against the window and bade him admire her white cap and her English muslin skirt and the Red Cross on her arm. She was going to help the queen in the great Kursaal. The materials had been sent by the rich English ladies oversea, but she had put in every stitch herself. Was it not all beautifully done? The queen would not be shamed by her. . . . Was he not proud of such a granddaughter?

He was proud, but emotion in him dwelt in the subterranean places from whence it did not issue, but in which its strength forever remained. His son Albert was dead at Liège, he knew, but he did not tell her. Her mother she had never known. She had no one in the world now but himself.

He rubbed his stubble beard with his broad flat fingers. He had given one to the king—well, the one to be given now to the queen would at least be in no danger. Even the Prussians did not wage a war on women.

"The queen is not apt to look at the granddaughter of a miller," he said.

"But she has looked, *grand-père*," cried the girl, "and she said I was La Belle Marie. Who was La Belle Marie, *grand-père?*"

"A woman in a song," said the old man; and he looked down, for the woman in the song had wept for the dead.

But the girl had not waited for his answer. She thrust a big iron key into the lock of the door, gave it a twist with her supple hand and flung the key into the cart.

"Adieu, *grand-père!*" she cried. "The granddaughter of a miller can at least be on the hour. Come to the Kursaal to-morrow."

She paused and blew back kisses.

"And ask the queen for La Belle Marie."

Her laugh rippled like a silver banner in the sun.

The old man stood and watched her disappear up the narrow cobbled street toward the Digue de Mer. Her slender, supple body was full of the joy of life. The sun seemed entangled in her hair.

Thank God, the Prussian did not wage a war on women!

He spoke to the dog, and taking hold of the cart they went out toward the Brussels road. As they passed the cathedral with its three holy figures indented in the ancient wall, a priest came out and crossed before them.

The miller stopped and spoke to the priest.

"Father," he said, "is the Pope dead, as I have heard?"

The priest turned about. He, too, was an old man, his face worn almost ghastly with fatigue.

"My son," he said, "the hosts of Satan have seized the world, and the good God has withdrawn his ambassador. . . . It is true. The Holy Father is dead."

And gathering up his skirts he set out toward the peasant houses in the environs of Ostend where the wounded sent back from the front needed his assistance.

The old man and the dog traveled out of Ostend and along the Brussels road. They traveled slowly. A peasant passed, driving a flock of geese into the city. He was a figure in every detail out of a picture in a fairy book. He wore a long smock, wooden shoes and a curious hat. He had a round expressionless face, and he carried a crook for catching the geese about the neck when they endeavored to leave the road. But for all his wooden expression the peasant was no Simple Simon.

"Hey, Peevel Beever," he said, "if you come with me you can learn the German goose-step—that gander in the front was born in Prussia."

And he laughed.

"You ought to be with the king," said the old man.

The peasant's face changed.

"I do the king a better service with the geese," he said.

And it was true. He went out, always to be robbed by the German camps and to count the guns.

A troop of cavalry passed. The old man drew his cart out of the road. Then he went on.

Presently they came to a little ancient house surrounded by a wide empty ditch. They entered. The miller unharnessed the dog, fed him some pieces of bread and sat down on the door step.

Evening advanced. The wind from the sea died down, the whole world under the setting sun seemed a land of quiet and unending peacefulness. The serenity of heaven seemed to extend everywhere like a benediction.

Presently, far away toward Brussels, a thing like a wingless goose appeared in the sky. It traveled at great speed and soon took form and outline. It came on like a projectile toward Ostend. One could distinguish now its long aluminum cylinder and the strange equipment of the Zeppelin, all painted gray like a warship.

While one stood to count his fingers this grim engine of the air was over the city. There was a long, dull roar, and the glass-inclosed terrace of the Kursaal that bowed out toward the promenade of Leopold south along the Digue de Mer flew into a cloud of dust and broken tiles.

Meanwhile, as though signaled of the approach of the Zeppelin, an English submarine arose like some fabled seathing out of the slime of the harbor. A figure emerged from the turret, seized a lever, and a gun that was folded into the back of the monster swung up into place, other figures appeared, and the gun lifting perpendicular opened fire on the dirigible. The gunner missed. The Zeppelin swung round in the great arc of a circle and started to return. The gun cackled, but the gunner, either from lack of skill or the oscillation of the submarine, continued to miss.

Finally the Zeppelin, driving dead away toward Brussels, was seen suddenly to list. It hung for a moment half balanced over, then it glided slowly down. A shot traveling parallel with the cylinder had ripped open the gas compartments along the whole side, as the water-tight compartments of a liner are ripped open by the North Atlantic ice. It did not fall—the gas chambers on the other side of the long aluminum envelope were enough to prevent that, but not enough to hold it in the air, and listing heavily it descended slowly into the fields. The detachment of Belgian cavalry riding the Brussels road raced toward it.

At the dull boom of the first explosion the old miller, sitting on his door step, arose and started to return to Ostend. He swung forward with great strides, slouching his left shoulder, since he was accustomed to carry a sack of grain. He had the terrible stiffened celerity of the aged when they are in a desperate way. He knew the city, and the direction of the sound located for him where the deadly thing had struck.

His awful fear was justified. Under the wrecked glass of the Kursaal, among the scattered cots and the wounded—now mangled dead men—a little broken thing, with a red cross stitched to her sleeve and the sun still nestling in her hair, lay motionless across the sill of a door.

La Belle Marie, unlike the woman in the song, would never weep for the dead!

In spite of the fact that the Zeppelin seemed to float down easily to the earth, the landing wrecked it. The great cylinder nosed into a ditch, the platforms were broken and the crew thrown out. They were not able to make any resistance to the Belgian cavalry. The uninjured ran about and were presently rounded up by the horsemen; one or two firing with small arms were shot.

When the Belgian officer came to look at the wounded he did not know what to do. Night was descending and he must get his detachment into Ostend. He had no surgeon in his troop and no way to carry wounded. He ordered a rough shelter put up out of the wreckage of the Zeppelin, and laid the wounded men and the dead on blankets under it.

For himself he must get to saddle and into Ostend. The gooseherd traveling out of Brussels had brought news that could not wait. He had only a handful of troopers. When he came to mount the uninjured prisoners—each behind a cavalryman—he found that he could ill spare a man to remain with the wounded. He stood a moment with his hand gathering up his bridle rein, when, by chance, the problem solved itself. The old priest, crossing the fields on his errand of mercy from cottage to cottage, appeared.

The officer commandeered him.

"Father," he said, "remain here and take care of these men until the authorities at Ostend can bring them in."

Then he got into the saddle and clattered away, riding at a gallop and taking the ditches as though he followed an English fox. The prisoners, strapped to the cavalrymen, bounded about like great loose lumps tied to the saddles.

Night was coming on.

The priest began at once to attend the wounded. The Belgian officer had given him a canteen—a flat metal bottle covered with canvas and filled with water. Near him lay the officer of the Zeppelin, unconscious. Now he began to groan. The priest put the bottle to his lips. After a little the man drank, then sighed deeply, like one returning to consciousness. He made one or two vague inquiries, then seemed all at once to understand what had happened. He asked the priest to look in the wreckage of the Zeppelin for a lantern and in the pocket of his coat for a box of matches.

The old man went away to look, and the German spoke to his companions, feebly asking their names and how badly they were injured. Only one or two of them replied, and he called out to the priest, telling him where to look for the lantern and bidding him strike the matches and be guided by certain positions of the platform that he indicated.

Presently the old man returned with the lantern. The darkness was now dense and there was no wind. The lantern burned steadily. The German officer seemed again unconscious. He lay relaxed, and with the lantern in his hand the old man began to examine the wounded, going from man to man. Three of the crew of the Zeppelin were dead, and of the other five one was dying. The priest attempted to arrange the blanket under the dying man's head, but he ceased to breathe almost immediately. The four men remaining were not mortally hurt and the priest endeavored to make them as comfortable as he could.

It was impossible to realize that only an hour ago these persons were the active agents of a devastating madness. They were concerned now only with the little human things that occupy the energies of sick men. The German officer, who had a crushed thigh, asked the priest to help him write a note to his family in Breslau. He did not seem to realize that no letter could cross the frontier. He said there was a writing pad with paper and pencil in a pocket under him.

The priest explored the pocket, put the pencil into the man's fingers and steadying the writing pad with one hand held the lantern where the flame would light it. But the officer tried in vain to write. The shock of the injury made his hand shake and he scratched only unintelligible marks on the paper. The priest promised to carry his message to Breslau when the war was over, and asked the man what he wished to say.

"Tell them I got hurt," the officer replied with the impressive brevity of sick men.

Another of the wounded—a youth from Hesse—had known an English student at Giessen. And with an utter disregard of probabilities the German thought this man might now be among the English marines at Ostend. He would be a surgeon and, if the priest could find him, the boy was sure all the wounded crew would be put into a hospital and kindly treated. The Englishman would remember who had taken him to see the student duels, and had got him permission to make some experiments in a professor's laboratory. The boy went on to say what the experiments were, and how pleasant a person the Englishman was, and so forth.

Only one of the men acted like the soldier in the hero tales. His legs were broken. And after the priest had made him as comfortable as he could on the bedding from the Zeppelin, he began to tell of a little clock on a cruiser that the English fleet had sunk in the North Sea. The face of the clock had been broken and one of the hands shot off, but it continued to run, ticking away with the one hand going. Among all the events of the war this thing alone impressed him.

"That was a good German clock," he said. "That's what it means to be 'made in Germany.'"

And he tried to inspire the priest with enthusiasm for the little shattered clock that continued to run. But even the example of the brave clock on the sinking cruiser did not bring the wounded man any strength to go on like it. He suffered intensely and he was wholly unable to emulate the example he cherished.

When the priest had done all he could he sat down by the German officer and opened a little old leather book printed in Latin. He began to read it by the lantern, now and then closing his eyes and repeating something—either of what he read or something which the printed words called up.

The night deepened.

The temperature began to change. A slight mist arose and a breath of wind. The grass and the blankets became damp. The priest got up now and then to visit the wounded men, to give them water, to smooth the blankets beneath them and to change the posture of their injured bodies. Then he returned to his place beside the officer and to his book, the lantern held close to the page.

At midnight a figure emerged from the darkness.

The priest got up, keeping the place in his book with his finger.

"Peevel Beever!" he said when he was finally able to make out who it was.

And the wounded German saw an old stupid peasant, wearing a blouse dirty with grain meal, come into the light.

The miller seemed embarrassed and uncertain. He uttered an expression in Flemish, inflected like an expletive.

"Eh, Father, bless my soul, it's you!"

"Did you come to search for me?" said the priest, his voice showing some anxiety.

The peasant lied convincingly.

"Maximilianus Storm," he said; "you know Maximilianus Storm. . . . His woman sent me."

"Is he worse?" said the priest. "He was better this morning."

"Eh . . . yes . . . ," replied the old man, "that is it; he's sick—bad sick."

Then he added: "His woman sent me."

The priest seemed for a moment to reflect. Then he spoke to the miller.

"Peevel Beever," he said, "take this lantern and wait here until I come back!"

He advanced and put the lantern into the miller's hand.

"Obey me!" he continued. "I will return in an hour."

The old man took the lantern and sat down.

"It's Maximilianus Storm," he repeated; "you know Maximilianus Storm. . . . His woman . . ."

"Yes, yes," replied the priest, "I know; do as I have told you."

And he set out in a certain definite direction as precisely as though he traveled in the sun.

In spite of his deliberate promise the priest was hardly gone before the old man got up and came steadily toward the prisoners. He came softly, stooped over. In his left hand he carried the lantern, and in his right, held against his blouse, something which could not be seen.

The German officer knew the sort of treatment that the wounded were reported to receive at the hands of the peasants of Belgium and he expected some outrage.

But instead of any injury something was thrust into his face, and by the light of the lantern he saw a little cross of red muslin. . . . The ripped-out stitches he did not see, nor the dried blood stain colored like the cross.

The German could not understand what the peasant said. His conversation with the priest had been in French, but this *patois* was too much alloyed with Flemish. The wounded man was profoundly astonished, for he expected some brutality, and he spoke to his companions, explaining what the peasant carried in his hand.

The old miller went from man to man, thrusting the candle and the bit of muslin into every face and repeating his incomprehensible words.

Then he came back, fastened the lantern against the side of the rude shelter, and stooped over to lift up the German officer.

This man asked him what he was about to do, but the miller did not reply; and the man concluded that the priest had gone to arrange some shelter to which this peasant was to remove them.

The miller shouldered the wounded man as though he were a bag of grain and set out into the darkness.

He traveled for some time over grass, for his wooden shoes made no sound; then he crossed a ditch and called out as to one waiting for his arrival. A dog whined, and the prisoner made out a cart standing by the side of the road. The miller put his load into the cart. He took hold of the little round bar behind it and, speaking to the dog, the strange convoy began its journey.

It was intensely dark. But the aspect of the night was beginning to change. The wind was coming up from the sea—gently, but with the promise of a steady breeze.

The wounded man in the cart was profoundly puzzled. Could the peasant be in the service of the emblem he carried? Could the authorities at Ostend have sent out a person like this and for transportation a cart drawn by a dog? It seemed not likely. And yet this was perhaps the only vehicle remaining from the war, and an army so hard pressed would have only men like this and women to care for the wounded. Besides, the priest had gone away at once, leaving this man in charge. Would the priest have abandoned his commission thus readily to one coming without authority? And the sick man labored to recall the bastard words and phrases that the priest and the peasant had spoken, in a hope that he could puzzle out their meaning. But he could not.

The cart jolted along the silent road. He could hear only the soft padding of the dog straining under him and the shuffle of the peasant's wooden shoes. He spoke, endeavoring by a nice enunciation of each word to make the old man understand him.

"Where do you go?" he said.

(Concluded on Page 34)

THE KITTEN AND THE MOUSE

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

Kekomau Hall Well May Boast its Reputation as the Most Expensively Exclusive Resort in All the Northern Summer Belt

THE cottages, like eugenic progeny of the parent house—the huge summer hotel—huddled in a clustering brood under the lee of Kekomau Hall; and in the lust of these dwelt Mildred. Eighteen, going on nineteen, was her age; yet in Mildred's manner, her poise, her calm-eyed aplomb, one perceived something that neither youth, on one hand, nor age, on the other, alone ever supplies. In other words, of all that modern community, Mattituck-in-the-Pines, she was the most modern detail of it all. *Soignée*, Mrs. Bulty called her; but then, Mrs. Bulty may be excused. A recent summer at Narragansett gave her authority for her French. However, to describe Mildred really, one must first describe Kekomau Hall.

At a minimum of intellectual effort, as well as to insure the choicest terms, this is achieved by referring to the pamphlet the hotel mails to prospective patrons. Mattituck, besides being in the pines, is also in the state of Maine; consequently the pamphlet's covers are a neat replica—in lithograph—of birch bark. The contents, too, are distinctive—especially the frontispiece.

The Kekomau, depicted in extent as slightly larger than the Louvre and the Tuileries combined, is seen to be surrounded by the most astonishing activity. Yachts, power boats, sailing craft and canoes flit in a full-sized Henley over the foreground of a limpid lake; while whirring up and down the driveways a few dozen touring cars, limousines and runabouts dash madly to and fro. Nor is this all. Golf and tennis progress gayly in the background; equestrians caracole on the saddle paths; and from a beflagged casino, just beyond the cluster of cottages, one almost hears rising the strains of Cécile, By the Beautiful Sea and other familiar classics.

"Situate on Lake Quequeehosset," the script sets forth, "Kekomau Hall offers to an exclusive clientele the advantages for which its management is so justly famed"—and so on. Thirty-two thick deckle-edged pages are required to enumerate these advantages; but they may be omitted here. The final paragraph sums them up succinctly:

"Rates: Five dollars a day and upwards"—the accent, in passing, being on the "upwards," a rising inflection. In short, Kekomau Hall well may boast its reputation as the most expensively exclusive resort in all the Northern Summer Belt.

This brings us back to Mildred. Surrounded by such aristocratic costliness she was, briefly, its highest product.

Summer, lingering, still warmed the lap of August the day the Carews first burst on Mattituck. It was at the hour—say four o'clock—when, refreshed by their post-luncheon siesta, the Mrs. Bultys, as a type, seek the veranda for the usual afternoon rubber. Seven or eight were now in progress; but Mrs. Bulty herself, having arrived tardily, knitted and rocked while she awaited the opportunity to cut in. Therefore, as her mind was now entirely unoccupied, she was in a position to note all that was going on.

It was not much, though. Mr. Binner, the hotel bachelor, had just gone walking with Mrs. Leek, that Hartford, Connecticut, widow; while at the veranda's other end the Bunnell boy was holding a skein of yarn for the Abbott woman. She was old enough to be his mother, besides having been married twice; and Mrs. Bulty had just commented on this fact when the hotel motor bus rattled briskly up to the door.

In deference to her girth, not to mention her stays, Mrs. Bulty repressed a sudden gasp.

"Why, if there ain't—aren't, I mean—those Carews!"

The remark, addressed generally to the table, was answered by Mrs. Backus.

"I arrange," she murmured, deliberating whether to finesse from the dummy or not. "What Carews?"

"They were at the Pier last summer," Mrs. Bulty answered; "real swells, too, the hotel clerk told me. I wonder what they're doing here?"

Mrs. Backus, having decided on the nine of clubs, played it, when, the trick being trumped, she glanced wearily toward the bus. Mrs. Carew was just alighting.

"Who? That woman? Looks like she comes from Montclair," Mrs. Backus breathed.

The trick having been turned, the three other ladies also were now at leisure to look.

"Yes; what dreadful clothes!" agreed Mrs. Balch.

"Does her own housework, I'd fancy," said Mrs. Necker.

Mrs. Mix, however, devoted her attention to the two others in the bus. One was Mildred, languorous in her beauty, smart in a Paris-made linen traveling dress; beside her was a young, good-looking man. Mildred, with her burden, a wrist watch and a magazine, had just descended from the bus when the cavalier in question emerged. In this he was somewhat impeded by the three hand bags and a tea basket he carried, not to mention a rouleau, two novels, several wraps and a chow dog attached to a leash.

Mrs. Mix viewed the scene through her lorgnette.

"Girl looks peaked—kind of finicky," she was remarking, when the other, in his guise as a common carrier, swam into her ken. "Good heavens!" she murmured. "Who in the world's the man?"

Mrs. Backus, too, had noted his struggle with the luggage.

"That ain't a man," she remarked authoritatively; "that must be a chauffeur."

"I don't think so," Mrs. Mix disputed. "He looks like a gentleman."

"Yes, but chauffeurs often do," Mrs. Backus retorted firmly.

Just as Mrs. Mix was saying, "You mean vice versa, don't you?" Mrs. Bulty spoke. Until now she had been absorbed in counting the party's hand luggage, the bags the young man bore as well as others stowed on the roof of the bus; and, having determined to her satisfaction that they numbered seventeen, she resumed her part in the conversation.

"No such thing!" she announced. "That's Mr. Dimmock. He was with them, too, at the Pier."

"Engaged?" Mrs. Necker suggested alertly.

Mrs. Bulty thought not.

"No; just hanging round, you know. He hasn't a cent, I'm told."

The manifest indiscretion of allowing a young man without money to hang round one's daughter at once provoked remark.

"What say?" inquired Mrs. Balch incredulously. Though unequipped with a daughter—or a son, either, for that matter—she was not the less aware of the proprieties. "Oh, well," she murmured, "I suppose men are scarce in the summer."

The matter, for the moment, rested there. Several bell boys having relieved Mr. Dimmock of his burden, he, as well as Mildred, passed on out of view, when Mrs. Backus made it two no-trumps. "I double!" said Mrs. Bulty; and, as she had done so out of turn, interest in the Carews instantly declined. That evening it revived.

Dinner was on when the Carews and Mr. Dimmock reappeared. The moment was that particular interval between the entrée and the *sorbet au kirsch;* and, disengaged, Mrs. Bulty was just reaching for the cut-glass dill jar when she paused, uttering a slight exclamation.

"Did you say something?" Mrs. Mix, from an adjoining table, inquired; and Mrs. Bulty guardedly indicated the doorway. The Carews and Mr. Dimmock had just entered.

Mildred led. Clad in a soft, clinging crêpe de Chine—a genuine Poiret; take Mrs. Bulty's word for it—she undulated rather than walked to her seat at a table in the corner.

"Oh, I say!" Mr. Binner, the hotel bachelor, was heard to exclaim, after which he regarded the menu briefly, and, ordering chicken, clucked loudly as he did so. But then Mr. Binner was noted as a wit, a wag.

Following Mildred came her mother. In turn the dining room gave her what Mr. Binner would have termed the once-over.

Mrs. Carew was a slight, gray-haired woman with an air of extreme preoccupation. Negligent now of the eyes directed at her, it was evident she was entirely absorbed in the grace and loveliness of her daughter. One suspected, too, that nothing in her own appearance had been allowed to detract from that grace and loveliness; for her attire, as Mrs. Backus already had announced, was, to say the least, Montclairish. Trailing her way to the corner table, she fondly pulled out Mildred's chair.

It was Mr. Dimmock, though, who really held the dining room's interest. He appeared bearing a sofa cushion.

"Well, if you can beat that!" heaved Mrs. Balch.

As was evident, however, no one cared to attempt it; and in silence the diners watched while Mr. Dimmock paraded the pillow to the Carew table; and, gently patting it, he as gently placed it on Mildred's chair. Then Mildred sat down. Afterward both Mrs. Carew and Mr. Dimmock, their own wants ignored, passed Mildred successively the bread, the butter, the olives, the celery and the radishes.

This completed, Mr. Dimmock served Mrs. Carew and was about to serve himself when he noticed that Mildred had no salt. Instantly he poured some on her plate.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Backus, though piously. "He's going to feed her next!"

If so, however, Mildred forestalled the intention. Ere Mr. Dimmock had finished helping her, she had, rather incredibly, already made away with a slice of bread, a stalk of celery and several olives. Mrs. Balch, leaning over to Mrs. Bulty, inquired *sotto voce:*

"Did you say that girl was an invalid?"

To this Mrs. Bulty returned:

"So Mr. Tousey, the room clerk, tells me. He says that's why they're here; but then ——" Mrs. Bulty abruptly paused. Mildred had just helped herself to another olive.

As the dinner progressed Mildred's health, in fact, became a matter still further open to doubt. To this Mildred herself contributed, one occasion in particular being the waiter's arrival with a large, savory platter.

"Oh, but please!" Mildred was heard to exclaim, her well-bred voice keyed in momentary dismay. "Why can't I, mother dear?"

In reply Mrs. Carew also slightly raised her tone:

"Ham and spinach are not good for you, my darling!"

It was not her health alone, though, that conspired to make Mildred of interest. Her eyes on the dish as it was borne away, she sighed pensively; whereat Mr. Dimmock was seen to flash her a guarded glance of sympathy. The look was not lost on Mrs. Backus, neither did it escape Mrs. Balch, Mrs. Necker or Mrs. Mix.

"Well, one thing's sure," Mrs. Backus said with conviction; "the man's mad about that girl—just mad!"

"Yes; and you didn't see it all, either!" Mrs. Balch contributed. "When the mother wasn't looking he tried to slip the daughter his own side order of ham!"

Mrs. Bulty, who had been plunged in a deep reverie, at this point suddenly woke.

"Did he?" she murmured. Her lips parted; her face strangely aglow, she glanced at the distant table. "I wish I was young again!" she sighed.

That evening Mrs. Bulty did not appear for the regular rubber. She was, instead, in the writing room, writing a long letter to her husband. Mr. Bulty was in the city, and the letter began: "Darling Joe." He must have been surprised.

Meantime, quite by themselves, Mildred and Mr. Dimmock sauntered by the lakeside in the moonlight.

In a community so varied, so aristocratically complex, as that at Kekomau Hall, it is not to be supposed that even the Carews could monopolize all the interest. They did not. Other arrivals required attention; besides which there was Mrs. Leek, the Hartford, Connecticut, widow, as well as that Abbott woman, an impending auction tournament, and a sale of shirt waists in the parlor. These were all in turn absorbing; so that for a time the Carew party seemed forgotten.

Be that as it may, though, if Mildred and Mr. Dimmock were not engaged their demeanor was somewhat curious. Even stranger was Mrs. Carew's placid acquiescence. The two were constantly together; no engaged couple could, in fact, have been more so. One morning they would be seen at Bridal Veil Falls; the next they would be found at Indian Spring; the day following at Maiden's Leap. There were few, indeed, among Mattituck's many secluded nooks—the more secluded the better, it appeared—that Mildred and Mr. Dimmock did not frequent. What is more, no chaperon ever was with them!

The first to detect this was Mrs. Bulty. But, rather curiously, too, Mrs. Bulty showed no wish to disclose her discovery; in fact she had begun to display of late a side to her character heretofore unsuspected. Absorbed, preoccupied, she was seen to renege no less than twice in a single morning; a third time in the afternoon; again that very evening. The last straw was when she trumped her partner's ace.

"Say," said her partner, who was Mrs. Balch, "are you in love or something?"

And, flushing furiously, Mrs. Bulty woke.

"You will remember, please," she said icily, "I am a married woman!"

"Well, maybe you are," admitted Mrs. Balch; "but you played that hand like a virgin!"

All this, however, is but a detail. It was not long ere Mattituck woke to what was going on, gratitude being due Mrs. Backus for the discovery. A thunderstorm assisted her.

The occasion was a Saturday evening. The moon had risen, and Mrs. Bulty had just made it two nullos, when from the lake near by came wafting shoreward an echoing stave of song:

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;——

"There they go again!" Mrs. Necker observed.

At which Mrs. Backus suddenly said:

"H'm!" Then she slightly arched her brows: "Three lilies, Mrs. Bulty—and that reminds me! You said, I believe, the Dimmock man was penniless?"

"So I did," admitted Mrs. Bulty, surprised. "What's that got to do with it?"

Again the smile. Again the arching brows.

"I suppose it's none of my affair," Mrs. Backus returned; "but that woman, the girl's mother, must be blind! The idea—letting her daughter canoe with a pauper!"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Balch heartily; "it'd be charitable for somebody to warn her. It's our duty to, I think."

"Maybe it is," replied Mrs. Bulty; "but, just the same, I don't think she wants to be warned!"

The astonishing nature of this assertion was not allowed to pass unremarked. Mrs. Backus at once laid down her hand.

"Don't want to be warned!" she repeated.

Mrs. Bulty, however, valiantly stood her ground.

"That's what, Mrs. B. She likes to have them together, I'd say. Only this afternoon I heard her arranging for them to picnic at the Rocking Stone. No one goes there, you know."

Apparently Mrs. Bulty's statement was correct, however curious it may have sounded. Mrs. Mix, now that it was brought to mind, recalled a similar occurrence. She had heard Mrs. Carew suggesting a jaunt for the pair to Grandfather's Armchair. Like the Rocking Stone, it was seldom visited.

The discussion was likely to have been prolonged, but in the midst of it Mrs. Backus lightly shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, well," she said, "I suppose the woman means to let him have her daughter. She must be a fool, though."

Mr. Dimmock Had Been Invited to Mattituck to Amuse Her

"Well, don't get mad at me," Mrs. Bulty rejoined. "I'm not the girl's mother. Besides," she added, her face rapt, "I don't think it's any of our business what she does!"

This incendiary speech, addressed to no less a person than Mrs. Backus, resulted in a moment's awkward silence. Then Mrs. Mix and Mrs. Necker gasped faintly: "Mrs. Bulty!"—Mrs. Balch sharply adding: "What's that!" As for Mrs. Backus, after staring fixedly at the culprit, she once more arched her brows, at the same time picking up her cards.

"We will not continue the discussion—three lilies," she said. And Mrs. Bulty meekly murmured:

"I pass."

The evening, however, seemed spoiled for Mrs. Bulty; and, again reneging, she rose presently and begged to be excused. Then, more than ever absorbed, Mrs. Bulty repaired to the writing room.

Her pen poised, her lips parted softly, she was debating whether *chéri* has two r's or one, when through the opened window a brief snatch of song again was borne to her ears:

How can I bear to leave thee!
One parting kiss I give thee!

Deciding it was two r's, of course, Mrs. Bulty dipped her pen into the ink. "*Mon chérri* Joe," she wrote. At the same instant a rumble of thunder muttered loudly among the hills.

The day, it happened, had been unusually close and sultry; so much so, in fact, that Mrs. Balch and Mrs. Necker had set a precedent by appearing at luncheon in duchesse and point d'esprit respectively—one peignoir, however, being a genuine Doucet; the other, equally, a Callot. Mrs. Bulty and Mrs. Mix, less initiative, were in organdie, *chic exquis*; but, until dinner, Mrs. Backus did not appear at all. Clad only in a —— But never mind! Warm does not express the weather.

Now, in consequence, a storm had gathered; and Mrs. Bulty, as the thunder spoke, snatched up her sheet of note paper and, tearing it across, cast it into the waste-paper basket. Two r's were not right, either; besides which she remembered she had left her windows open. Darting out of the room, she was just in time to collide with a lady bound in the opposite direction.

It was Mrs. Carew. Overhead the storm had burst, the rain falling in cataracts, and Mildred's mother gasped in dismay. Seizing Mrs. Bulty by the elbow, she gave an agitated cry.

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do!" she exclaimed.

In the collision Mrs. Bulty had cushion-caromed against the stair rail, rebounding plumply; but now she caught her breath.

"What is it you wish to do?" she inquired.

Mrs. Carew explained hurriedly. Mildred and Mr. Dimmock were out on the lake in a canoe, and there was no telling what might happen. Mrs. Carew seemed, in fact, distracted.

"Oh, why did I let her go! Why did I?" she ejaculated.

"Yes; the lake's fearful!" Mrs. Bulty assured, once she had grasped the situation. "We must tell Mr. Tousey right away! He's the room clerk, you know."

Seizing Mrs. Carew by the arm, she was hurrying her toward the office when, half way there, she stopped abruptly, exclaiming in relief. Mrs. Backus had appeared making her way toward them.

Invariably, until eleven, Mrs. Backus remained on the veranda; but now she, as well as Mrs. Balch, Mrs. Mix and Mrs. Necker, had been driven indoors by the rain. A bell boy followed, bearing the table.

"Oh, Mrs. Backus!" Mrs. Bulty cried. "Tell us what to do! Mrs. Carew's Mildred is on the lake with Mr. Dimmock! I'm sure they'll both be drowned!"

"Put the table in the corner, George," Mrs. Backus directed the bell boy; then she turned to Mrs. Bulty. "What was it you said, Mrs. B.? Drowned? Drowned?"

Such, in fact, was Mrs. Bulty's fear; and she was again assuring Mrs. Backus so when George, the bell boy, spoke: Miss Carew wasn't on any lake. She'd come in; and her and the young feller was out on the back verandy. George'd call her if the lady liked.

It was not necessary. Visibly relieved, Mrs. Carew sank into a near-by chair; and, looking up at Mrs. Backus, she smiled apologetically.

"I hope you'll pardon my alarm," she said. "Mildred swims perfectly, of course; but what worried me was Mr. Dimmock. If he tried to save her it would be such a complication!"

A vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by a crash of thunder, at this point occurring, there was a pause. It is a question, though, whether it was due as much to the bolt as to Mrs. Carew's speech.

"A complication?" inquired Mrs. Backus, once she had regained her tongue; and, smiling, Mrs. Carew nodded.

"Mildred is so romantic, you know! If Mr. Dimmock saved her I feared she might forget herself. It would never do for her to accept him!" Then a rapt expression sprang into Mrs. Carew's face. "I see you ladies all play auction!" she exclaimed. "How nice! I dote on bridge, you know."

"Excuse me," replied Mrs. Backus; "then your daughter isn't engaged to Mr. Dimmock?"

"Engaged? Of course not!" Mrs. Carew assured. Absorbed, she added: "Would it be asking too much to let me cut in for a rubber?"

Mrs. Backus tried again:

"And not expecting to be engaged?"

Mrs. Carew said "No." Mr. Dimmock was nothing but a friend—merely that, she assured them; and, her face eager, she was edging toward the card table when again Mrs. Backus spoke:

"A friend?" she echoed. "A friend?" Then, with the look of one who sees her duty and does it, however painful it may be, Mrs. Backus did hers. "Why, the man's mad about your girl, madam—just mad! What is more," Mrs. Backus added firmly, "the fellow's making love to her every minute she is with him! You know that, I suppose."

To their astonishment the revelation, far from startling Mrs. Carew, was received by her with a smile.

"Of course he does!" she said. "Who wouldn't?"

Then, briefly, quite pleased at the interest she had roused, Mildred's mother gave the ladies the explanation they so long had sought. Nothing could have been more lucid. It made all as light as day.

First, there was Mildred's illness. Really, however, she was not ill; she was merely a little tired from what Mrs. Carew termed the "season." Ill or not, though, Mildred could not be expected to give up every pleasure; consequently, Mr. Dimmock had been invited to Mattituck to amuse her.

"You understand, don't you?" Mrs. Carew murmured. "It's so stupid for a girl without some sort of man about! And Mr. Dimmock's so useful too!"

However, as she added, Mildred naturally was too sensible ever to take him seriously. She was only entertained.

Mrs. Backus agreed with her completely. Now that she was enlightened her affability had returned; and indulgently she led the way to the card table.

"Yes, I see; I see," she said, remarking, as she spread the cards, that when she was a girl she, too, liked to have some young fellow to practice on. Then, with the same heartiness, Mrs. Backus added: "It's easy to get rid of 'em afterward."

It was so. Besides, as Mrs. Carew said, she was shortly expecting a Mr. Barclay to visit Mildred, when she meant to get rid of Mr. Dimmock anyway. A few words established Mr. Barclay's position—he was rich; and, chatting pleasantly, amiable to a degree and not the least standoffish, now that she knew them all, Mrs. Carew sat down to a rubber. Meantime, her eyes rounding, Mrs. Bulty had drawn Mrs. Balch into a corner.

"Isn't it awful?" she exclaimed.

"Awful? Awful?" Mrs. Balch inquired. Having cut high with Mrs. Bulty, she was naturally ruffled at being left unoccupied. "What do you mean—awful?" she demanded.

A breath—a sigh—escaped Mrs. Bulty.

"It's that poor Mr. Dimmock!" she said, adding that she could not rest for thinking of him. "Why," she exclaimed, "it's just like letting a kitten play with a mouse!"

Mrs. Balch shrugged herself indifferently. Mr. Dimmock was only a man.

It was as Mrs. Carew had said—Mr. Dimmock was so useful! He was useful, however, not only for the lady's daughter; he was especially so whenever he was with the lady herself.

At half past ten the morning after that eventful evening, the occasion of Mrs. Carew's first rubber with the ladies, Mrs. Carew emerged from her cottage. Haste was evident in her air. On the veranda Mildred reclined in a hammock, her attire a simple frock of embroidered lawn and Irish lace, white slippers and white silk stockings. Beside her Mr. Dimmock sat reading aloud. His book was a book of verses; and Mr. Dimmock had just finished the line—"Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!"—when Mrs. Carew espied him.

"Oh, Jim!" she called. "Get my purse, will you? I'm late already, I'm afraid!"

The purse was under the dining-room table, Mrs. Carew thought—either there or in the hotel parlor; and, hurrying, Mr. Dimmock was half way down the walk when Mrs. Carew called to him again. She had left her embroidery bag on the back veranda—and, if she remembered correctly, her novel was with it too. Perhaps it was in the casino, however. He could look there, and in the summerhouse too.

Mr. Dimmock nodded. After he had gone Mildred turned to her mother, her glance vaguely ironic.

"I wonder you don't hire a bell boy," she remarked.

If irony was meant, however, Mrs. Carew did not perceive it.

"Don't say hire, dear," she remarked; "say engage. Hire is inelegant." Then she gazed at Mildred raptly. "How beautiful you look to-day, darling! With your pallor, the lawn and Irish lace are fetching!"

Mildred made no reply. For a moment an air of languid ennui seemed to creep into her face; but, if so, her mother did not see it. She was gazing toward the hotel veranda, where, leaning over the rail, Mrs. Backus beckoned with an imperative finger.

"Yes; I'm coming!" Mrs. Carew called to her.

Meantime, his haste brisk, Mr. Dimmock scuttled up and down the Kekomau's labyrinth of halls.

To him his mission was familiar. Whether he liked it, though, Mrs. Carew had never bothered to inquire. Scowling slightly, Mr. Dimmock dived under the dining-room table. Somewhat to his astonishment the purse was where Mrs. Carew thought she had left it.

The embroidery bag, however, was not on the back veranda; neither was it in the writing room or at the casino. Then, having tried the parlor, the summerhouse, the bowling alley and the golf pavilion, Mr. Dimmock returned to the writing room.

"Damn it!" he said; and he was just investigating the waste-paper basket when he was startled by an exclamation.

Mrs. Bulty stood in the doorway. She was eying him with surprise.

"Excuse me," she said; "but did you speak?"

Mr. Dimmock replied that he did.

"I said damn!" he said; and, giving the waste-paper basket a savage kick, he explained that he had been looking for something.

In turn, Mrs. Bulty suggested that perhaps she could help him find it, provided he would tell her what it was. So Mr. Dimmock told her; when Mrs. Bulty instantly nodded.

"I don't wonder you said damn!" she said. Then she, too, began to search. "I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Dimmock," she said.

However, even with this assistance, the search grew protracted. Half an hour passed; then another. Half past eleven struck, noon followed; and, discouraged, Mr. Dimmock finally sought Mrs. Carew. She was with Mrs. Backus, Mrs. Balch, Mrs. Mix and Mrs. Necker.

His air morose, Mr. Dimmock reported that the novel and the embroidery bag were not to be found anywhere.

"That's all right," Mrs. Carew assured him. "I remembered afterward I left them in my bedroom." Then she added: "What is the score, please?"

The score was nothing to nothing on the rubber game; and, after a glance, Mr. Dimmock withdrew. In the writing room Mrs. Bulty was again busy with pen and paper. As the young man entered she looked up at him, her air more than ever absorbed.

"Listen!" she said. "I've been figuring, and it comes to a hundred and sixty, just! Besides," she added, "if you're not too particular the walk-up kind are only fifty a month or thereabout. With some the rent's only forty."

Mr. Dimmock warmly thanked her. Then he returned to the cottage, where Mildred no longer reclined in the hammock. She was, instead, vigorously pacing the veranda.

"You're a nice one!" she remarked.

Somehow it did not animate Mr. Dimmock to hear it. Neither did he seem any the more enthusiastic when Mildred inquired where he had been all the morning. His air dark, he, too, began to pace the veranda, nibbling his fingers as he did so; and a savage grunt escaped him when Mildred asked—her tone icy: "Where's mother, too?"

"Playing bridge, of course!" he snapped. "Where did you suppose?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mildred. "Is she at it again?"

She was, it appeared; and, dragging up a chair, Mr. Dimmock thrust himself on it, his legs outstretched, his hands shoved into his pockets. A pause following, it was broken presently by Mildred asking how soon the dinner bell would ring. Mr. Dimmock grunted again.

"What good'll it do you when it does?" he demanded. "She won't let you eat anything! It might hurt your complexion, you know!"

After a stare, a freezing glance, Mildred shrugged her slender shoulders, after which she again gracefully reposed in the hammock.

"My, but you can be the grouch!" she said.

There was no doubt of it. Nibbling his fingers anew, Mr. Dimmock glanced up at the veranda roof when he scowled. It was a savage glare.

"That fellow Barclay's coming," said Mr. Dimmock.

A pause followed. During it, Mildred started slightly. At once recovering herself, however, she smiled, her air obviously negligent.

"Indeed?" she murmured. "And who told you, may I ask?"

When Mr. Dimmock replied that a little bird had told him, Mildred lightly laughed. The little bird was Mrs. Bulty. Mildred had seen him talking to her.

"Never mind if you did!" snapped Mr. Dimmock. "She is very nice, and she told me a lot of things I needed to know!" What the things were, though, Mr. Dimmock would not say; he was rather abrupt, in fact. "Look here!" he said sharply. "Are you going to accept that fellow? That's what he's coming for, you know!"

Archly eying him Mildred murmured:

"Why do you ask? Didn't Mrs. Bulty tell you that too?"

Then she gave a sudden exclamation. Mr. Dimmock had seized her by the hand.

"Answer me!" he ordered. "Are you? He'll give you what you want, of course—dresses; jewelry; a big house ——"

"And don't forget a limousine; a yacht too, maybe," added Mildred. Pausing, she was about to catalogue other inducements when again she gave an exclamation. "Look out!" she cried. "You're hurting me!" His grip, in fact, had become painful.

Mr. Dimmock, however, did not seem to heed this. He grasped Mildred's other hand too.

"Look here, now!" he growled. "I'm tired of being fooled with! You tell me whether you're going to take him!"

Amused, if anything, Mildred reflected for a moment.

"I don't know. . . . Why?" she asked.

"I'll tell you why," returned Mr. Dimmock; "you're not! You're going to take me!"

Mildred was about to say, "Indeed!" when, instead, she gave another exclamation.

"Oh, look out!" she cried and, with an effort, snatched her hands away. "I wish you wouldn't be a brute!" she protested, when Mr. Dimmock laughed.

It was a heartless, savage laugh, and Mildred gazed at him in wonder. Then, with another laugh, a sneer almost, Mr. Dimmock turned suddenly and stalked down the veranda steps.

"Me!" he said. "You understand? You're going to take me!"

For a moment Mildred eyed his departing back with unaffected surprise. He had never before been like this! Why, the man was positively disgraceful! Meantime, swaggering along the walk, the brute and bully had almost reached the hotel veranda; and, leaping up, Mildred ran to the rail.

"Jim!" she called—"Jim!"

To Mildred's intense amazement Mr. Dimmock did not even falter. Instead, he put his chin over his shoulder and, staring momentarily, gave her a savage scowl. Then, hurrying onward, Mr. Dimmock made his way toward the hotel writing room. A lady, its one occupant, looked up as he entered.

"Well?" she inquired, her air eager. "Did you?"

Mr. Dimmock grimly nodded his head.

"I did!" he said. Then he added, his tone as grim: "If the mother says anything I'll jolt her too—besides!"

In Mildred's Manner One Perceived Something That Neither Youth Nor Age Alone Ever Supplies

It was on a Saturday that Mr. Barclay arrived. Long ere the expected hour, though, a pleasant animation was evident among various ladies at the Kekomau. The most active of them, of course, was Mrs. Carew.

All day she had been fluttering about, hovering between her cottage and the hotel veranda. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright, she could hardly manage to keep her mind seriously concentrated.

"Clubs are trumps, aren't they?" she inquired; and when Mrs. Backus, for the second time, said they were, Mrs. Carew added plaintively: "I do hope the train won't be late!"

Mrs. Backus, after she had corrected Mrs. Carew for playing out of turn, said she hoped so too. Then she inquired:

"Got rid of the other fellow, did you?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Carew. Then she played the jack of spades. "He's leaving at five, bag and baggage."

"It's a good thing!" Mrs. Balch remarked. Then, having trumped Mrs. Carew's jack, she added: "If you hadn't got rid of him it might have made it uncomfortable for Mr. Barclay!"

(Continued on Page 42)

Marsch, Marsch, Marsch, So Geh'n Wir Weiter!—By Irvin S. Cobb

Which Translates Into Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys—and So On

HAVE you ever seen three hundred thousand men and one hundred thousand horses moving in one compact, marvelous unit of organization, discipline and system? If you have not seen it you cannot imagine what it is like. If you have seen it you cannot tell what it is like. In one case the conceptive faculty fails you; in the other the descriptive. I, who have lately seen this sight, am not foolish enough to undertake to put it down with pencil on paper. I think I know something of the limitations of the written English language. What I do mean to try to do in this article is to record some of my impressions as I watched it.

In beginning this job I find myself casting about for human comparisons to set up against the mental vision of a full German army of seven army corps on the march. I think of the tales I have read and the stories I have heard of other great armies: Alaric's war bands and Attila's; the First Crusade; Hannibal's cohorts, and Alexander's host, and Cæsar's legions; the Goths and the Vandals; the million of Xerxes—if it was a million—and Napoleon starting for Moscow.

It is of no use. This Germanic horde, which I saw pouring down across Belgium, bound for France, does not in retrospect seem to me a man-made, man-managed thing. It seems more like a great, orderly function of Nature; as ordained and regular as the tides of the sea or the sweep of a mighty wind. It is hard to believe that it was ever fashioned of thousands of separate atoms, so perfectly is it welded into a whole. It is harder still to accept it as a mutable and a mortal organism, subject to the shifts of chance and mischance.

And then, on top of this, when one stops to remember that this army of three hundred thousand men and a hundred thousand horses is merely one single cog of the German military machine; that if all the German war strength were assembled together you might add this army to the greater army and hardly know it was there—why, then, the brain refuses to wrestle with a computation so gigantic. The imagination just naturally bogs down and quits.

I have already set down in some detail how it came to pass that we went forth from Brussels in a taxicab looking for the war; and how in the outskirts of Louvain we found it, and very shortly thereafter also found that we were cut off from our return and incidentally had lost not only our chauffeur and our taxicab but our overcoats as well. There being nothing else to do we made ourselves comfortable alongside the Belgian Lion Café in the southern edge of Louvain, and for hours we watched the advance guard of the column sliding down the road through a fog of white dust.

The Doves That Guide the German Troops

EACH time when a break came in the weaving gray lines we fancied that this surely was all. All? What we saw there was a puny dribbling stream compared with the torrent that was coming. The crest of that living tidal wave was still two days and many miles to the rearward. We had seen the head and a little of the neck. The swollen body of the monster was as yet far behind.

As we sat in chairs tilted against the wall and watched, we witnessed an interesting little side play. At the first coming of the German skirmishers the people of this quarter of the town had seemed stupefied with amazement and astonishment. Most of them, it subsequently developed, had believed right up to the last minute that the forts of Liège still held out and that the Germans had not yet passed the gateways of their country, many kilometers to the eastward. When the scouts of the enemy appeared in their streets they fell for the moment into a stunned state. A little later the appearance of a troop of uhlans had revived their resentment. We had heard that quick hiss and mutter of hatred which sprang from them as the lancers trotted into view on their superb mounts out of the mouth of a neighboring lane, and had seen how instantaneously the dull, malignant gleam of gun metal, as a sergeant drew his automatic on them, had brought the silence of frightened respect again.

DRAWN BY HENRY F. WINEGAR

It now appeared that the realization of the number of the invaders was breeding in the Belgians a placating spirit. If a soldier fell out of line at the door of a house to ask for water, all within that house strove to bring the water to him. If an officer, returning from a small personal sortie into other streets, checked up to ask the way to rejoin his command, a dozen eager arms waved in chorus to point out the proper direction, and a babble of solicitous voices arose from the group about his halted horse.

Young Belgian girls began smiling at soldiers swinging by and the soldiers grinned back and waved their arms. You might almost have thought the troops were Allies passing through a friendly community. This phase of the plastic Flemish temperament made us marvel. When I was told, a fortnight afterward, how these same people rose in the night to strike at these their enemies, and how, so doing, they had brought about the ruination of their city and the summary executions of some hundreds of themselves, I marveled all the more.

Presently, as we sat there, we heard—above the rumbling of cannon wheels, the nimble clanking of hurrying hoofs and the heavy thudding of booted feet, falling and rising all in unison—a new note from overhead, a combination of whir and flutter and whine. We looked aloft. Directly above the troops, flying as straight for Brussels as a homing bee for the hive, went a military monoplane serving as courier and spy for the crawling columns on the earth below it. Directly, having gone far ahead, it came speeding back, along a lower air lane and performed a series of circling and darting gyrations, which doubtlessly had a signal-code meaning for the troops. Twice or three times it swung directly above our heads, and at the height at which it now evoluted we could plainly distinguish the downward curve of its wing-planes and the peculiar droop of the tail-rudder—both things that marked it for an army model. We could also make out the black cross painted on its belly as a further distinguishing mark.

To me a monoplane always suggests a bird when it does not suggest an insect or a winged reptile; and this monoplane particularly suggested the bird type. The simile which occurred to me was that of the bird which guards the African rhinoceros; after that it was doubly easy to conceive of this army as a rhinoceros, having all the brute strength and brute force which are a part of that creature, and its well-armored sides and massive legs and deadly horned head; and finally its peculiar fancy for charging straight at its objective target, trampling down all obstacles in the way.

The Germans also think of their monoplane as a bird; but they call it *Taube*—a dove. To think of calling this sinister adjunct of warfare a dove, which among modern peoples has always symbolized peace, seemed a most terrible bit of irony. As an exquisite essence of irony I saw but one thing during that week-end in Louvain to match it, and that was a big van requisitioned from a Cologne florist's shop to use in a baggage train. It bore on its sides advertisements of potted plants and floral pieces—and it was loaded to its top with spare ammunition.

Yet, on second thought, I do not believe the Prussians call their war monoplane a dove by way of satire. The Prussians are a serious-minded race and never more serious than when they make war, as all the world now knows.

Three monoplanes buzzed over us, making sawmill sounds, during the next hour or two. Thereafter, whenever we saw German troops on the march through a country new to them we looked aloft for the thing with the droopy wings and the black cross on its yellow abdomen. Sooner or later it appeared, coming always out of nowhere and vanishing always into space. We were never disappointed. It is only the man who expects the German army to forget something needful or necessary who is disappointed.

Under the Rule of the Conquerors

IT WAS late in the afternoon when we bade farewell to the three-hundred-pound proprietress of the Belgian Lion and sought to reach the center of the town through byways not yet blocked off by the marching regiments. When we were perhaps halfway to our destination we met a town bellman and a town crier, the latter being in the uniform of a Garde Civique.

The bellringer would ply his clapper until he drew a crowd, and then the Garde Civique would halt in an open space at the junction of two or more streets and read a proclamation from the burgomaster calling on all the inhabitants to preserve their tranquillity and refrain from overt acts against the Germans, under promise of safety if they obeyed and threat of death at the hands of the Germans if they disregarded the warning.

This word-of-mouth method of spreading an order applied only to the outlying sections. In the more thickly settled districts, where presumably the populace could read and write, proclamations posted on wall and window took its place. During the three days we stayed in Louvain one proclamation succeeded another with almost the frequency of special extras of evening newspapers when a big news story breaks in an American city.

The citizens were to surrender all firearms in their possession; it would be immediately fatal to him if a man were caught with a lethal weapon on his person or in his house. Tradespeople might charge this or that price for the necessities of life, and no more.

All persons, except physicians and nurses in the discharge of their professional duties, and gendarmes—the latter being now disarmed and entirely subservient to the military authorities—must be off the streets and public squares at a given time—to wit, nine P. M. Cafés must close at the same hour. Any soldier who refused to pay for any private purchase should be immediately reported at headquarters for punishment. Upper front windows of all houses on certain specified streets must be closed and locked after nightfall, remaining so until daylight of the following morning; this notice being followed and overlapped very shortly by one more amplifying, which prescribed that not only must all front windows be made fast, but all must have lights behind them and the street doors must be left unlocked.

The portent of this was simple enough: If any man sought to fire on the soldiers below he must first unfasten

a window and expose himself in the light; and after he fired admittance would be made easy for those who came searching for him to kill him.

At first these placards were signed by the burgomaster, with the military commandant's indorsement, and sometimes by both those functionaries; but on the second day there appeared one signed by the commandant only; and this one, for special emphasis, was bounded by wide borders printed in bright red. It stated, with cruel brevity, that the burgomaster, the senator for the district and the leading magistrate had been taken into custody as hostages for the good conduct of their constituents; and that if a civilian made any attack against the Germans he would forfeit his own life and endanger the lives of the three prisoners.

Thus, inch by inch, the conquerors, sensing a growing spirit of revolt among the conquered—a spirit as yet nowise visible on the surface—took typically German steps to hold the rebellious people of Louvain in hobbles.

It was when we reached the Y-shaped square in the middle of things, with the splendid old Gothic town hall rising on one side of it and the famous Church of Saint Pierre at the bottom of the gore, that we first beheld at close hand the army of the War Lord. Alongside the Belgian Lion we had thought it best to keep our distance from the troops when they passed obliquely across our line of vision. Here we might press as closely as we pleased to the column. The magnificent precision with which the whole machinery moved was astounding—I started to say appalling. Three streets converging into the place were glutted with men, extending from curb to curb; and for an outlet there was but one somewhat wider street, which twisted its course under the gray walls of the church. Yet somehow the various lines melted together and went thumping off out of sight like streams running down a funnel and out at the spout.

Watching the War Lord's Legions Pass

NEVER, so far as we could tell, was there any congestion, any hitch, any suggestion of confusion. Frequently there would come from a sideway a group of officers on horseback, or a whole string of commandeered touring cars bearing monocled, haughty staff officers in the tonneaus, with guards riding beside the chauffeurs and small slick trunks strapped on behind. A whistle would sound shrilly then; and magically a gap would appear in the formation. Into this gap the horsemen or the imperious automobiles would slip, and away the column would go again without having been disturbed or impeded noticeably. No stage manager ever handled his supers better; and here, be it remembered, there were uncountable thousands of supers, and for a stage the twisting, medieval convolutions of a strange city.

Now for a space of minutes it would be infantry that passed, at the swinging lunge of German foot soldiers on a forced march. Now it would be cavalry, with accouterments jingling and horses scrouging in the close-packed ranks; else a battery of the viperish-looking little rapid-fire guns, or a battery of heavier cannon, with cloth fittings over their ugly snouts, like muzzled dogs whose bark is bad and whose bite is worse.

Then, always in due order, would succeed the field telegraph corps; the field post-office corps; the Red Cross corps; the brass band of, say, forty pieces; and all the rest of it, to the extent of a thousand and one circus parades rolled together. There were boats for making pontoon bridges, mounted side by side on wagons, with the dried mud of the River Meuse still on their flat bottoms; there were baggage trains miles in length, wherein the supply of regular army wagons was eked out with nondescript vehicles—even family carriages gathered up hastily, as the signs on their sides betrayed, from the tradespeople of a dozen Northern German cities and towns, and now bearing chalk marks on them to show in what division they belonged.

And inevitably at the tail of each regiment came its cook wagons, with fires kindled and food cooking for supper in the big portable ranges, so that when these passed the air would be charged with that pungent reek of burning wood which makes an American think of a fire engine on its way to answer an alarm.

Once, as a cook perched on a step at the back of his wagon bent forward to stir the stew with a spoon almost big enough for a spade, I saw under his hiked-up coat-tails that at the back of his gray trousers there were four suspender buttons in a row instead of two. The purpose of this was plain: when his suspenders chafed him he might, by shifting the straps to different buttons, shift the strain on his shoulders. All German soldiers' trousers have this extra garnishment of buttons aft.

Somebody had thought of that. Somebody had thought of everything.

We in America are accustomed to think of the Germans as an obese race, swinging big paunches in front of them; but in that army the only fat men we saw were officers, and not so many of them. On occasion, some colonel, beefy as a brisket and with rolls of fat on the back of his close-shaved neck, would be seen bouncing by, balancing his tired stomach on his saddle pommel; but, without exception, the men in the ranks were trained down and fine drawn. They bent forward under the weight of their bullskin knapsacks and blanket rolls; and their waists were bulky with cartridge belts, and bulging pockets covered their flanks.

Inside the shapeless uniforms, however, their limbs swung with athletic freedom, and even at the fag-end of a hard day's marching, with perhaps several hours of marching yet ahead of them, they carried their heavy guns as though those guns were toys.

Their fair sunburned faces were lined with sweat marks and masked under dust, and doubtless some were desperately weary; but I did not see a straggler. To date I presume I have seen upward of half a million of these German soldiers on the march, and I have yet to see a straggler.

For the most part the rank and file were stamped by their faces and their limbs as being of peasant blood or of the petty artisan type; but here and there, along with the butcher and the baker and the candlestick maker, passed one of a slenderer build, usually spectacled and wearing, even in this employment, the unmistakable look of the cultured, scholarly man.

And every other man, regardless of his breed, held a cheap cigar between his front teeth; but the wagon drivers and many of the cavalrymen smoked pipes—the long-stemmed, china-bowled pipes, which the German loves. The column moved beneath a smoke-wreath of its own making.

The thing, however, which struck one most forcibly was the absolute completeness, the perfect uniformity, of the whole scheme. Any man's equipment was identically like any other man's equipment. Every drinking cup dangled behind its owner's spine-tip at precisely the same angle; every strap and every buckle matched. These Germans had been run through a mold and they had all come out soldiers. And, barring a few general officers, they were all young men—men yet on the sunny side of thirty.

Later we were to see plenty of older men—reserves and *Landwehr*—but this was the pick of the western line that passed through Louvain, the chosen product of the active wing of the service.

Out of the narrow streets the marchers issued; and as they reached the broader space before the town hall each company would raise a song, beating with the heavy boots on the paving stones to mark the time.

At the House of the Million Columns

PRESENTLY we detected a mutter of resentment rising from the troops; and seeking the cause of this we discerned that some of them had caught sight of a big Belgian flag which whipped in the breeze from the top of the Church of Saint Pierre. However, the flag stayed where it had been put during the three days we remained in Louvain. Seemingly the German commander did not greatly care whose flag flew on the church tower overhead so long as he held dominion of the earth below and the dwellers thereof.

Well, we watched the gray monster writhing away to the westward until we were surfeited, and then we set about finding a place where we might rest our dizzy heads. We could not get near the principal hotels. These already were filled with high officers and ringed about with sentries; but half a mile away, on the plaza fronting the main railroad station, we finally secured accommodations—such as they were—at a small fourth-rate hotel.

It called itself by a gorgeous title—it was the House of the Million Columns, which was as true a saying as though it had been named the House of the One Column; for it had neither one column nor a million, but only a small, dingy beer bar below and some ten dismal living rooms above.

Established here we set about getting in touch with the German higher-ups, since we were likely to be mistaken for Englishmen, which would be embarrassing certainly, and might even be painful. At the hotel next door—for all the buildings flanking this square were hotels of a sort—we found a group of officers.

One of them, a tall, handsome, magnetic chap, with a big, deep laugh and a most beautiful command of our own tongue, turned out to be a captain on the general staff. It seemed to him the greatest joke in the world that four American correspondents should come looking for war in

a taxicab, and should find it too. He beat himself on his flanks in the excess of his joy, and called up half a dozen friends to hear the amazing tale; and they enjoyed it too.

He said he felt sure his adjutant would appreciate the joke; and, as incidentally his adjutant was the person in all the world we wanted most just then to see, we went with him to headquarters, which was a mile away in the local palais de justice—or, as we should say in America, the courthouse. But it was good and dark; and as no street lamps burned we walked through a street that was like a tunnel for blackness.

The roadway was full of infantry still pressing forward to a camping place somewhere beyond the town. We could just make out the shadowy shapes of the men, but their feet made a noise like thunderclaps, and they sang a German marching song with a splendid lilt and swing to it.

"Just listen!" said the captain proudly. "They are always like that—they march all day and half the night, and never do they grow weary. They are in fine spirits—our men. And we can hardly hold them back. They will go forward—always forward!

"In this war we have no such command as Retreat! That word we have blotted out. Either we shall go forward or we shall die! We do not expect to fall back, ever. The men know this; and if our generals would but let them they would run to Paris instead of walking there."

I think it was not altogether through vainglory he spoke. He was not a bombastic sort. I think he voiced the intent of the army to which he belonged.

A Nation That Never Forgets Anything

AT THE palais de justice the adjutant was not to be seen; so our guide volunteered to write a note of introduction for us. Standing in a doorway of the building, where a light burned, he opened a small flat leather pack he carried swung from his belt, along with the excellent map of Belgium inclosed in a leather frame which every German officer carries. We marveled that the pack contained pencils, pens, inkpot, seals, officially stamped envelopes and note paper, and blank forms of various devices. Verily these Germans had remembered all things and forgotten nothing! I said that to myself mentally at the moment; nor have I had reason since to withdraw or qualify the remark.

The next morning we saw the adjutant, whose name was Renner and whose title was that of major. Major Renner was most courteous; also he was amused to hear the details of our taxicabbing expedition into his lines. But of the desire which lay nearest our hearts—to get back to Brussels in time haply to witness its occupation by the Germans—he would not hear.

"For your own sakes," thus he explained it, "I dare not let you gentlemen go. Terrible things have happened. Last night a colonel of infantry was murdered while he was asleep; and I have just heard that fifteen of our soldiers had their throats cut, also as they slept. From houses our troops have been fired on, and between here and Brussels there has been much of this guerilla warfare on us. To those who do such things and to those who protect them we show *no mercy*. We shoot them on the spot and burn their houses to the ground.

"I can well understand that the Belgians resent our coming into their country. We ourselves regret it; but it was a military necessity. We could do nothing else. If the Belgians put on uniforms and enroll as soldiers and fight us openly, we shall capture them if we can; we shall kill them if we must; but in all cases we shall treat them as honorable enemies, fighting under the rules of civilized warfare.

"But this shooting from ambush by civilians; this murdering of our people in the night—that we cannot endure. We have made a rule that if shots are fired by a civilian from a house then we shall burn that house; and we shall kill that man and all the other men in that house whom we suspect of harboring him or aiding him.

"We make no attempt to disguise our methods of reprisal. We are willing for the world to know it; and it is not because I wish to cover up or hide any of our actions from your eyes, and from the eyes of the American people, that I am refusing you passes for your return to Brussels to-day. But, you see, our men have been terribly excited by these crimes of the Belgian populace, and in their excitement they might make serious mistakes.

"Our troops are under splendid discipline, as you may have seen already for yourselves. And I assure you the Germans are not a bloodthirsty or a drunken or a barbarous people; but in every army there are fools and, what is worse, in every army there are brutes. You are strangers; and if you passed along the road to-day some of our more ignorant men, seeing that you were not natives and suspecting your motives, might harm you. There might be some stupid, angry common soldier, some overzealous under officer—you understand me, do you not, gentlemen?

"So you will please remain here quietly, having nothing to do with any of our men who may seek to talk with you. That last is important; for I may tell you that our secret-service people have already reported your presence, and they naturally are anxious to make a showing.

"At the end of one day—perhaps two—we shall be able, I think, to give you safe conduct back to Brussels. And then I hope you will be able to speak a good word to the American public for our army."

After this fashion of speaking I heard now from the lips of Major Renner what I have since heard fifty times from other army men, and likewise from high German civilians, of the common German attitude toward Belgium. Often these others have used almost the same words he used. Invariably they have sought to convey the same meaning.

For those three days we stayed on unwillingly in Louvain we were not once out of sight of German soldiers, nor by day or night out of sound of their threshing feet and their rumbling wheels. We never looked this way or that but we saw their gray coats blocking up the distances. We never entered shop or house but we found Germans already there. We never sought to turn off the main-traveled streets into a byway but our path was barred by a guard seeking to know our business. And always, as we noted, for this duty those in command had chosen soldiers who knew a smattering of French, in order that the sentries might be able to speak with the citizens.

If we passed along a sidewalk the chances were that it would be lined thick with soldiers lying against the walls resting, or sitting on the curbs, with their shoes off, easing their feet. If we looked into the sky our prospects for seeing a monoplane flying about were most excellent. If we entered a square it was bound to be jammed with horses and parked baggage trains and supply wagons.

The atmosphere was laden with the heavy smells of the boiling stews and with the heavier smells of the soldiers' unwashed bodies and their sweating horses.

Finally, to their credit be it said, we personally did not see one German, whether officer or private, who mistreated any citizen, or was offensively rude to any citizen, or who refused to pay a fair reckoning for what he bought, or who was conspicuously drunk. The post-card venders of Louvain must have grown fat with wealth; for, next to bottled beer and cheap cigars, every common soldier craved post cards above all other commodities.

We grew tired after a while of seeing Germans; it seemed to us that every vista always had been choked with unshaved, blond, blocky, short-haired men in rawhide boots and ill-fitting gray tunics; and that every vista always would be. It took a new kind of gun, or an automobile with a steel prow for charging through barbed-wire entanglements, or a group of bedraggled Belgian prisoners slouching by under convoy, to make us give the spectacle more than a passing glance.

Our jaded and satiated fancies had been fed on soldiers and all the cumbersome pageantry of war until they refused to be quickened by what, half a week before, would have set every nerve tingling. Almost the only thing that stands out distinct in my memory from the confused recollections of the last morning spent in Louvain is a huge sight-seeing car—of the sort known at home as a rubber-neck wagon—which lumbered by us with Red Cross men perched like roosting gray birds on all its seats.

We estimated we saw two hundred thousand men in motion through the ancient town. We learned afterward we had underfigured the total by at least a third.

Sinister Sights in the Town of Louvain

DURING these days the life of Louvain went on, so far as our alien eyes could judge, pretty much as it probably did in the peace times preceding. At night, obeying an order, the people stayed within their doors; in the daylight hours they pursued their customary business, not greatly incommoded apparently by the presence of the conqueror.

If there was simmering hate in the hearts of the men and women of Louvain it did not betray itself in their sobered faces. I saw a soldier, somewhat fuddled, seize a serving maid about the waist and kiss her; he received a slap in the face and fell back in bad order, while his mates cheered the spunky girl. A minute later she emerged from the house to which she had retreated, seemingly ready to swap slaps for kisses some more.

However, from time to time sinister suggestions did obtrude themselves on us. For example, on the second morning of our enforced stay at the House of the Million Columns we watched a double file of soldiers going through a street toward the palais de justice. Two roughly clad natives walked between the lines of bared bayonets. One was an old man who walked proudly with his head erect. The other was bent almost double, and his hands were tied behind his back.

A few minutes afterward a barred yellow van, under escort, came through the square fronting the railroad station and disappeared behind a mass of low buildings. From that direction we presently heard shots. Soon the van came back, unescorted this time; and behind it came Belgians with Red Cross arm badges, bearing on their shoulders two litters on which were still figures covered with blankets, so that only the stockinged feet showed.

Twice thereafter this play was repeated, with slight variations; and each time we Americans, looking on from our front windows, drew our own conclusions.

Also, from the same vantage point we saw an automobile pass bearing a couple of German officers and a little, scared-looking man in a frock coat and a high hat, whose black mustache stood out like a charcoal mark against the very white background of his face.

This little man, we learned, was the burgomaster, and this day he was being held a prisoner and responsible for the good conduct of some fifty-odd thousand of his fellow citizens.

That night our host, a gross, silent man in carpet slippers, told us the burgomaster was ill in bed at home.

"He suffers," explained our landlord in French, "from a crisis of the nerves." The French language is an expressive language.

Then, coming a pace nearer, our landlord added a question in a cautious whisper.

"Messieurs," he asked, "do you think it can be true, as my neighbors tell me, that the United States President has ordered the Germans to get out of our country?"

We shook our heads, and he went silently away in his carpet slippers; and his broad Flemish face gave no hint of what corrosive thoughts he may have had in his heart.

It was Wednesday morning when we entered Louvain. It was Saturday morning when we left it. This last undertaking was preceded by difficulties. As a preliminary to it we visited in turn all the stables in Louvain where ordinarily horses and wheeled vehicles could be had for hire.

On the Open Road to Brussels

EITHER there were no horses left in the stalls—thanks to either Belgian foragers or to German—or, if there were horses, no driver would risk his hide on the open road among the German pack trains and rear guards.

At length we did find a tall, red-haired Walloon who said he would go anywhere on earth, and provide a team for the going, if we paid the price he asked. We paid it in advance, in case anything should happen on the way, and he took us in a venerable open carriage behind two crow-bait skeletons that had once, in a happier day when hay was cheaper, been horses.

We drove slowly, taking the middle of the wide Brussels road. On our right, traveling in the same direction, crawled an unending line of German baggage wagons and pontoon trucks. On our left, going the opposite way, was another line, also unending, made up of refugee villagers, returning afoot to the towns beyond Louvain from which they had fled four days earlier.

They were footsore and they limped; they were of all ages and most miserable-looking. And, one and all, they were as silent as so many ghosts. Thus we traveled; and at the end of the first hour came to the tiny town of Leefdael.

At Leefdael there must have been fighting, for some of the houses were riddled by shells. At least two had been burned; and a big tin sign at a railroad crossing had become a tin colander where flying lead had sieved it.

In a beet patch beside one of the houses was a mound of fresh earth the length of a long man, with a cross of sticks at the head of it. A Belgian soldier's cap was perched on the upright and a scrap of paper was made fast to the cross arm; and two peasants stood there apparently reading what was written on the paper.

Later such sights as these were to become almost the commonest incidents of our countryside campaignings; but now we looked with all our eyes.

Except that the roadside ditches were littered with beer bottles and scraps of paper, and the road itself rutted by cannon wheels, we saw little enough after leaving Leefdael to suggest that an army had come this way until we were in the outskirts of Brussels. We passed places where troops had camped the night before—or the night before that, say.

In a tree-edged, grass-plotted boulevard at the edge of the Bois, toward Tervueren, cavalry had halted. The turf was scarred with hoofprints and strewed with hay; and there was a row of small trenches in which the Germans had built their fires to do their cooking.

The sod, which had been removed to make these trenches, was piled in neat little terraces, ready to be put back; and care had plainly been taken by the troopers to avoid damaging the bark on the trunks of the ash and elm trees.

There it was—the Germanic system of warfare! These Germans might carry on their war after the most scientifically deadly plan the world has ever known; they might deal out their peculiarly fatal brand of drumhead justice to all civilians who crossed their paths bearing arms; they might burn and waste for punishment; they might lay on a captured city and a whipped province a tribute of foodstuffs and an indemnity of money heavier than any civilized race has ever demanded of the cowed and conquered—might do all these things and more besides—but their common troopers saved the sods of the greensward for replanting and spared the boles of the young shade trees!

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DON'T YOU CARE!

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉREMEAUX

WHEN she was told it was a girl, Mrs. Govers sighed. "Well, I never did have any luck anyway; so I d'know's I'm supprised." Later she wept feebly:

"Girls are easier to raise, I suppose; but I kind of had my heart set on namin' him Launcelot."

After another interval she rallied to a smile:

"I was prepared for the worst, though; so I picked out Ellaphine for a name in case he was a her. It's an awful pirty name, Ellaphine is. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, yes," said the nurse, who would have agreed to anything then.

After a time Mrs. Govers resumed:

"She'll be an awful pirty girl, I hope. Is that her makin' all that noise? Give me a glimpse of her, will you? I got a right, I guess, to see my own baby. Oh, Goshen! Is that how she looks?" A kind of swoon; then more meditation, followed by a courageous philosophy:

"Childern always look funny at first. She'll outgrow it, I expect. Ellaphine is such an elegant name. It ought to be a kind of inducement to grow up to. Don't you think so?"

The nurse, who was juggling the baby as though it were red-hot, mumbled through a mustache of safety pins that she thought so. Mrs. Govers echoed: "I thought so too." After that she went off to sleep.

Ellaphine, however, did not grow up elegant, to fit the name. The name grew inelegant to fit her. During her earliest years the witty little children called her Elephant until they tired of the ingenuity and allowed her to lapse indolently from Ellar to El.

Mrs. Govers for some years cherished a dream that her ugly duckling would develop into a swan and fly away with a fabulously wealthy prince. Later she dwindled to a prayer that she might capture a man who was "tol'able well-to-do."

The majority of ugly ducklings, however, grow up into uglier ducks, and Mrs. Govers resigned herself to the melancholy prospect of the widowed mother of an old maid perennial.

To the confusion of prophecy, among all the batch of girls who descended on Carthage about the time of Ellaphine's birth—"out of the nowhere into the here"—Ellaphine was the first to be married! And she cut out the prettiest girl in the township—it was not such a small township, either. Those homely ones seem to make straight for a home the first thing. Ellaphine carried off Eddie Pouch—the very Eddie of whom his mother used to say: "He's little; but oh, my!" The rest of the people said: "Oh, my, but he's little!"

Eddie's given name was Egbert. Edward was his taken name. He took it after his mother died and he went to live at his Uncle Loren's. Eddie was sorry to change his name, but he said his mother was not responsible at the time she pasted the label Egbert on him, and his shy soul could not endure to be called Egg by his best friends—least of all by his best girl.

His best girl was the township champion looker, Luella Thickins. From the time his heart was big enough for Cupid to stick a child's-size arrow in, Eddie idolized Luella. So did the other boys; and as Eddie was the smallest of the lot he was lost in the crowd. Even when Luella noticed him it was with the atrocious contempt of little girls for little boys they do not like.

Eddie could not give her sticks of candy or jawbreakers, for his Uncle Loren did not believe in spending money. And Eddie had no mother to go to when the boys mistreated him and the girls ignored him. A dismal life he led until he grew up as far as he ever grew up.

Eddie reached his twenty-second birthday and was working in Uncle Loren's factory—one of the largest feather-duster factories in the whole state—when he observed a sudden change in Luella's manner.

She had scared him away from paying court to her, save from a distance. Now she took after him, with her aggressive beauty for a club and her engaging smiles for a net. She asked him to take her to the Sunday-school picnic, and asked him what he liked best for her to put in for him. She informed him that she was going to cook it herself and everybody said she could fry chicken something grand. So he chose fried chicken.

Mrs. Govers Delivered an Oration That Would Have Sent Ellaphine to the Altar With Almost Anybody

He was so overjoyed that it was hard for him to be as solemn about the house as he ought to have been, in view of the fact that Uncle Loren had been taken suddenly and violently ill. Eddie was the natural heir to the old man's fortune.

Uncle Loren was considered close in a town where extravagance was almost impossible, but where rigid economy was supposed to pile up tremendous wealth. Hitherto it had pained Uncle Loren to devote a penny to anything but the sweet uses of investment. Now it suddenly occurred to the old miser that he had invested nothing in the securities of New Jerusalem, Limited. He was frightened immeasurably.

In his youth he had joined the Campbellite Church, and had been baptized in the town pond when there was a crust of ice over it which the pastor had to break with a stick before he immersed Loren. Everybody said the crust of ice had stuck to his heart ever since.

In the panic that came on him now he craftily decided to transfer all his savings to the other shore. The factory, of course, he must leave behind; but he drafted a hasty will presenting all his money to the Campbellite Church under conditions that he counted on to gain him a high commercial rating in heaven.

Over his shoulder, as he wrote, a shadow waited, grinning; and the old man had hardly folded his last testament and stuffed it into his pillowslip when the grisly hand was laid on his shoulders and Uncle Loren was no longer there.

II

HIS uncle's demise cut Eddie out of the picnic with Luella; but she was present at the funeral and gave him a wonderful smile. Uncle Loren's final will was not discovered until the pillowslip was sent to the wash; and at the funeral Eddie was still the object of more or less disguised congratulations as an important heir.

Luella solaced him with rare tact and tenderness, and spoke much of his loneliness and his need of a helpmate. Eddie resolved to ask her to marry him as soon as he could compose the speech.

Some days later Uncle Loren's document was discovered and Eddie fell from grace with a thump. The town laughed at him, as people always laugh when a person—particularly so plump a person as Eddie was—falls hard on the slippery sidewalk of this icy world.

In his dismay he hastened to Luella for sympathy, but she turned up missing. She jilted him with a jolt that knocked his heart out of his mouth. He stood, as it were, gaping stupidly, in the middle of the highway.

Then Ellaphine Govers came along, picked his heart out of the road, dusted it and offered it back. He was so grateful that he asked her to keep it for him. He was so pitiable an object that he even felt honored by the support of Ellar Govers.

He went with Ellar quite a lot. He found her very comfortable company. She seemed flattered by his attention. Other people acted as if they were doing him a favor by letting him stand round.

He had lost Uncle Loren's money, but he still had a small job at the factory. Partly to please Ellar and partly to show certain folks that he was not yet dead, he took her out for a drive behind a livery-stable horse. It was a beautiful drive, and the horse was so tame that it showed no desire to run away. It was perfectly willing to stand still where the view was good.

He let Ellar drive a while and that was the only time the horse misbehaved. It saw a stack of hay, nearly went mad, and tried to climb a rail fence; but Ellar yelled at it and slapped the lines at it and got it past the danger zone, and it relapsed into its usual mood of despair.

Eddie told Ellar the horse was "attackted with haydrophobia." And she nearly laughed herself to death and said:

"You do say the funniest things!"

She was a girl who could appreciate a fellow's jokes and he saw that they could have awful good times together. He told her so without difficulty and she agreed that they could, and they were as good as engaged before they got back as far as the fair grounds. As they came into the familiar streets Eddie observed a remarkable change in the manner of the people they passed. People made an effort to attract his eye. They wafted him salutes from a distance. There was such a lifting of hats, elaborateness of smiles and flourish of hands that he said to Ellaphine:

"Say, Pheeny, I wonder what the joke is!"

"Me, I guess," sighed Ellaphine. "They're makin' fun of you for takin' me out buggy ridin'."

"Oh, go on!" said Eddie. "They've found out something about me and they're pokin' fun."

He was overcome with shame and drove to Ellaphine's house by a side street and escorted the horse to the livery stable by a back alley. On his way home he tried in vain to dodge Luella Thickins, but she headed him off with one of her Sunday-best smiles. She bowled him over by an effusive manner.

"Why, Eddie, you haven't been round to see me for the longest time! Can't you come on over 'safternoon? I'd just love to see you!"

He wondered whether she had forgotten how she had ground his meek heart under her heel the last time he called.

She was so nice to him that she frightened him. He mumbled that he would certainly call that afternoon, and got away wondering what the trick was. Her smile seemed less pretty than it used to be.

III

A BLOCK farther on Eddie met a man who explained the news, which had run across the town like oil on water. Tim Holdredge, an idle lawyer who had nothing else to do, looked into the matter of Uncle Loren's will and found that the old man, in his innocence of charity and his passion for economy, had left his money to the church on conditions that were not according to the law. The money reverted to the estate. Eddie was the estate.

When Tim Holdredge slapped Eddie on the shoulder and explained the result of what he called "the little joker" in Uncle Loren's will, Eddie did not rejoice as Tim had a right to expect.

Eddie was poisoned by a horrible suspicion. The logic of events ran through his head like a hateful tune which he could not shake off.

"When Luella thought I was coming into a pile of money she was nice to me. When she heard I wasn't she was mean to me. Now that my money's coming to me after all she's nice again. Therefore ——" But he was ashamed to give that ungallant *ergo* brain room.

Still more bewildering was the behavior of Ellaphine. As soon as he heard of his good fortune he hurried to tell her about it. Her mother answered the doorbell and congratulated him on his good luck. When he asked for Ellar, her mother said: "She was feelin' right poorly and is layin'

down." He was so alarmed that he forgot about Luella, who waited the whole afternoon all dressed up.

After supper that night he patrolled before Ellaphine's home and tried to pluck up courage enough to twist that old doorbell again. Suddenly she ran into him. She was sneaking through the front gate. He tried to talk to her, but she said:

"I'm in a tur'ble hurry. I got to go to the drug store and get some chloroform liniment. Mamma's lumbago's awful bad."

He walked along with her, though she tried to escape him. The first drowsy lamp-post showed him that Ellaphine had been crying. It was the least becoming thing she could have done. Eddie asked whether her mother was so sick as all that. She said "No"—then changed to "Yes"—and then stopped short and began to blubber uncouthly, dabbing her eyes alternately with the backs of her wrists.

Eddie stared a while, then yielded to an imperious urge to clasp her to his heart and comfort her. She twisted out of his arms and snapped: "Don't you touch me, Eddie!"

Eddie mumbled inanely:

"You didn't mind it this mornin', buggy ridin'."

Her answer completely flabbergasted him:

"No; because you didn't have all that money then."

"Gee-whiz, Pheeny!" he gasped; "what you got against Uncle Loren's money? It ain't a disease, is it? It's not ketchin', is it?"

"No," she sobbed; "but we—— Well, when you were so poor and all I thought you might—you might really like me because I could be of some—of some use to you; but now you—you needn't think I'm goin' to hold you to any—anything against your will."

Eddie realized that across the street somebody had stopped to listen. Eddie wanted to throw a rock at whoever it was, but Ellaphine absorbed him as she wailed:

"It'd be just like you to be just's nice to me as ever; but I'm not goin' to tie you down to any homely old crow like me when you got money enough to marry anybody. You can get Luella Thickins back now. You could marry the Queen of England if you'd a mind to."

Eddie could find nothing better to say than:

"Well, I'll be dog-gon'd!"

While he gaped she got away.

She Jilted Him With a Jolt That Knocked His Heart Out of His Mouth

IV

LUELLA THICKINS cast her spells over Eddie with all her might, but he understood them now and escaped through their coarse meshes. She was so resolute, however, that he did not dare trust himself alone in the same town with her unless he had a chaperon.

He sent a note to Ellaphine, saying he was in dire trouble and needed her help. This brought him the entrée to her parlor. He told her the exact situation and begged her to rescue him from Luella.

Ellaphine's craggy features grew as radiant as a mountain peak in the sunrise. The light made beautiful what it illumined. She consented at last to believe in Eddie's devotion, or at least in his need of her; and the homely thing enjoyed the privilege of being pleaded for and of yielding to the prayers of an ardent lover.

She assumed that the marriage could not take place for several years, if ever. She wanted to give Eddie time to be sure of his heart; but Eddie was stubborn and said:

"Seein' as we're agreed on gettin' married, let's have the wedding right away and get it over with."

When Ellaphine's mother learned that Ellaphine had a chance to marry an heir and was asking for time, Mrs. Govers delivered an oration that would have sent Ellaphine to the altar with almost anybody, let alone her idolized Eddie.

The wedding was a quiet affair. Everybody in Carthage was invited. Few came. People feared that if they went they would have to send wedding presents, and Eddie and Ellar were too unimportant to the social life of Carthage to make their approval valuable.

Eddie wore new shoes, which creaked and pinched. He looked twice as uncomfortable and twice as sad as he had looked at his Uncle Loren's obsequies; and he suffered that supreme disenchantment of a too-high collar with a necktie rampant.

In spite of the ancient and impregnable theory that all brides are beautiful, was there ever a woman who looked her best in the uniform of approaching servitude? In any case Ellaphine's best was not good, and she was at her worst in her ill-fitting white gown, with the veil askew. Her graceless carriage was not improved by the difficulty of keeping step with her escort and the added task of keeping step with the music.

The organist, Mr. Norman Maugans, always grew temperamental when he played Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and always relieved its monotonous cadence with passionate accelerations and abrupt retardations. That made walking difficult.

When the minister had finished with the couple and they moved down the aisle to what the paper called the "Bridle March, by Lohengrin," Mr. Maugans always craned his neck to see, and usually put his foot on the wrong pedal, with the startling effect of firing a cannon at the departing guests.

He did not crane his neck, however, to see Mr. and Mrs. Pouch depart. They were too commonplace entirely. He played the march with such doleful indifference that Eddie found the aisle as long as the distance from Marathon to Athens. Also he was trying to walk so that his pinching shoes would not squeak.

At the end of the last pew Eddie and Ellaphine encountered Luella Thickins leaning out into the aisle and triumphantly beautiful in her finest raiment. Her charms were militant and vindictive, and her smile plainly said:

"Uh-huh! Don't you wish you'd taken me instead of that thing you've hitched up with for life?"

Eddie gave her one glance and found her hideous. Ellaphine lowered her eyelids in defeat and slunk from the church, thinking:

"Now he's already sorry that he married me. What can he see in me to love? Nothing! Nothing!"

When they clambered into the carriage Eddie cried:

"Well, Mrs. Pouch, give your old husband a kiss!"

Ellaphine shrank away from him, however, crying again. He was hurt and puzzled until he remembered that it is the business of brides to cry. He held her hand and tried to console her for being his victim, and imagined almost every reason for her tears but the true one.

The guests at the church straggled to Mrs. Govers' home, drawn by the call of refreshments. Luella was the gayest of them all. People wondered why Eddie had not married her instead of Ellaphine. Luella heard some one say: "What on earth can he see in her?"

Luella answered: "What on earth can she see in him?" It was hardly playing fair, but Luella was a poor loser. She even added, to clinch it: "What on earth can they see in each other?"

That became the town comment on the couple when there was any comment at all. Mainly they were ignored completely.

Eddie and Ellar were not even honored with the usual outburst of the ignoblest of all sports—bride baiting. Nobody tied a white ribbon to the wheel of the hack that took them to the depot. Old shoes had not been provided and rice had been forgotten. They were not pelted or subjected to immemorial jokes. They were not chased to the train, and their elaborate schemes for deceiving the neighbors as to the place of their honeymoon were wasted. Nobody cared where they went or how long they stayed.

They returned sheepishly, expecting to run a gantlet of humor; but people seemed unaware that they had been away. They settled down into the quiet pool of Carthage without a splash, like a pair of mud turtles slipping off a log into the water. Even the interest in Eddie's inheritance did not last long, for Uncle Loren's fortune did not last long—not that they were spendthrift, for they spent next to nothing; but money must be fed or it starves to death. Money must grow or wither.

V

EDDIE found that his uncle's reputation for hard dealing had been a condition of his success. He soon learned that the feather-duster factory could be run at a profit only by the most microscopic care. Wages must be kept down; hours kept up; the workers driven every minute, fined if they were late, nagged if they dawdled. Profit could be wrung from the trade only by ugly battles with dealers and purchasers. Raw material had to be fought down, finished product fought up; bills due fought off, accounts fought in; the smallest percentage of a percentage wrestled for.

Eddie was incapable of such vigilant hostility toward everybody. The factory almost immediately ceased to pay expenses. Eddie was prompt to meet debts, but lenient as a collector. The rest of his inheritance fared no better. Eddie was an ideal mortgagee. The first widow wept him out of his interest in five tears. Having obliged her, he could hardly deny the next person, who had money but wanted more, "to carry out a big deal."

Eddie first gained the reputation of being a kind-hearted gentleman and a Christian, and later a notoriety for being an easy mark. Eddie overheard such comment eventually, and it wounded him as deeply as it bewildered him. Bitterer than the contempt for a hard man is the contempt for a soft man who is betrayed by a vice of mercy. Eddie was hopelessly addicted to decency.

Uncle Loren had been a miser and so close that his nickname had implied the ability to skin a flint. People hated him and raged against him; but it suddenly became evident that they had worked hard to meet their bills payable to him. They had sat up nights devising schemes to gain cash for him. He was a cause of industry and thrift and self-denial. He paid poor wages, but he kept the factory going. He squeezed a penny until the eagle screamed, but he made dusters out of the tail feathers, and he was planning to branch out into whisk brooms and pillows when, in the words of the pastor, he was "called home." The pastor liked the phrase, as it did not commit him to any definite habitat.

Eddie, however, though he worked hard and used thrift, and, with Ellaphine's help, practiced self-denial, found that he was not so big a man as the small man he succeeded. He increased the wages and cut down the hours, and found that he had diminished the output of everything except complaints. The men loafed shamelessly, cheated him of the energy and the material that belonged to him, and whined all the time. His debtors grew shiftless and contemptuous.

It is the irony, the meanness, of the trade of life that virtue may prove vicious in effect; and viciousness may produce good fruit. Figs do grow from thistles.

For a time the Pouch couple attracted a great deal of attention from the people of Carthage—the sort of attention that people on shore devote to a pair of capsized canoeists for whom nobody cares to risk his life.

Luella Thickins had forced the note of gayety at the wedding, but she soon grew genuinely glad that Eddie had got away. She began to believe that she had jilted him.

VI

PEOPLE who wondered what Mr. and Mrs. Pouch saw in each other could not realize that he saw in her a fellow sufferer who upheld him with her love in all his terrors. She was everything that his office was not—peace without demand for money; glowing admiration and raptures of passion.

What she saw in him was what a mother sees in a crippled child that runs home to her when the play of the other boys is too swift or too rough. She saw a good man, who could not fight because he could not slash and trample and loot. She saw what the Belgian peasant women saw—a little cottage holder staring in dismay at the hostile armies crashing about his homestead.

The only comfort Eddie found in the situation was the growing realization that it was hopeless. The drowsy opiate of surrender began to spread its peace through his soul. His torment was the remorse of proving a traitor to his dead uncle's glory. The feather-dustery that had been a monument was about to topple into the weeds. Eddie writhed at that and at his feeling of disloyalty to the employees, who would be turned out wageless in a small town that was staggering under the burden of hard times.

He made a frantic effort to keep going on these accounts, but the battle was too much for him. He could not imagine ways and means—he knew nothing of the ropes of finance. He was like a farmer with a scythe against sharpshooters. Ellaphine began to fear that the struggle would break him down. One night she persuaded him to give up.

She watched him anxiously the next morning as his fat little body, bulging with regrets, went meekly down the porch steps and along the walk. The squeal of the gate as he shoved through sounded like a groan from his own heart. He closed the gate after him with the gentle care he gave all things. Then he leaned across it to wave to his Pheeny. It was like the good-by salute of a man going to jail.

Ellaphine moped about the kitchen, preparing him the best dinner she could to cheer him when he came home at noon. To add a touch of grace she decided to set a bowl of petunias in front of him. He loved the homely little flowers in their calico finery, like farmers' daughters at a picnic. Their cheap and almost palpable fragrancy delighted him when it powdered the air. She hoped that they would bring a smile to him at noon, for he could still afford petunias.

She was squatting by the colony aligned along the walk, and her big sunbonnet hid her unbeautiful face from the passers-by and theirs from her, when she caught a glimpse of Luella Thickins coming along, giggling with the banker's son. Luella put on a little extra steam for the benefit of Ellaphine, who was glad of her sunbonnet and did not look up.

Later there came a quick step, thumping the boardwalk in a rhythm she would have recognized but for its allegrity. The gate was opened with a sweep that brought a shriek from its old rheumatic hinge, and was permitted to swing shut with an unheeded smack. Ellaphine feared it was somebody coming with the haste that bad news inspires. Something awful had happened to Eddie! Her knees could not lift her to face the evil tidings. She dared not turn her head.

Then she heard Eddie's own voice:

"Pheeny! Pheeny, honey! Everything's all right!"

Pheeny spilled the petunias and sat down on them. Eddie lifted her up and pushed his glowing face deep into her sunbonnet, and kissed her.

Luella Thickins was coming back and her giggling stopped. She and the banker's son, who were just sauntering about, exchanged glances of disgust at the indecorous proceeding. Later Luella resumed her giggle and enjoyed hugely her comment:

"Ellar looks fine in a sunbonnet! The bigger it is, the better she looks."

VII

MEANTIME Eddie was supporting his Pheeny into the house. His path was strewn with petunias and she supposed he had some great victory to announce. He had; but he was the victim.

The conqueror was the superintendent of the factory, Jabez Pittinger, who had survived a cycle of Uncle Loren's martinetism with less resentment than a year of Eddie's lenience. But Eddie is telling Ellaphine of his glorious achievement:

"You see, I went to the fact'ry feeling like I was goin' to my grave."

"I know," she said; "but what happened?"

"I just thought I'd rather die than tack up the notice that we were going to shut down and turn off those poor folks and all."

"I know," said Ellaphine; "but tell me."

"Well, finally," Eddie plodded along, "I tried to draw up the 'nouncement with the markin' brush; but I just couldn't make the letters. So I called in Jabe Pittinger and told him how it was; and I says to him: 'Jabe, I jest naturally can't do it m'self. I wisht you'd send the word round that the factory's goin' to stop next Sat'd'y.' I thought he'd show some supprise; but he didn't. He just shot a splash of tobacco juice through that missin' tooth of his and says: 'I wouldn't if I's you.' And I says: 'Goodness knows I hate to; but there's no way out of it.' And he wopsed his cud round and said: 'Mebbe there is.' 'What do you mean?' I says; and he says: 'Fact is, Eddie'—he always called me Mr. Pouch or Boss before, but I couldn't say anything to him, seeing ——"

"I know!" Ellaphine almost screamed. "But what'd he say? What's the upshot?"

Eddie went on at his oxlike gait.

"'Well,' he says, 'fact is, Eddie,' he says, 'I been expectin' this, and I been figgerin' if they wasn't a way somewhere to keep a-runnin',' says he; 'and I been talkin' to certain parties that believes as I do, that the fault ain't with the feather-duster business, but with the way it's run,' he says. 'People gotter have feather dusters,' he says; 'but they gotter be gave to 'em right.' O' course I knew he was gettin' at me, but I was in no p'sition to talk back."

"Oh, please, Eddie!" Ellaphine moaned. "Please tell me! I'm goin' crazy to know the upshot of it, and I smell the pie burnin'—it's rhubob, too."

"You got rhubob pie for dinner to-day?" Eddie chortled. "Oh, crickey, that's fine!"

He followed her into the kitchen and helped her carry the things to the dining room, where they waited on each other in alternate dashes and clashes of "Lemme get it!" and "You set right still!"

Eventually he reached the upshot, which was that Mr. Pittinger thought he might raise money to run the factory if Eddie would give him the control and drop out. Eddie concluded, with a burst of rapture:

"I'm so tickled I wisht I could telegraft poor Uncle Loren that everything's all right!"

VIII

IT WAS an outrageous piece of petty finance on high models, and it euchered Eddie out of everything he had in the world except his illusion that Jabez was working for the good of the factory.

Eddie always said "The Fact'ry" in the tone that city people use when they say "The Cathedral."

Ellaphine saw through the wiles of Jabez and the measly capitalists he had bound together, and she was ablaze with rage at them and with pity for her tender-hearted child-husband; but she did not reveal these emotions to Eddie.

She encouraged him to feast on the one sweetmeat of the situation: that the hands would not be turned off and the factory would keep open doors. In fact, when doubt began to creep into his own idle soul and a feeling of shame depressed him, as the butt of the jokes and the pity that the neighbors flung at him, Ellaphine pretended to be overjoyed at the triumph he had wrested from defeat.

And when he began to chafe at his lack of occupation, and to fret about their future, she went to the factory and invaded the office where the usurper, Jabez Pittinger, sat enthroned at the hallowed desk, tossing copious libations of tobacco juice toward a huge new cuspidor. She demanded a job for Eddie and bullied Jabez into making him a bookkeeper, at a salary of forty-five dollars a month.

Thus, at last, Eddie Pouch found his place in the world. There are soldiers who make ideal first sergeants and are ruined and ruinous as second lieutenants; and there are soldiers who are worthless as first sergeants, but irresistible as major generals. Eddie was a born first sergeant, a routine man, a congenital employee—doomed, like fire, to be a splendid servant and a disastrous master.

Working for himself he neglected every opportunity. Working for another he neglected nothing. Meeting emergencies, tricking creditors and debtors, and massacring competitors were not in his line; but when it came to adding up columns of figures all day, making out bills, drawing checks for somebody else to sign, and the Santa Claus function of stuffing the pay roll into the little envelopes—Eddie was there. Shrewd old Jabez recognized this. He tried him on a difficult collection once—sent him forth to pry an ancient debt of eighteen dollars and thirty-four cents out of the meanest man in town, vice Uncle Loren. Eddie came back with a look of contentment.

"Did you git it?" said Jabez.

"Well, you see, it was like this: The poor feller ——"

"Poor heller! Did you git it?"

"No; he was so hard up I lent him four dollars."

"What!"

"Out of my own pocket, o' course."

Jabez remarked that he'd be hornswoggled; but he valued the incident and added it to the anecdotes he used to justify himself for playing Huerta with his dreamy Madero.

IX

AFTER that the most Jabez asked of Eddie was to write "Please remit" or "Past due" on the mossier bills. Eddie preferred an exquisite poem he had copied from a city creditor: "This account has no doubt escaped your notice. As we have several large obligations to meet we should greatly appreciate a check by return mail."

Eddie loved that. There was a fine chivalry and democracy about it, as one should say: "We're all debtors and

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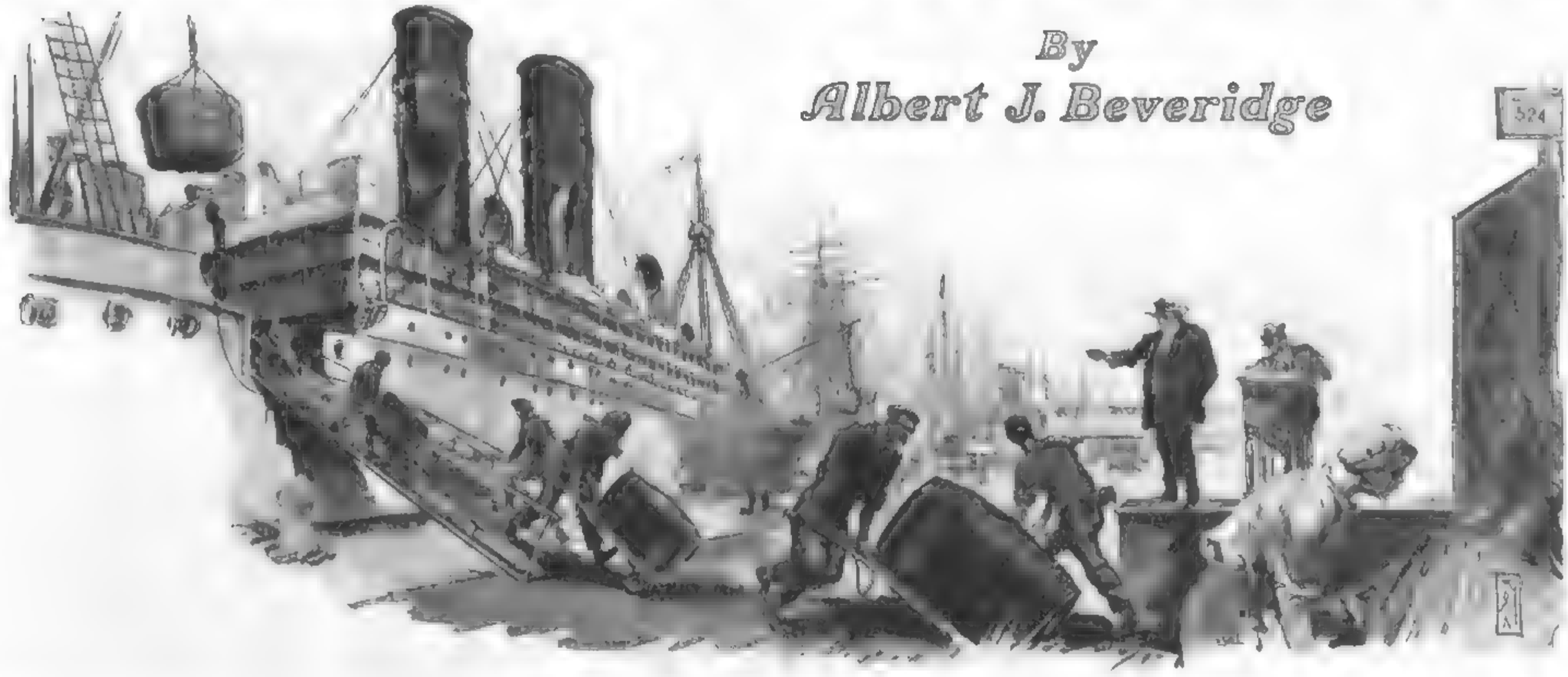
PERMANENT PROSPERITY

By
Albert J. Beveridge



WHY do we not have permanent prosperity in this country? There is every natural reason why we should have it, and not one natural reason why we should not have it.

Every day we hear of the great material prosperity the present world-war will bring us. With the factories of other nations shut down, our own manufacturers will have our market quite to themselves. With the fields of other nations trodden down by the feet of millions of soldiers, and with no one to gather even this year's harvest except women, children and graybeards, the American farmer not only must feed our own nation but also must soon furnish food to a world in arms.

And when the cannon cease to thunder it will be long before the mills of rival countries can start up; long before foreign manufacturers can reorganize their shattered industrial forces; long before they can even begin to recapture their foreign trade; long before any financial, industrial and commercial readjustment can be brought about that will make them disturbing factors in this new blood-nourished prosperity so sure to be ours.

Thus runs the tale we are told; and, though we are adjured to lament this tragedy of the nations and to pray for its ending, nevertheless we are advised to make the most of the situation and to fill our pockets while we can, and as full as we can.

Not one word, however, do we hear about taking steps to make our prosperity normal; not a syllable about making that normal prosperity permanent. Yet these are the two really big questions of a purely material nature we ought to settle and must settle. These questions were with us before the war began and will be with us after the war ends. Indeed, they have been with us for a great many years, and we have deliberately turned our faces from them.

The Promises of Party Bally-Hoo Men

INSTEAD of taking them up and settling them according to the best economic thought of our own and other countries, we have let partisan politics and partisan politicians handle our business laws as though such statutes were mere pawns in the political game. In every campaign we have listened to the bally-hoo men of political parties trying to outcry one another in get-prosperous-quick promises. We have had such bad luck because of this that, at last, we were beginning to get down to hard, sound thinking on the subject of our business laws, which so greatly help or hurt healthy and steady prosperity.

But now the artificial and temporary world-war conditions are being used to put us back to the happy-go-lucky state of mind of "Git when ye kin, and git a plenty while ye're gittin'." Yet if all the exaggerated and unwholesome prophecies of the prosperity that is to come to us for a year or two from the misfortunes of our neighbors were true, that fact would not mean one-tenth as much even for our sordid material welfare as the common-sense, honest and businesslike settlement of our business questions. It would not mean one-tenth as much as normal and permanent prosperity would mean for us.

Three months ago the getting of a wholesome and material prosperity and making that prosperity permanent was the one vital question immediately before us. Many other big and important things needed to be done, and those great moral, social and political reforms still need to be accomplished, and will cry out for the doing until they are accomplished; but everybody knows that the public mind cannot be focused on any reform, however noble, so long as the daily living of men and women is pinched, uncertain or in hazard. And that is why the final settlement of the business question is the first thing we must attend to.

Without any foreign war, and purely from our natural advantages, handled in a common-sense manner, we ought to have a much greater prosperity in the United States than we ever have had. We are much richer in fertile fields, in lumber-producing forests, in all kinds of minerals, and, indeed, in all the sources of natural wealth, than all the countries of Europe put together.

Compared with their crowded populations, the United States is very thinly peopled. We should have more than a billion people in this country if our population were as dense as that of most of the nations now at war; but we have fewer than one hundred million.

Our system of waterways, as Nature designed and handed it over to us, is by far the best in the world for commercial uses. Our railroads are superior to those of any other nation for trade purposes, for they were built solely for carrying the products of peace; whereas the locations of the railroads of other nations were influenced largely by military considerations.

Also, no other country has anything to compare with our happy geographical trade position—our ports face both Europe and Asia, and we are the next-door neighbors to Canada on the one hand, and Central America and South America on the other hand.

With all these advantages American business ought to be much more extensive than it is, and it ought steadily to increase. The normal prosperity to which all the above facts entitle us should be far greater than it ever has been; and that prosperity should be permanent.

Why, then, is this not the case? For it is not. Instead of being steady, American business suffers from greater and more frequent disturbances than the business of any other nation. There is only one thing certain about American business, and that is uncertainty. We are sure only that our business is torn to pieces every few years, and that it is hampered, freakish and feverish in the years between the periods of depression. Our prosperity is by fits and starts, and never continuous; and, even at its highest point of zigzag prosperity, it never rises to anything like the level to which our natural advantages ought to raise it.

What, then, is the matter? The matter chiefly is the senseless, ignorant and unbusinesslike way our business laws are made and changed. Fifty years from now the economic historian of the present period will find it hard to explain why we allowed partisan politicians to make our business laws mere pawns in the game of partisan politics. Yet that is just what we have done and are doing. There are several interesting reasons for this curious national phenomenon, an analysis of which the limits of this article forbid; but, for the sake of a clear understanding of the whole subject, there are two causes that should be mentioned:

First, the partisan habit of mind that discourages—indeed prevents—any real thinking on any subject with which political parties are supposed to deal. We see this in the familiar partisan expression: "I always have voted the Democratic ticket and always shall!" Or: "The Republican party is good enough for me!" Or: "Stand by the party of Jefferson!" Or: "Rally to the party of Abraham Lincoln!" and other such meaningless catchwords and phrases.

Thus the few men who control the party machinery and really decide what shall be done under the party name can count on millions of voters supporting anything they do—not because it is right or wrong, wise or foolish, but merely because the party does it.

Swinging With the Political Pendulum

THE second reason is our passion for sudden change and quick results. We want relief from an unjust law; and there are enough of us who break away from the party which passed that law to give the other party power to repeal it and quickly pass a new law even more harmful. Whereupon, again to get relief, we swing back to the party that passed the first unjust law without considering for a moment that the methods by which both laws were passed were the very same methods, and were thoroughly unsound—without considering that we shall soon again swing back to the present depressed conditions of the country.

Take the tariff, for example. Five years ago we allowed a group of politicians who then and now control the Republican party to jam through Congress a tariff law that was extortionate generally, and prohibitive in parts. This was passed only by logrolling, by trades and deals, and by the lash of party regularity.

That law, in substance, said that such prosperity as we then had might go on if nearly all the people and most business interests would allow themselves to be robbed for the benefit of a very few business interests and a small fraction of one per cent of the people.

Of course the result was inevitable. Not only did the majority resent the inequality and injustice of that law but the moral sense of the nation was shocked and outraged. In debate on the floor of Congress, and later in discussion before the people, the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law became quite as much a moral as an economic question.

So the party under whose name this law was framed up was put out of power and the other old party, promising to correct those abuses, put into power. Last year this party tore the Payne-Aldrich Law all to pieces and made a new tariff law from beginning to end.

This new law is quite as unjust as the old law was. For example, it leaves the American farmer out in the cold altogether and treats him precisely as though he were a Chinaman, a Russian, or an inhabitant of any other foreign country. Yet it is now well known that the problem of

fertilization of our comparatively exhausted lands is alone enough to require protection of farm products if the American farm is to supply the future food of our own people. And this injustice is only one of the many with which the present tariff abounds.

It was, of course, certain that the new law would be as defective as the old; for the present law was made by the same methods by which the Payne-Aldrich Law was made. It was secretly framed by a very few men, most of whom had no experience with and little knowledge of the intricate business of tariff making. It was rushed through under the orders of a caucus held behind locked doors.

Out of five hundred and thirty-one representatives and senators in Congress, less than a score knew exactly what they were voting for or against. They are not to be blamed for this: our absurd method of tariff making renders knowledge impossible without desperate labor. It is doubtful whether a single one of them understood the whole bill in its details. If any reader doubts this let him ask any representative or senator who voted on this bill, when he is speaking in your neighborhood this fall, to explain to his audience the particulars and exact meaning of any complicated schedule. Some of the debates, even in the Senate, were more amusing than any farce on the stage—funnier than the most humorous jokes in our brightest comic papers.

Yet, time and again, the leaders of the party in power boldly said that this new law was sure to do several things. It would, they said, cut down the cost of living; at the same time it would raise the prices of the farmers' products; by the same process it would give laboring men more employment at better wages; it would expand our foreign trade, increase the output of our factories, mills and mines; and greatly improve the business and increase the profits of our domestic merchants.

Every one of these predictions and promises was made formally, with the cocksureness of absolute certainty; and there is no doubt that many of our people believed that all these things would come to pass. The country found out, before the great world-war came on, just how accurate were these claims of the authors of our present tariff law.

Earthquakes That Shake American Business

A WORLD in arms now suspends, for a season, the operation of any tariff; and if, after a while, the farmer finds the prices of his products going up he will know that it is because he is called on to feed battling nations; if factories and mills again begin to run night and day, and the laborer returns to his work at good wages, it will be because the factories and mills of other nations are cold and silent, and because their artisans and workmen are on the battlefield; if our flag once more appears on the oceans, it will be because foreign ships are shut up in port, engaged in conflict, or at the bottom of the deep.

Before the war began, however, and even since, the very same men who made the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law asked the people to let them and their party make another Payne-Aldrich Law. If the people heeded these men we should have an even worse law than the Payne-Aldrich Act; for these men would say, and with some show of reason, that the people are so disgusted with the present law that they will tolerate any kind of high tariff, no matter how high or extortionate it may be.

Indeed, these men are saying this very thing right now. Also, the shattered commercial and industrial interests of other nations would furnish them a cover for enacting anything that powerful and corrupt interests might induce them to pass.

When the industrial and commercial readjustment of the world comes, after the war is over, does anybody doubt that the people again would tear to pieces this proposed second and enlarged edition of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Law? Does anybody doubt that the party now in power again would ask the people to let it make another law like the tariff law we now have? And does anybody doubt that the same party again would do the same thing it has just done?

Thus it is that partisan politics turns the crank which runs the endless chain of tariff ups and tariff downs; of business fever and business chill; of a diseased prosperity and a diseased depression. Thus it is that tariff earthquakes periodically shake and shatter American business. Thus it is that we have not and never have had steady and normal business conditions. Thus it is that such a thing as permanent prosperity is unknown in America. And steady normal business and permanent prosperity never can be had so long as we allow partisan politicians to make our tariff the football of partisan politics.

Is it not plain to everybody that the tariff method which both of the old parties used is wrong, unsound and unbusinesslike? Is it not plain that we must take the tariff out of partisan politics and deal with it as a purely business question, which it really is, instead of as a political question, which it is not? Is it not clear that the foundations of our tariff should be laid, its building planned and supervised by nonpartisan experts who know all about the tariff instead of by politicians who know nothing about the tariff?

Is it not merely common sense that tariff changes should not be made by wholesale and all at once, whether needed or not; but, instead, that tariff changes should be made one at a time and only when conditions call for the change? That is the way prudent and successful business men conduct their business. Why should we not treat our greatest business laws in the same way?

Consider what this common-sense, businesslike handling of purely business laws has done for other countries. "We could not do business at all," said one of a company of German business men who were spending their vacation in Switzerland some years ago, "if we made and administered our business laws as you Americans make and administer your business laws. If we treated the tariff and trust questions as you do, Germany would be bankrupt in a very few years." And all the other German business men agreed with him.

Yet, until the war began, German business was beyond comparison steadier than American business. German prosperity was not shaken or interrupted by foolish and unsound business laws; it was continuous and, comparatively speaking, greater than ours. And this, too, in spite of the handicaps, obstacles and disadvantages which Nature has placed on that remarkable country.

Germany is only about three-fourths as large as Texas. If you cut out of Northern Texas a section as big as Maryland, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island, combined, you will have, in the remainder of the Lone Star State, a country about the size of Germany. If into this smaller Texas you crowd all the people of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Missouri, Georgia, New Jersey, California, Kentucky, Iowa, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Minnesota, Virginia, Mississippi and Louisiana, you will have about the population of Germany.

If, now, you will take from this reduced Texas, thus jammed full of human beings, a good half of her fertility and natural resources, you will have about the kind of land that on the average makes up the German Empire. And finally, if you will place on the Texan coast only two commercial ports, shallow and hard to get at, you will have the sea outlets of Germany.

Imagine now these sixty-five million people, with deadly enemies on every side of them except the Louisiana side; and with the richest commercial nation on earth, owning the most powerful navy in the whole world, located within half a day's sail, and that nation the bitterest enemy of all—and you have a fairly true picture of Germany's present surroundings.

Then think of those people, thus located, building through the years a big navy for themselves, and keeping up and training a military establishment so vast that every man is a trained soldier, with the tremendous expense that all this requires—and you have an idea of the outlay the German people have made year by year for more than a generation.

These people, thus situated and conditioned, are meeting the blows of such a combination of foes as history gives no account of. Slav, Latin, Mongolian, African, Indian, British and mixed Belgian—all now are assailing the German people with fire and sword. Yet such is Germany's economic and financial condition that she is actually able to wage effective war with four of the greatest Powers in the world; and that, too, with the principal money kings of modern times, now living in France and England, relentlessly and ruthlessly against her.

There are many reasons, of course, for this German miracle of preparedness—such as individual industry, thrift, economy and right living; such as the application of science to agriculture as well as to manufactures; such as physical health and economic efficiency, which the German's military training so greatly promotes; such as the system and cooperative teamwork that marks German activities quite as much in industry and commerce as in war.

Still, with all these powerful causes at work, could Germany have done this if she had treated her tariff and other business laws as we have treated our tariff and other business laws? Could she have prospered in the face of her burdensome natural disadvantages if her business conditions never were certain and her prosperity broken up every few years? Or could France, whose prosperity is even greater than Germany's, due to her richer soil and better location?

How the Tariff Was Made in Germany

IN ANY case the tariff and other business methods of these nations are so much better than ours that we ought to study and adopt them. Consider only the tariff as an example: Germany, France and other protective-tariff countries deal with the tariff as a purely business problem. Partisan politics has not the least thing to do with their tariffs; they are made on the work of permanent experts, whose exclusive business is tariff work.

Changes are made with painstaking care according to an exact knowledge of all the facts. The whole tariff is delicately adjusted to meet the needs of the country's industry and business; and nothing like our favoritism to powerful interests is tolerated or even thought of. And yet, on the other hand, every variety of business, little or big, agricultural, manufacturing or mining, is given ample protection, based on exact and equal justice.

So there never is any business earthquake in those countries, caused by a tariff upheaval such as we have in America. Whenever there is a tariff change it is so made that it helps business instead of hurting it.

It is as plain as the fact that two and two make four that if we handled our tariff in the same sound and honest way we should have prosperity as much greater than German and French prosperity as our resources are richer and our population is smaller. That prosperity would reach a high level which would make us wonder that we ever thought we were prosperous at all before; and, best of all, we should not have to come down from that high level. That normal prosperity, much greater than we have ever known, would also be a permanent prosperity.

Shall we not heed, then, the counsel of our own common sense and the long experience of other countries? Shall we not take our tariff out of politics forever and treat our tariff laws as other countries treat their tariff laws—purely as a business proposition—making changes in them for the same reasons and in the same way that wise and experienced business men make alterations in their stores, mills

(Continued on Page 49)

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"Here is Another Chance for You. You May as Well Try Your Luck"

VII

HUNTERLEYS took leave of Richard Lane as soon as they arrived at the roulette rooms. "Take my advice, Lane," he said seriously: "Find something to occupy your thoughts. Throw a few hundred thousand of your dollars away at the tables, if you must do something foolish. You'll get into far less trouble."

Richard made no direct reply. He watched Hunterleys depart and took up his place opposite the door to await his sister's arrival. It was a quarter to five before she appeared.

"Say, you're late, Flossie!" he grumbled. "I thought you were going to be here soon after four."

She glanced at the little watch upon her wrist.

"How the time does slip away!" she sighed. "But really, Dicky, I am late in your interests as much as anything. I have been paying a few calls. I went out to the Villa Rosa to see some people who practically live here, and then I met Lady Crawley and she made me go in and have some tea."

"Well?" he asked impatiently. "Well?"

She laid her fingers upon his arm and drew him into a less crowded part of the room.

"Dicky," she confessed, "I don't seem to have had a bit of luck. The Comtesse d'Hausson, who lives at the Villa Rosa, knows them and showed me from the window the Villa Mimosa where they live, but she would tell me absolutely nothing about them. The villa is the finest in Monte Carlo and has always before been taken by some one of note. She declares that they do not mix in the society of the place, and she admits that she has heard a rumor that Grex is only an assumed name."

"I begin to believe that myself," he said doggedly. "Hunterleys knows who they are and won't tell me. So does that fellow Draconmeyer."

"Sir Henry and Mr. Draconmeyer!" she repeated, raising her eyes. "My dear Dick, that doesn't sound very reasonable, does it?"

"I tell you that they do," he persisted. "They as good as told me so. Hunterleys left me here only half an hour ago, and his last words were advising me to chuck it. He's a sensible chap enough, but he won't even give a reason for his advice. I've had enough of it. I've a good mind to take the bull by the horns myself. Mr. Grex is here now somewhere about. He was sitting with Mr. Draconmeyer and a fat old German a few minutes ago at the table next to ours. If I had been alone I should have gone up and chanced being introduced, but Hunterleys wouldn't let me."

"Well, so far," Lady Weybourne admitted, "I fear that I haven't done much toward that electric coupé; but," she added in a changed tone, looking across the tables, "there is just one thing, Dicky: Fate sometimes has a great deal to do with these little affairs. Look over there."

Richard left his sister precipitately, without even a word of farewell. She watched him cross the room, and smiled at the fury of a little Frenchman whom he nearly knocked over in his hurry to get round to the other side of the table. A moment later he was standing a few feet away from the girl who had taken so strange a hold upon his affections. He himself was conscious of a curious and unfamiliar nervousness. Physically he felt as though he had been running hard. He set his teeth and tried to keep cool. He found some plaques in his pocket and he began to stake. Then he became aware that the girl was endeavoring to attract the attention of the man who was giving change.

"*Petite monnaie, s'il vous plaît,*" he heard her say, holding out a note.

The man took no notice. Richard held out his hand.

"Will you allow me to get it changed for you?" he asked.

Her first impulse at the sound of his voice was evidently one of resentment. She seemed indeed in the act of returning some chilling reply. Then she glanced half carelessly toward him and her eyes rested upon his face. Richard was good looking enough, but the chief characteristic of his face was a certain honesty, which seemed accentuated at that moment by his undoubted earnestness. The type was perhaps strange to her. She was almost startled by what she saw. Scarcely knowing what she did, she allowed him to take the note from her fingers.

"Thank you very much," she murmured.

Richard procured the change. He would have lifted every one out of the way if she had been in a hurry. Then he turned round and counted it very slowly into her hands. From the left one she had removed the glove, and he saw to his relief that there was no engagement ring there. He counted so slowly that she became a little impatient.

"That is quite all right," she said. "It was very kind of you to trouble."

She spoke very correct English with the slightest of foreign accents. He looked once more into her eyes.

"It was a pleasure," he declared.

She smiled faintly, an act of graciousness that absolutely turned his head. With her hand full of plaques she moved away and found a place a little lower down the table. Richard fought with his first instinct and conquered it. He remained where he was, and when he moved it was in another direction. He was as excited as he had been in the old days when he had rowed stroke in a winning race for his college boat. He felt somehow or other that the first step had been a success. She had been inclined at first to resent his offer. She had looked at him and changed her mind. Even when she had turned away she had smiled. It was ridiculous, but he felt as though he had taken a great step. Presently Lady Weybourne, on her way to the baccarat rooms, saw him sitting by himself and joined him.

"Well, Dicky," she exclaimed. "What luck?"

"Sit down, Flossie," he begged. "I've spoken to her."

"You don't mean ——" she began horrified.

"Oh, no, no! Nothing of that sort!" he interrupted. "Don't think I'm such a blundering ass. She was trying to get change. I took the note from her, got the change and gave it to her. She said 'Thank you.' When she went away she smiled."

Lady Weybourne flopped down upon the divan and screamed with laughter.

"Dicky," she murmured, wiping her eyes, "tell me, is that why you are sitting there looking as though you could see right into heaven? Do you know that your face was one great beam when I came in?"

"Can't help it," he answered contentedly. "I've spoken to her and she smiled."

Lady Weybourne opened her gold bag and produced a card.

"Well," she said, "here is another chance for you. Of course I don't know that it will come to anything, but you may as well try your luck."

"What is it?" he asked.

She thrust a square of gilt-edged cardboard into his hand.

"It's an invitation," she told him, "from the directors, to attend a dinner at the La Turbie Golf Club, up in the mountains to-night. It isn't entirely a joke, I can tell you. It takes at least an hour to get there, climbing all the way, and the place is as likely as not to be wrapped in clouds. But a great many of the important people are going, and as I happened to see Mr. Grex's name among the list of members the other night, there is always a chance that he and his daughter may be there. If not, you see, you can soon come back."

"I'm on," Richard decided. "Give me the ticket. I am awfully obliged to you, Flossie."

"If she is there," Lady Weybourne declared, rising, "I shall consider that it is equivalent to one wheel of the coupé."

"Have something to drink instead," he suggested.

She shook her head.

"Too early. If we meet later on I'll have something. What are you going to do?"

"Same as I've been doing ever since lunch," he answered: "hang round and see if I can meet anyone who knows them."

She laughed and hurried off into the baccarat room, and Richard presently returned to the table at which the girl was still playing. He took particular care not to approach her, but he found a place on the opposite side of the room from which he could watch her unobserved. She was still standing and apparently she was losing her money. Once with a little petulant frown she turned away and moved a few yards lower down the room. The first time she staked in her new position she won, and a smile which, it seemed to him, was the most brilliant he had ever seen parted her lips. He stood there looking at her, and in the midst of a scene where money seemed god of all things he realized all manner of strange and pleasant sensations. The fact that he had twenty thousand francs in his pocket to play with scarcely occurred to him. He was watching a little wisp of golden hair by her ear, watching her slightly wrinkled forehead as she leaned over the baccarat table, her little grimace as she lost and her stake was swept away.

"Sit Down, Flossie," He Begged. "I've Spoken to Her"

She seemed indifferent to all bystanders. It was obvious that she had very few acquaintances. From where he stood it was not likely that she would notice him, and he abandoned himself wholly to the luxury of gazing at her. Then some instinct caused him to turn his head. He felt that he in his turn was being watched. He glanced toward the divan set against the wall by the side of which he was standing. Mr. Grex was seated there, only a few feet away, smoking a cigarette. Their eyes met and Richard was conscious of a sudden embarrassment. He felt like a detected thief, and he acted at that moment as he

often did, entirely on impulse. He leaned down and resolutely addressed Mr. Grex.

"I should be glad, sir, if you would allow me to speak to you for a moment."

Mr. Grex's expression was one of cold surprise unmixed with any curiosity.

"Do you address me?" he asked.

His tone was vastly discouraging, but it was too late to draw back.

"I should like to speak to you if I may," Richard continued.

"I am not aware," Mr. Grex said, "that I have the privilege of your acquaintance."

"You haven't," Richard admitted; "but all the same I want to speak to you if I may."

"Since you have gone so far," Mr. Grex conceded, "you had better finish; but you must allow me to tell you in advance that I look upon any address from a perfect stranger as an impertinence."

"You'll think worse of me before I've finished then," Richard declared desperately. "You don't mind if I sit down?"

"These seats," Mr. Grex replied coldly, "are free to all."

With a sinking heart the young man took his place upon the divan. There was something in Mr. Grex's tone that seemed to destroy all his confidence, a note of something almost alien in the measured contempt of his speech.

"I am sorry to give you any offense," Richard began. "I happened to notice that you were watching me. I was looking at your daughter—staring at her. I am sorry you thought me impertinent."

"Your perspicarity," Mr. Grex observed, "seems to be of a higher order than your manners. You are, perhaps, a stranger to civilized society."

"I don't know about that," Richard went on doggedly. "I have been to college and have mixed with the usual sort of people. My birth isn't much to speak of, perhaps, if you count that for anything."

Something that was almost like the ghost of a smile, devoid of any trace of humor, parted Mr. Grex's lips.

"If I count that for anything!" he repeated, half closing his eyes for a moment. "Pray proceed, sir."

"I am an American," Richard continued. "My name is Richard Lane. My father was very wealthy and I am his heir. My sister is Lady Weybourne. I was lunching with her at Ciro's to-day when I saw you and your daughter. I think I can say that I am a respectable person. I have a great many friends to whom I can refer you."

"I am not thinking of engaging anybody, that I know of," Mr. Grex murmured.

"I want to marry your daughter," Richard declared desperately, feeling that any further form of explanation would only lead him into greater trouble.

Mr. Grex knocked the ashes from his cigarette.

"Is your keeper anywhere in the vicinity?" he asked bitingly.

"I am perfectly sane," Richard assured him. "I know that it sounds foolish, but it isn't really. I am twenty-seven years old and I have never yet asked a girl to marry me. I have been waiting until ——"

The words died away upon his lips. It was impossible for him to continue: the cold enmity of this man was too chilling.

"I am absolutely in earnest," he insisted. "I have been endeavoring all day to find some mutual friend to introduce me to your daughter. Will you do so? Will you give me a chance?"

"I will not," Mr. Grex replied firmly.

"Why not? Please tell me why not," Richard begged. "I am not asking for anything more now than just an opportunity to talk with her."

"It is not a matter that admits of discussion," Mr. Grex pronounced. "I have permitted you to say what you wished, notwithstanding the colossal, the unimaginable impertinence of your suggestion. I request you to leave me now, and I advise you most heartily to indulge no more in the most preposterous and idiotic idea that ever entered into the head of an apparently sane young man."

Richard rose slowly to his feet and stood for a moment looking straight ahead of him.

"Very well, sir," he replied, "I'll go. All the same, what you have said doesn't make any difference."

"Does not make any difference?" Mr. Grex repeated with arched eyebrows.

"None at all," Richard declared. "I don't know what your objection to me is, but I hope you'll get over it some day. I'd like to make friends with you. Perhaps later on you may look at the matter differently."

"Later on?" Mr. Grex murmured.

"When I have married your daughter," Richard concluded, marching defiantly away.

Mr. Grex watched the young man until he had disappeared in the crowd. Then with folded arms he leaned back among the cushions of the divan. Little lines had become visible round his eyes; there was a slight twitching at the corners of his lips. He looked like a man who was inwardly enjoying some huge joke.

"Come On, You Fellows! These Things Aren't Loaded"

VIII

RICHARD, passing the Hôtel de Paris that evening in his wicked-looking gray racing car, saw Hunterleys standing on the steps and pulled up.

"Not going up to La Turbie by any chance?" he inquired.

Hunterleys nodded.

"I'm going up to the dinner," he replied. "The hotel motor is starting from here in a few minutes."

"Come with me," Richard invited.

Hunterleys looked a little doubtfully at the long, low machine.

"Are you going to shoot up?" he asked. "It's rather a dangerous road."

"I'll take care of you," the young man promised. "That hotel bus will be crammed."

They glided through the streets on to the broad, hard road, and crept upward with scarcely a sound through the blue-black twilight. Round and in front of them little lights shone out from the villas and small houses dotted away in the mountains. Almost imperceptibly they passed into a different atmosphere. The air became cold and exhilarating. The flavor of the mountain snows gave life to the breeze. Hunterleys buttoned up his coat.

"My young friend," he said, "this is wonderful!"

"It's a great climb," Richard assented; "and doesn't she just eat it up?"

They paused for a moment at La Turbie. Below them was a chain of glittering lights fringing the Bay of Mentone, and at their feet the lights of the Casino and Monte Carlo flared up through the scented darkness. Once more they swung upward. The road now had become narrower and the turnings more frequent. They were up above the region of villas and farmhouses, in a country that seemed to consist only of bleak hillside open to the winds and wrapped in shadows. Now and then they heard the tinkling of a goat bell; far below they saw the twin lights of other ascending cars. They reached the plateau at last and drew up before the clubhouse ablaze with cheerful lights.

"I'll just leave the car under the trees," Richard declared. "No one will be staying late."

Hunterleys unwound his scarf and handed his coat and hat to a page boy. Then he stood suddenly rigid. He bit his lip. His wife had just issued from the cloakroom and was drawing on her gloves. She saw him and hesitated. She, too, turned a little paler. Slowly Hunterleys approached her.

"An unexpected pleasure," he murmured.

"I am with Mr. Draconmeyer," she said almost bluntly.

Hunterleys bowed. "And a party?" he inquired.

"No," she replied. "I really did not want to come. Mr. Draconmeyer had promised Monsieur Pericot, the director here, to come and bring Mrs. Draconmeyer. At the last moment, however, she was not well enough, and he insisted upon my taking her place."

"Is it necessary to explain?" Hunterleys asked quietly. "You know very well how I regard this friendship of yours."

"I am sorry," she said. "If I had known that we were likely to meet—well, I would not have come here to-night."

"You were at least considerate," he remarked bitterly. "May I be permitted to compliment you upon your toilette?"

"As you pay for my frocks," she answered, "there is no reason why you shouldn't admire them."

He bit his lip. There was a certain challenge in her expression that made him for a moment feel weak. She was a very beautiful woman and she was looking her best. He spoke quickly on another subject.

"Are you still," he asked, "troubled by the attentions of the person you spoke to me about?"

"I am still watched," she replied dryly.

"I have made some inquiries," Hunterleys continued, "and I have come to the conclusion that you are right."

"And you still tell me that you have nothing to do with it?"

"I assure you, upon my honor, that I have nothing whatever to do with it."

It was obvious that she was puzzled, but at that moment Mr. Draconmeyer presented himself. The newcomer simply bowed to Hunterleys and addressed some remark about the room to Violet. Then Richard came up and they all passed on into the reception room, where two or three very fussy but very suave and charming Frenchmen were receiving the guests. A few minutes afterward dinner was announced. A black frown was upon Richard's forehead.

"She isn't coming!" he muttered. "I say, Sir Henry, you won't mind if we leave early?"

"I shall be jolly glad to get away," Hunterleys assented heartily.

Then he suddenly felt a grip of iron upon his arm.

"She's come!" Richard murmured ecstatically. "Look at her all in white! Just look at the color of her hair! There she is, going into the reception room. Jove, I'm glad we are here, after all!"

Hunterleys smiled a little wearily. They passed on into the dining room. The seats at the long dining tables were not reserved, and they found a little table for two in a corner, which they annexed. Hunterleys was in a grim humor, but his companion was in the wildest spirits. Considering that

he was placed where he could see Mr. Grex and his daughter nearly the whole of the time, he really did contrive to keep his eyes away from them to a wonderful extent; but he talked of her unceasingly.

"Say, I'm sorry for you, Sir Henry!" he declared. "It's just your bad luck, being here with me while I've got this fit on; but I've got to talk to some one, so you may as well make up your mind to it. There never was anything like that girl upon the earth. There never was anything like the feeling you get," he went on, "when you're absolutely and entirely convinced—when you know—that there's just one girl who counts for you in the whole universe! Gee whiz, it does get hold of you! I suppose you've been through it all though."

"Yes, I've been through it!" Hunterleys admitted.

The young man bit his lip. The story of the Hunterleys' matrimonial differences was already being whispered about. Richard talked polo vigorously for the next quarter of an hour. It was not until the coffee and liqueurs arrived that the two returned to the subject of Miss Grex. Then it was Hunterleys himself who introduced it. He was beginning rather to like this big, self-confident young man, so full of his simple love affair, so absolutely honest in his purpose, in his outlook upon life.

"Lane," he said, "I have given you several hints during the day, haven't I?"

"That's so," Richard agreed. "You've done your best to head me off. So did my future father-in-law. Sort of hopeless task, I can assure you."

Hunterleys shook his head.

"Honestly," he continued, "I wouldn't let myself think too much about her, Lane. I don't want to explain exactly what I mean. There's no real reason why I shouldn't tell you what I know about Mr. Grex, but for a good many people's sakes it's just as well that those few of us who know keep quiet. I am sure you trust me, and it's just the same, therefore, if I tell you straight, as man to man, that you're only laying up for yourself a store of unhappiness by fixing your thoughts so entirely upon that young woman."

Richard, for all his sublime confidence, was a little staggered by the other's earnestness.

"Look here," he said, "the girl isn't married?"

"Not that I know of," Hunterleys confessed.

"And she's not engaged, because I've seen her left hand," Richard proceeded. "I'm not one of those Americans who go shouting all over the world that because they've got a few million dollars they are the equal of anybody; but honestly, Sir Henry, there are a good many prejudices over on this side that you fellows lay too much store by. Grex may be a nobleman in disguise. I don't care. I am a man. I can give her everything she needs in life, and I am not going to admit, even if she is an aristocrat, that you croakers are right when you shake your heads and advise me to give her up. I don't care who she is, Hunterleys; I am going to marry her."

"Young man," the Englishman said, "in a sense I admire your independence. In another I think you've got all the conceit a man needs for this world. Let us presume for a moment that she is, as you surmise, the daughter of a nobleman. When it suits her father to throw off his incognito she is probably in touch with young men in the highest circles of many countries. Why should you suppose that you can come along and cut them all out?"

"Because I love her," the young man answered simply; "much more than any of the rest of them do."

Hunterleys was silent.

"You must remember," he continued, "that all foreign noblemen are not what they are represented to be in your comic papers. Austrian and Russian men of high rank are most of them very highly cultivated, very accomplished and very good-looking. You don't know much of the world, do you? It's a pretty formidable enterprise to come from a New York office, with only Harvard behind you, and a year or so of travel as a tourist, and enter the lists against men who have had twice your opportunities. I am talking to you like this, young fellow, for your good. I hope you realize that. You're used to getting what you want. That's because you've been brought up in a country where money can do almost anything. I am behind the scenes here, and I can assure you that your money won't count for very much with this Mr. Grex."

"I never thought it would," Richard admitted. "I think when I talk to her she'll understand that I care more than any of the others. If you want to know the reason, that's why I'm so hopeful."

Monsieur le Directeur had risen to his feet. Some one had proposed his health and he made a graceful little speech of acknowledgment. He remained standing for a few minutes after the cheers that had greeted his neat oratorical display had died away. The conclusion of his remarks came as rather a surprise to his guests.

"I have to ask you, ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "with many, many regrets, and begging you to forgive my apparent inhospitality, to make your arrangements for leaving us as speedily as may be possible. Our magnificent situation, with which I believe most of you are familiar, has but one drawback. We are subject to very dense mountain mists, and, alas! I have to tell you that one of these has come on most unexpectedly and the descent must be made with the utmost care. Believe me, there is no risk or any danger," he went on earnestly, "so long as you instruct your chauffeurs to proceed with all possible caution. At the same time, as there is very little chance of the mist becoming absolutely dispelled before daylight, in your own interests I would suggest that a start be made as soon as possible."

Every one rose at once, Richard and Hunterleys with the rest.

"This will test your skill to-night, young man," Hunterleys remarked. "How's the nerve, eh?"

Richard smiled almost beatifically. For once he had allowed his eyes to wander, and he was watching the girl with golden hair who was at that moment receiving the respectful homage of the director.

"Lunatics and men who are head over heels in love," he declared, "never come to any harm. You'll be perfectly safe with me."

IX

THEIR first glimpse of the night, as Hunterleys and Lane passed out through the grudgingly opened door, was sufficiently disconcerting. A little murmur of dismay broke from the assembled crowd. Nothing was to be seen but a dense bank of white mist, through which shone the brilliant lights of the automobiles waiting at the door. Monsieur le Directeur hastened about, doing his best to reassure everybody.

"If I thought it was of the slightest use," he declared, "I would ask you all to stay, but when the clouds once stoop like this there is not likely to be any change for twenty-four hours, and we have not, alas! sleeping accommodation. If the cars are slowly driven and kept to the inside of the road it is only a matter of a mile or two before you will drop below the level of the clouds."

Hunterleys and Lane made their way out to the front, and with their coat collars turned up groped their way to the turf on the other side of the avenue. From where they stood, looking downward, the whole world seemed wrapped in mysterious and somber silence. There was nothing to be seen but the gray, driving clouds. In less than a minute their hair and eyebrows were dripping. A slight breeze had sprung up; the cold was intense.

"Cheerful sort of place, this," Lane remarked gloomily. "Shall we make a start?"

Hunterleys hesitated.

"Not just yet. Look!"

He pointed downward. For a moment the clouds had parted. Thousands of feet below, like little pin pricks of red fire, they saw the lights of Monte Carlo. Almost as they looked the clouds closed up again. It was as though they had peered into another world.

"Jove, that was queer!" Lane muttered. "Look, what's that?"

A long ray of sickly yellow light shone for a moment, and was then suddenly blotted out by a rolling mass of vapor. The clouds had closed in once more. The obscurity was denser than ever.

"The lighthouse," Hunterleys replied. "Do you think it's any use waiting?"

"We'll go inside and put on our coats," Lane suggested. "My car is by the side of the avenue there. I covered it over and left it."

They found their coats in the hall, wrapped themselves up and lighted cigarettes. Already many of the cars had started and vanished cautiously into obscurity. Every now and then one could hear the tooting of their horns from far away below. The chief steward was directing the departures and insisting upon an interval of three minutes between them. The two men stood on one side and watched him. He was holding open the door of a large, exceptionally handsome car. On the other side was a servant in white livery. Lane gripped his companion's arm.

"There she goes!" he exclaimed.

The girl, followed by Mr. Grex, stepped into the landaulet, which was brilliantly illuminated inside with electric light. Almost immediately the car glided noiselessly off. The two men watched it until it disappeared. Then they crossed the road.

"Now then, Sir Henry," Richard observed grimly as he turned the handle of the car and they took their places in the little well-shaped space, "better say your prayers. I'm going to drive slowly enough; but it's an awful job, this, crawling down the side of a mountain in the dark, with nothing between you and eternity but your brakes."

They crept off. As far as the first turn the lights from the clubhouse helped them. Immediately afterward, however, the obscurity was enveloping. Their faces were wet and shiny with moisture. Even the fingers of Lane's gloves that gripped the wheel were sodden. He proceeded at a snail's pace, keeping always on the inside of the road and only a few inches from the wall or bank. Once he lost his way and his front wheel struck a small stump, but they were going too slowly for disaster. Another time he failed to follow the turn of the road and found himself in a rough cart track. They backed with difficulty and got right once more. At the fourth turn they came suddenly upon a huge car that had left the road, as they had done, and was standing among the pine trees, its lights flaring.

"Hello!" Lane called out, coming to a standstill. "You've missed the turn."

"My master is going to stay here all night," the chauffeur shouted back.

A man put his head from the window and began to talk in rapid French.

"It is inconceivable," he exclaimed, "that anyone should attempt the descent! We have rugs, my wife and I. We stay here till the clouds pass."

"Good night, then!" Lane cried gayly.

"Not sure that you're not wise," Hunterleys added with a shiver.

Twice they stopped while Lane rubbed the moisture from his gloves and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"This is a test for your nerve, young fellow," Hunterleys remarked. "Are you feeling it?"

"Not in the least," Lane replied. "I can't make out, though, why that steward made us all start at intervals of three minutes. Seems to me we should have been better off going together at this pace. Save anyone from getting lost anyhow."

They crawled on for another twenty minutes. The routine was always the same—a hundred yards or perhaps two hundred, an abrupt turn, and then a similar distance the other way. They had one or two slight misadventures, but they made progress. Once through a rift they caught a momentary vision of a carpet of lights at a giddy distance below.

"We'll make it all right," Lane declared, crawling round another corner. "Gee, but

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"I Don't Know What Your Objection to Me Is, But I Hope You'll Get Over It Some Day"

THE KRIS-GIRL

By Beatrice Grimshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE TALE OF THE BEAUTIFUL BARMAID

She Made Good Play With a Pair of Exceedingly Handsome Black Eyes

AFTER Torrestown comes Monday Island. If you go to the one, either from Sydney way or from Broome way, you are sure to go to the other. Having come so far away from anywhere that is anywhere, you may as well go a little farther.

Monday Island has something oddly English about it and something very Asiatic. It is a patch, not belonging to the original stuff, sewn on to one end of Australia's mighty robe. In Monday Island you have a Residency on the top of a residential-looking hill, inhabited by a British naval officer and his Victorian-mannered family. You have a garrison, with barracks and bugle calls. You have tennis parties, at homes, and packs of cards dealt out according to the strictest rules, from veranda to veranda, all the island over.

Also, you have Chinese and Japanese in their national dress; shops where they sell things labeled with gilt tea-chest letters; persons of inextricably tangled nationality, with a general tendency toward turban and cummerbund, squatting in the dust; kava, sake and Christian whisky—all on sale; and a hospital where the doctors get excellent practice in the treatment of knife wounds.

That is Monday Island.

The Kris-Girl, Mrs. Ash and I went there because you can get only the worst class of steamers from Torrestown; while through Monday Island run the B. I., the N. Y. K., the E. & A., the K. P. M., the B. P., and other lines, none too well known to the traveling public of Great Britain, but, nevertheless, regarded with wondering admiration and used with thankfulness by all who travel in the East beyond the East.

The very best of these lines—you wish to know which that is, but you will not get a business man with a big export trade to tell you—had no boat due for a week or two after our arrival; so we preferred to wait, especially as the shops of Monday Island are not quite so bad as those of Torrestown.

For a long time this wandering existence in the train of Cristina and her chaperon—through strange places and stranger adventures, through lands of ruined palaces, buried treasures, mysterious prima donnas, and pink beasts who kept tame devilfish in pools—had seemed to me like something in a dream. The studious pretense of business interests, which had been at least half real in the first instance, had somehow flickered out. Reasons for wandering on and on like this I had none, any more than had Maelduin of the many isles. Like Maelduin, I took what was coming and went on to what came next.

If it was a dream, however, I felt that it was one from which I should one day wake. What the waking might be I did not know. It might be that I should wake to dark and loneliness—or to golden sunrise, with all the birds singing and bells that were sweeter than bird voices ringing in the opening of another life. That, Cristina knew. I was minded that she should tell me before long.

"If you could get her to take off that ring," Mrs. Ash had said.

There was something in the ring, then—the great marquise-shaped trinket of carved Chinese gold—that stood between me and my happiness; I had begun to think, of late, between the Kris-Girl and her happiness too.

Meantime she seemed to show more confidence in me every day. It had been my work to console and soothe her in the shock of Mermaid Jane's terrible death, for which Cristina unreasonably felt herself responsible. It was my task to find hotels, arrange about boats, suggest sights that ought to be seen—thereby waking the unspoken hostility of patient Mrs. Ash.

It was my privilege to attend the two in their walks and on their calling excursions; indeed, so much had fallen to my share that I knew very well Monday Island, not to speak of Torrestown and Wangi, and places farther back, regarded me as one to whom much more was yet coming. I made no attempt to correct the impression, since I hoped that in the end it might not prove to be incorrect after all.

Cristina herself, however, began to see some of the nods and winks; and, after we had been a little while at Monday Island, she decreed that Mrs. Ash and she must do their visiting alone. So they set forth along the mango-shaded roads, parasoled, card-cased, and feathered and frilled, while I loafed disconsolately about the town, thanking my fortunate stars that at last Cristina seemed to have given up her Kris-Girl fancies and to be settling down to ordinary young-ladyhood.

This being the case, I was somewhat taken aback when the sudden turning off of day at half past six o'clock brought the Kris-Girl and Mrs. Ash back to the hotel with all the visible signs of a new quest about them—that is, Mrs. Ash looked unusually wooden and was talking about how to put hot-water pipes into your north walls, so as to grow peaches in the open—I had noticed of late that Cristina's wild adventures acted on Mrs. Ash in inverse ratio to their wildness—while Cristina herself was bubbling over with brightness and fun.

"It isn't time for dinner yet, because the dinner hour is not twenty minutes past," I said resignedly. "You had better sit down on the veranda and tell me about it. Who has killed whom, or who wants the stolen diamond necklace taken out of the hole in the water butt; or what ——"

"You are perfectly disgusting!" pronounced Cristina, working her pretty fan rather harder than was necessary before her flower-bright face. "You know quite well that I never hunted a murderer or a necklace in my life."

"I'm speaking figuratively. What is it this time?"

"Well, if you really want to know—I don't think you do, so you shall—it's the Beautiful Barmaid."

"The how much?"

"Don't tell me you don't know about her," warned Cristina, "for the whole island is talking about nothing else."

"Do you mean the good-looking little piece in the hotel down the street?"

"Yes. It seems she's a new arrival—only been here about three weeks; but in that time she has contrived to turn the heads of most of the men—the eligible men—the men who before she came were paying attention to the ladies of the town. It's like a sort of hypnotism. The girls are awfully upset about it. One of them has quarreled with the man she was engaged to and another's likely to; and how many engagements the affair has nipped in the bud I shouldn't like to say."

"Well, I haven't seen much of Australia yet," I said; "but, from what I have seen, it didn't appear to me that the average Australian takes barmaids very seriously, though he does hang about in their company a good deal more than a man of the same class would do at home."

"The Beautiful Barmaid seems to have made a record, then, for they are taking her seriously. They say she's quite a gentlewoman and very refined."

"When I was a governess I used to give any girl who used that word an extra hour on the backboard," remarked Mrs. Ash. "You might as well say a 'perfect lady,' Cristina."

"But I understand," said the Kris-Girl with a little sparkle, "that is what the Beautiful Barmaid is—refined and a perfect lady, who keeps herself to herself, and who meets all advances with the discouraging reply: 'No. Whom are you addressing?'"

"Cristina, you are getting extremely vulgar! I should not think I was earning my salary honestly if I did not tell you so," remarked Mrs. Ash.

"Thank you, dear, I'll try to remember. But it may be difficult, because the girls of the town, headed by the Resident's daughter, have been asking me to try to do something; and I'm afraid it may be a case of fighting the devil with fire before we've done."

"Then you are on the side of the society girls?" I asked.

"If you had seen little Emmy Windermere," replied Cristina in her crosswise fashion, "trying not to cry while she told me about Captain Jolliffe, whom she's going to marry next month; and Miss Crackenbury, that very pretty girl who plays the violin—why, she's lost half a stone's weight this week; and that girl with the red, wavy hair, whom you admired down at the boat; she's Lord Walburg's granddaughter and they came out to Australia in the fifties—and lots more ——"

"Why, the barmaid must be a perfect Helen of Troy to do so much damage! Can't say I noticed it particularly. I'll go and hold an inspection after breakfast to-morrow."

"Of course," said Cristina, with a tilt of her pointed chin.

I hoped she was jealous; as a matter of fact, I was not at all interested in the barmaid. The lover of the dainty Kris-Girl, aristocrat from her sleek small head to her little French toes, was not likely to transfer his affections to a Perfect Lady who sold drinks over a counter. However, like the hero of a Victorian novel, I thought it good to dissemble.

"Some one brought her to the tennis club last week," went on Cristina, "and none of the women would speak to her; and when the men saw that they crowded round the barmaid and left the ladies to themselves. Then, next tennis afternoon they brought her again, and there wasn't a woman there. Last night there was a subscription dance and the barmaid came; and Miss Walburg, and the Resident's daughter, and all the rest, were left sitting while the men fought over her. When she isn't about they try to come back to their allegiance; but the girls won't have it, and then the men tell them they're narrow minded and spiteful and jealous of another woman's looks."

"Well, aren't they?" I said teasingly.

"I must go and dress," was Cristina's reply; and I saw she had ranged herself heart and soul on the side of the deserted society girls of Monday Island.

I did not wait until the next morning, after all. It seemed to me there might be something interesting to be seen if I went down to the hotel at the end of the street, and that it was likely to be more rather than less interesting in the sentimental hour that follows dinner and its accompaniments.

In London—or in the country, for the matter of that—the partners of Garden Brothers, Limited, are not to be seen hanging about public bars. Australia has different standards. I accepted them, and went into the bar that enshrined the loveliness of the Beautiful Barmaid, resolved to unriddle, if I could, the secret of her astonishing fascination.

It was a big place, full of marble and looking-glasses and polished counters and brass rails. Though it was just about

dinnertime, there were a number of men there—loafers from the quays; remittance men of the type only too familiar to every Australian traveler; clerks; shopmen; and a large sprinkling of young fellows who seemed to be of good social position. Half a dozen of them stood round the barmaid, trying to attract her attention.

The young lady, behind her mahogany fortress, was wiping glasses, with an amateur noncommittal sort of air, holding herself very erect and looking at no one. There was about the place a stale and stuffy smell; the moon, half full, shone in at the door, but its silver-pure rays were almost drowned in the flood of harsh, incandescent gas.

I ordered an iced lager, and the young lady detached her attention from the glass she was—very imperfectly—wiping long enough to hand me the drink. She did so without looking at me, and dropped my money into the cash register as though it burned her fingers. I perceived that some one had been talking and that Cristina had been involved in the talk.

Before long I understood this more distinctly; for as I stood there I heard her say a word or two to the nearest man, and I could have sworn that the phrase "her fancy man" was spoken. The admirer turned round and looked at me and then buried himself in his glass again.

Now I will confess that up to this time I had been neither on the one side nor on the other. I did not in the abstract consider the profession of a barmaid a desirable one for any woman; but in detached instances I suppose I was as capable of making exceptions as are most men. I had thought the young lady a decidedly pretty girl when I had caught a glimpse of her passing down the street; and I was rather inclined to suppose that the society section of the town was making a fuss about nothing in particular.

However, when I heard what sounded like a scornful reference to Cristina Raye, made over the counter of a public bar, I saw red. I could do nothing—the men had not spoken, and you can't drag a girl out by the neck and make her swallow her words; but from that time on I was on the side of my Kris-Girl, heart and soul, and consequently on the side of the maltreated young gentlewomen of Monday Island, whose lovers, so it seemed, had been boldly snatched from their arms.

I had a good look at the barmaid before I went out. Her name, I recollected, was Lily Laurence, and she was reputed to be a match for her name in reserve of character and elegant refinement of behavior. She was quietly dressed; but during the last few months I had seen a good deal of quiet dresses that might have fairly howled had they given forth their prices, and I had an idea that the quietness was not cheap. She had some very handsome jewelry; they told me later on it was a gift from her brother. She spoke very little and made good play with a pair of exceedingly handsome black eyes when they were not modestly veiled under their long lashes. She was not rouged or made up in any way, and I judged her excellent figure to be her own.

When a remittance man in the far corner of the bar began to swear at his companion Miss Lily turned sharply on him and told him to remember there was a lady in the room. The man was somewhat roughly assisted out of the door by his neighbors, who immediately came up to Lily's corner to obtain their meed of a smile and a word.

His mate, however, seemed inclined to dispute the justice of the eviction. He was rather far gone and seemed to have reached the quarreling stage.

"People who are so—so—so beautiful particular shouldn't ought to be selling booze at a public bar," he stammered. "What're yer here for if it isn't to make us fellows drink? What're yer grumbling at mud for when ye've picked a muddy road to walk ——"

"Turn him out!" said the barmaid, without raising her voice or even her eyes. Two devoted admirers ran him into the street. "I'll have no such language in my bar," continued Lily. "I'll have you to know who I am."

She resumed her low-voiced conversation with the heir of the biggest shipping house in Northern Australia.

"That's what she is," gushed a man close to me. "Not such a lady in any bar of Australia as Lily! All the girls are down on her, just because the poor thing has to serve behind a bar to keep her poor old father. Lily don't like it. She's refined by nature. She had to go into a bar, but she lets every one know she's a real lady all the same; and she wouldn't be doing it if she could help it."

"I don't know Australia," I said. "I suppose there are no shops or offices a girl can go into, or any job she can get teaching children or nursing sick people. It seems a pity. We manage things better in England."

The man was too stupid to understand me and I do not think Miss Lily caught my words; but at this point she leaned over the bar and asked me rather sharply whether there was anything more I wanted.

"No, thanks," I replied.

"Then you can go; we don't want loafers," she ordered. I lifted my hat and went.

Next morning, when I came downstairs, I found Mrs. Ash waiting for me in the hall. She motioned me aside into a sitting room.

"I want to tell you," she said, "that you needn't be surprised at anything you may see Cristina doing."

"Am I ever?" I asked.

"I don't know," was the wooden reply. "I've only got to give you my message. Cristina's been talking to me and that's what I'm to say." She withdrew to the coffee room.

This was calculated to excite some curiosity and I kept a keen lookout for the next move of the Kris-Girl. I was convinced it would be something interesting.

All morning I saw nothing of her. She was busy writing letters—so Mrs. Ash informed me when I made inquiries. So far as I had been able to judge up to the present, Cristina had few correspondents and wrote to them seldom; but she seemed to have found a good many in the course of the last four-and-twenty hours. The messenger carried out a big bundle of unstamped notes about lunchtime, and, as I was in the doorway at the moment of his passing, I could not help seeing that the envelopes were directed in Cristina's handwriting.

It was very hot that day. About five o'clock, when the sun was beginning to moderate a little, I went into the billiard room for a game. The hotel we were staying in had an unusually good table, and I had found myself able to make a better showing on it than usual. Also, the room was on the shady side and comparatively cool at that hour of the day.

There were three or four men there when I went in, watching a couple of players. The marker was lounging in a corner, chalking a cue. To my annoyance he was not my marker. He was a pasty, polite young man, who did not play much of a game himself and was altogether wanting in that polite interest in a customer's progress which is the chief glory of the perfect marker. I resolved that I would not play.

"Where's Black?" I asked one of the onlookers.

"Gone out for a walk," said the man, sticking his hands in his pockets and staring out of the window. "Gone out for a walk," he repeated, "with Miss Raye."

I believe I opened and shut my mouth once or twice like a frog, but I had the sense to say nothing. I found myself out on the landing by and by, without any clear remembrance of having left the room. "Gone out for a walk with Miss Raye!" Black!

I had a liking for the marker, I must confess. He was a fine, manly young fellow, with an upstanding sort of presence and an expansive shirt front that somehow suggested an expansive heart. He had been a pugilist of some celebrity before settling down to his present work, and he had the straight-glancing, quiet eye of the fighting man; also, the fighting man's broad shoulders and length of arm.

He wore a rather gaudy sort of mustache and did his hair in two pigeonwings not innocent of oil; his socks and ties suggested rainbows and sunsets too freely; he dropped an *h* unobtrusively now and then, and did not seem to care. He played a splendid game of billiards and could coach a weak player effectively. He was not greedy after tips and he was a sober fellow—at least, I thought so. On the whole he was as good a marker as you could wish to see. But —— Black out walking with Cristina!

I wondered if Monday Island was a bad place for sunstrokes—she had a habit, which I had often begged her to abandon, of going out in full noontide with nothing but a parasol to protect her unhatted head. Could she have——

Then the truth struck me—struck me hard—and I went up to my room to sit down on the edge of the bed and laugh.

"Oh, Kris-Girl!" was all I could say between paroxysms. "Oh, Kris-Girl!"

I got my hat then and went out into the main street. I felt that I just had to see it.

Of course there is a Lovers' Walk on Monday Island; any town—especially any tropical Australian town—unprovided with a Lovers' Walk would scarcely be a town at all. Monday Island's Lovers' Walk is a fine avenue of mangoes, running out of the main street. It has a good many side approaches; I chose one of these and advanced quietly.

It was the hour when Monday Island takes its evening drive. On a bench just beside the opening of the big main road, where all the motors, horses and buggies must pass by, sat Bob Black in the cleanest possible white suit, with shoes like twin lilies of abnormal size, a collar that pressed the lobes of his red ears horizontally outward, and a Panama of much cost set slightly sidewise on a well-oiled black head. The ends of his mustache had been waxed out until they could be seen from behind his back, and he had a rose in his buttonhole as big as a biscuit.

Beside him sat Cristina, very prettily dressed and smiling up into his face. The features of the ex-prizefighter were glowing with mingled satisfaction and embarrassment; it was clear that he hoped everybody would see him and equally that he feared it.

I left them, oppressed with emotions that found vent once more in the solitude of my bedroom. I believe the chambermaid thought I had gone crazy, for she pushed the half-open door further open and looked in at me with an anxious expression, asking feebly the while whether I had rung.

Later in the evening I saw the Kris-Girl in the hotel drawing room surrounded by her usual following. I have not mentioned that following before, perhaps—it always annoyed me so much that I did not care to think of it—but wherever our wanderings had led us, so far, there we found the inevitable man or men who chose to flutter in the flame of her brightness and to take the inevitable chance of getting scorched, unwarned by any cremated corpses that might be lying about.

It was so in Monday Island. Whatever the Lily of the Bar had done regarding the admirers of resident belles, she had not touched Cristina's special reserve.

Bob Black, it seemed, was the subject of conversation. I had not the least doubt he was the subject of conversation in every drawing room on the island that night; and—if I knew Cristina—he was destined to be the subject of a good deal more in the course of the near future.

"I can't help saying that I was surprised, Miss Raye," Ledbetter was saying with a delicately reproachful inflection.

The Ledbetters are known all over Australia and New Zealand as the Northern Cattle Kings; they have a number of beasts that I refuse to state, knowing that no one in England would believe me; they own half a dozen country palaces, two yachts, and—as an enthusiastic Queenslander told me—"a mob of motor cars."

All of them have been to Harrow or Eton, and most of them to Oxford. They have special suites on the P. & O., and—to quote my Queensland authority again—they would have special angels in Paradise and special clouds to sit on when they got there if it could be managed by any influence in the universe.

"Do you know—I am not at all surprised at you," answered Cristina with a very pretty smile. "I have noticed that no man ever really appreciates another man's good looks."

"Good looks!" exclaimed Ledbetter, attempting to twirl a mustache that had been sacrificed some time before to fashion, and being obviously embarrassed by his failure. "Do you call that—that—billiard-marking fellow good looking?"

"Here's Mr. Garden; we'll ask him," said Cristina. "Mr. Garden, you're the most honest person I know. On your oath, do you think Bob Black good looking?"

"On my oath, and apart from any question of manners or style," I said, "I do."

"Well," said Captain Jolliffe—the man over whom pretty little Miss Windermere was supposed to be crying her eyes out—"I can't understand a gentlewoman admiring and actually encouraging that sort of cad."

Cristina looked up at Captain Jolliffe's lank two yards of white evening suit to his rather stupid, rather handsome, soldierly brown face.

"The Sort of Toffee We're Giving Him Doesn't Turn His Head a Bit"

"You Come Up to Your Room and Pack Your Things, With Me Lookin' On"

"Oh, but Mr. Black is quite above his position," she said. "He is very refined. He is fond of reading and can quote poetry beautifully. Mr. Black is quite a gentleman."

Jolliffe, who to my certain knowledge never opened a book, and read no newspapers but those with pink covers, turned away rather abruptly. I felt a longing for a game of billiards at this point and went to seek Bob Black, who, I knew, would be on duty at that hour.

It seemed, however, that half the men in the hotel had been seized with a desire to play. There was not a chance of getting at the table for the next hour. Neither was there a chance of getting a word with Bob Black, who could scarcely mark the game for friendly greetings and interruptions.

There seemed to be a tendency to pick at Bob with unnecessary remarks about walks and fair ladies; but the big ex-bruiser held his own most competently. A long cigar tucked in one corner of his mouth, he attended to his customers, entertained his friends and answered those who were neither without turning a hair. Whatever he might be in ladies' company, Bob was undeniably cool in that of men. Moreover, he sent back one or two shots so shrewdly that he was let alone before very long so far as the hints and winks were concerned.

I was right in concluding that the matter would not end there. Next day was tennis day, the great occasion of the week for Monday Island. On tennis day every one met every one else, clothes were exhibited and criticized, social positions made or lost, quarrels fomented, truces patched up; new arrivals were inspected and pronounced on, and, also, some games of tennis were played by rather poor players on courts that were not of the best.

Soon after we arrived all our party had been favored with invitations to play.

Cristina and Mrs. Ash had accepted; I had not. It would have taken a good deal to keep me away from the tennis ground now, however. I anticipated fun.

About half past five I strolled down to the ground. It was a pretty place surrounded by shady, flamboyant trees which at this time of the year were a mass of bright red flowers. There was frangipani too; I remember that the scent of the thick creamy jasmine blossoms was almost overpoweringly sweet on that hot afternoon. I wonder whether I shall ever see them or smell frangipani again without wanting to laugh!

I looked for the Lily of the Bar; but she was not there. Perhaps her triumph of the week before had been sufficient for her; perhaps she could not get off duty. At any rate there was no eager group of white-clad men round a well-developed young woman in blue silk this Saturday. There was a group, but it was a group of ladies—all young and pretty, all charmingly dressed, and all very busy watching a certain player—Bob Black.

Yes, the marker was playing; and "By Jove!" I said to myself, "he can play!" His opponent, hitherto the undisputed champion of Monday Island, was getting it extremely hot. Bob's game was perhaps not in the very highest class, but it was smashingly hard, and he was as active as a cat. Captain Jolliffe had not a chance from the first; his defeat was handed out to him in the shortest time that the rules of tennis allow; and he went off with it looking very glum and atrociously hot.

"You've got a new champion, it seems," I remarked to Cristina, who slipped away a little from the watching crowd when she saw me coming.

"Yes," she said. "That was quite a chance; no one had an idea that he could play."

"Any ball game would be a gift to a man who plays such a game of billiards as Bob Black," I commented. "How's the plot progressing?"

Cristina looked demurely at the toes of her white shoes.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "Don't you like Mr. Black?"

"Seems unnecessary; he isn't exactly starving for want of approbation. Will you tell me one thing?"

"Probably not."

"I'll risk it. Did you ask him—or he you to go out along the Lovers' Walk?"

Cristina ran her finger along the edge of her fan.

"If you must know," she said, "it was about six of one and half a dozen of the other. Next time it'll be a dozen of one, I think. Mr. Bob Black is coming on."

"He looks like a coming-on kind," I commented.

"Not exactly," corrected Cristina. "He's sure of himself; and the sort of toffee we're giving him doesn't turn his head a bit. We've all agreed he is ever so much nicer than we expected; in fact, Miss Crackenbury and Rita Walburg say they don't mind how long the game keeps up. And the Resident's niece told me this morning that she hadn't an idea how little common a common man was after all. She and Rita are going to have him asked to the next dance."

I looked round the tennis court and an idea suddenly struck me. The men I saw there were the smart set of Monday Island and its neighborhood: the natural companions of girls such as these. They were perfectly turned out. Their tone was good. They knew the things they ought to know and said what they ought to say with just the right accent on every consonant and vowel. They had the something—the air—the indefinable quality of good breeding.

Bob Black, now busy slaughtering another champion on the court, had got on quite the wrong sort of tie, and his socks screamed like the parrots whose colors they had borrowed. He had the accent of Little Bourke Street; he oiled his hair; and neither the name nor the reality of Form was known to him. But—he was the only man on the court.

Captain Jolliffe, with his coat off, playing tennis, looked like a plucked chicken. The great shipowner's heir was short and tubby, and waddled like a duck. Ledbetter was a well-set-up youngster, but he had a general air of not being quite awake or alive.

Five or six others, hanging uneasily about the gate, had the born-tired, bar-loafing look only too common in North Australia; yet I had an idea that if Bob Black had been chalking cues in the billiard room of the hotel at that minute the youth of Monday Island might possibly not have made so poor a showing. All classes depend on comparisons.

I went over to the gate accompanied by pretty Rita Walburg, who had to see to the giving out of tea, else I am quite sure she would not have abandoned the billiard marker's guard of honor. She distributed cups across the table of the little teahouse to those men who had not yet had any, and then commanded me to take a tray along to the other end for some of the girls.

I did this very willingly, but when I had left the tray in safety and returned to the gate I was not too well pleased to see Bob lounging in a chair and being waited on with tea, cake, cream and sugar by five ladies. It was, of course, not Bob's fault; he did not know the inflexible rule that forbids the serving of a gentleman by a lady, since doubtless it did not exist in his class of life. All he knew was that several pretty girls wanted to give him things to eat and drink, and he was not the man to balk them.

There he sat, with his mighty legs sprawled out in front of him and his sleeves rolled up over his bare red arms, smiling under a rakishly cocked panama at the feminine élite of Monday Island, and talking to them as pleasantly and easily as though they were one and all his long-lost sisters. I have often wondered since just how much Bob Black may have guessed.

Young Ledbetter blew in his throat like a dugong.

"I call it positively sickening!" he said. "Girls oughtn't to be brought up in these countries at all, if you ask me. It weakens their moral tone surprisingly. To see these women making much of a beastly cad of a marker, as they're doing ——"

"Oh, Mr. Ledbetter"—it was Rita Walburg who was speaking—"you don't understand Mr. Black. He can't help being a billiard marker. He told us he doesn't like it and wouldn't do it if he could help it; but he supports nearly all his family, so the poor fellow can't choose. You've no idea how much essential refinement he has."

"No, I haven't," said Ledbetter shortly. "Nor has any one else. Bob Black can swear fit to beat the band when he likes."

"Oh!" said Rita, raising her innocent blue eyes; "but he can't help that, poor fellow. I suppose it's the dreadful company he is obliged to keep."

My unlucky sense of humor betrayed me again here and I had to get out of the way. The vision of the innocent young prize-fighter picking up "damns" and "devils" from Ledbetter and me overcame me altogether.

When I got to the other end of the ground most of the girls were busy getting up some mixed doubles; only two remained with Bob. They were sitting one at each side of him on a rather short and narrow bench. One of them, a dainty, prim-looking girl, was asking his terms for billiard lessons in the early morning. The other was biting off the end of his cigar for him.

All this was both visible and audible to the two male members of the mixed doubles, and I cannot say they looked as though they were enjoying it as much as Bob.

One might have thought that Black would be fairly guyed to death over his amazing succession of *bonnes fortunes;* but, on the contrary, all chaff—and there had been a good deal—stopped after a couple of days.

Bob, quite quietly and without a shade of temper, had taken one of his tormentors out into the back yard and given him what he called "just a little bit to go on with." The aggressor went on with it and did not ask for any more—nor did anyone else.

By this time Cristina's medicine was producing its effect, though in some ways the effect was other than she had intended. Captain Jolliffe, blazing with rage, had ordered his fiancée to stop making an ass of herself for all Monday Island to grin at, and she had retorted with an effective "Thou also," which put an end to her troubles and his. It was said they were to be married in ten days.

The Resident's niece had got her lover back, but did not seem to want him; there were those who whispered that her jest had turned to earnest. As for Rita and her affairs, Cristina, in a burst of confidence, told me she could not understand them. Miss Walburg, in her opinion, was not playing fair; and Bob—as I could have told the Kris-Girl myself—was off his meals and, worse, off his game of billiards. He had begged Rita for half a dozen dances when the ball of the season came off. Rita might or might

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I Was Not Too Well Pleased to See Bob Being Waited On by Five Ladies

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada - By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union, Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 31, 1914

The Next Lesson

WE HAVE not yet met an exception to the rule that the American citizen of German blood sympathizes with Germany in this war and the citizen of English descent sympathizes with England. A Russian Jew and a German Jew—whose grandfathers fled from the most ruffianly oppression in the Fatherland—will take the side of the country on whose soil their ancestors were settled for some generations as uncompromisingly as though they were respectively wearing the uniform and eating the bread of Czar and Kaiser.

Many men of the highest education and ordinarily of the most liberal minds can see this war in no other way than through the spectacles of the country from which they descended; and this is exactly as true of men whose forbears were oppressed in the Fatherland as of any other. The ancestors of a great many of us came to this country because they were oppressed at home; but no one who listens to current American conversation about the war would guess that.

We personally had long supposed that we were merely American Americans. That the Kaiser could have prevented this war if he had been whole-heartedly devoted to peace seems to us quite clear from the published diplomatic correspondence; but we have never stated that view to a citizen of German descent without being accused of English bias.

There is another lesson to be learned: We trust the time will come when, say, a university professor who is a master of modern history and extensively traveled will admit, not merely with his lips, but in his heart, that nations with which he is unconnected by racial ties have some rather admirable characteristics and have achieved some quite important things.

We began to learn nationalism long ago. It is time to begin learning cosmopolitanism.

A Fall in Wages

WE CANNOT remember a time when conservative capitalists were not hopefully looking forward to a liquidation of labor—by which polite euphemism they mean a general and important fall in wages. Whenever there is extensive financial disturbance, as in 1893, 1901 and 1907, their hopes are naturally sharpened.

This year, to many, the outlook seemed peculiarly hopeful. Not only has there been extensive financial disturbance as a result of the war, but a good many industries, especially those in which exports figure largely, have been restricted. Copper production has been cut down fifty per cent. Steel mills generally are running at about half capacity. In industrial centers unemployment is notably large and is increasing. Moreover, the cause of this dislocation—the European war—is in active operation; and at its close some prophets expect immigration on an unprecedented scale.

All the same, we do not believe there will be any liquidation of organized labor—principally because there never has been. The most severe and extensive industrial depression this country has known in recent years began with the panic of 1893. Those whose memories go back that far will recall the idle factories, the army of unemployed, the bread lines, and General Coxey's spectacular petition in boots. Then, if ever, there was a condition to force liquidation of labor.

The report of the Bureau of Labor, covering leading wage-earning occupations of the country, shows that the average wage an hour did, indeed, decline three per cent; but by the second year following two-thirds of this comparatively small decline had been recovered. With that exception, there has never been a decline in union wages since 1890, when the bureau's statistics begin.

The panic of 1907, broadly speaking, did not depress union wages at all. In a few trades declines appeared, but generally the hourly rate of wage in 1908 was rather higher than in 1907. Fewer men were at work, but there was no concession in wages.

To Make Politics Real

THE legislative mill has been running overtime. President Wilson, it is said, proposes to call a halt during the remainder of his term. The country needs time to digest the tariff, banking and trust laws he has already signed. The huge disturbance across the water is good reason for a minimum of disturbance here.

Suppose, during the next two years, the Administration should devote its energy largely to making the Federal Government an efficient and economical concern. The need is great and patent. Aldrich's statement that it wastes three hundred million dollars a year has never been authoritatively denied. There should be somebody to make a fiscal program and accept responsibility for it. To evolve a budget committee under our Constitution is difficult; but this Administration has not shrunk from difficulties in other fields. The Departments need some such overhauling and coördinating as an energetic private management would give them.

Probably there has been no time within this generation when the American public was thinking less of politics than during this fall's campaign. With a tremendous interest to grip its attention, who is to be elected to Congress seems of lesser importance.

Men go to Washington—and it does not matter a particle to what party they belong—with loud protestations of devotion to the public weal and loud denunciations of the extravagance of their opponents. They are willing to reform all sorts of private business; but, with a few exceptions, they will not lift a finger to reform glaring and confessed abuses in the public business, for which they are directly responsible.

"Buncombe!" says the public, and turns to the war news.

And the war directs public attention to the virtues of economy as nothing else has recently done. On the mere ground of vote-getting we think the Administration has a chance to make a ten-strike by standing seriously and effectively for reform at Washington.

Rocking the Boat

CORPORATE financing virtually ceased during August and September. All the important railroad, public-utility and industrial corporations of the country issued in those months only twenty-six and a half million dollars of new securities—compared with two hundred and twenty-seven millions in the corresponding months of last year—and nineteen millions of that was for refunding or extending old debts. All big business affairs, in the sixty days, absorbed only seven and a half million dollars of new capital. That means no extensions and improvements; and probably it means that the total industrial plant is not even kept in thorough repair.

On the other hand, some seven hundred million dollars' worth of corporation indebtedness falls due between now and the end of 1915.

Under some conditions rocking the boat is only an annoyance—say, when the water is smooth and we are near shore. Under like circumstances politicians who have set their hearts on trying some experiment with business are only a minor irritation; but now we have to deal with different circumstances.

We hope the public realizes this, and that all political passengers who cannot row, but insist on dancing along the gunwale, will be chucked overboard.

A Symbol of Waste

TWO hundred and twenty million bushels is the Department of Agriculture's forecast of this year's apple crop; but, from a monetary point of view, you might almost as well say yards of fabric as bushels of apples. The fabric may be silk or calico; so may the apples.

Thus, when it comes to the average price received by producers we find it ranges from fifty cents in one state to more than three times that in another. In adjoining states the difference is great—the August average price in Minnesota, for example, being a dollar and forty cents, against fifty cents in Michigan.

The same thing is true, to a degree, of most fruits and of a long list of other agricultural products, ranging from chickens to milch cows. We grow a vast lot of inferior stuff when only a little greater investment of money, labor and intelligence is needed to grow a prime article.

The half-pruned, half-sprayed, half-cultivated apple orchards that dot the country symbolize vast waste.

Art and Civilization

CLASSIC Greece, with its slaves, its cruelty, and its light regard for common honesty, would be considered an abominable country to-day. If Augustan Rome were plumped down within the confines of the United States all the forces that we say make for civilization would be on its neck in no time; and, in comparison with the Florence that cradled modern art, we would say that Tammany Hall's New York at its worst was edifying.

The world's greatest art has flowered in social conditions from which the most inveterate standpatter of the twentieth century would turn with abhorrence.

Finally, what is a great picture or a great book good for? If it is not to liberate and exalt the human mind, giving it greater knowledge and command of life, then it is only a sort of sublimated pudding, to be eaten with delicate relish by a privileged few. And if it is to the former end, other things also work to that end.

Russia has produced far greater art than the United States. Over there fifty men have climbed a mile. Here fifty millions have climbed a rod. In our opinion this is finally the greater gain for civilization.

No bad political condition can claim any sympathy from us on account of the art that has developed under it—and probably in spite of it. We owe political Russia nothing because of Tolstoy; nor do we owe political Germany anything because of Wagner.

Art is no test at all of a country's total civilization, as we measure civilization to-day.

Almost—Perhaps

ONE of the strangest meetings of modern times was held in Brussels the night after Austria declared war against Servia and three days before Germany declared war against Russia. It was called by the International Socialist Bureau to protest against war.

Leaders and delegations of that party representing Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, Russia and England were present—among others Jaurès, who was to be assassinated in a Paris café a few days later for his anti-war attitude; Vandervelde, soon to take a place in Belgium's war ministry; Hasse, who, as spokesman of the party in the Reichstag, was soon to defend its vote for the huge war appropriation.

Eloquent speeches against war were delivered and were cheered with fervor. After the speaking, these French, German, Belgian, English, Russian and Italian Socialists marched, singing anti-war songs, down boulevards that soon afterward echoed the tramp of German infantry.

Then they went home, voted war appropriations, and joined their respective colors, each national group affirming with passion that its own particular nation was waging a just and defensive war.

Admitting that they failed in the final test, it must also be admitted that they tried, and were virtually alone in trying.

The Law-Making Passion

EVERY candidate for a state legislature should be examined by a select committee to determine whether anything annoying has happened to him lately and what usages of the community are distasteful to him. If it be found that he has stubbed his toe on a nail in the sidewalk he should be made to sign a pledge not to introduce a bill requiring that all sidewalks be fastened together with glue instead of with nails. If it develops that he considers high-heeled shoes unhealthful he should not be elected unless he takes an oath to abstain from bringing in a bill to abolish high-heeled shoes.

The need of this reform is obvious. If we assume that the state legislatures average only seventy-five members each, that gives over three thousand lawmakers. Not all of these Solons, by any means, introduce fool bills; but the average of foolish bills is easily ten per Solon, and a good many of them become laws. Nine times out of ten the fool bill is inspired by some personal annoyance or crotchet on the part of its author. Members having corns coöperate with those afflicted by boils and pass an act making it a felony to step on a corn or bump a boil.

There has been the usual flood of measures during the past sessions—to regulate the length of women's hatpins and of college students' bills; to prohibit smoking in public and to prohibit any objection to smoking in public; requiring eggs always to be boiled hard and always to be fried on one side only. About two legislators out of five are as unsafe as a small boy with a loaded firearm—being unable to distinguish between their merely personal interests and whims and the interests of the public.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The War Premier

THE Premier of Great Britain, who incidentally is also the greatest statesman of the empire, not because of his office but because of his abilities, is a florid-faced Yorkshireman, who looks like an actor of the old school and acts not a bit like one.

He is a rather short, rather stocky, rather deliberate, rather stolid sort of man. He has a mind that works with a marvelous precision, a patience that is almost Oriental, an equanimity that is impervious to assault, a poise that is ever sustained. The opposition thunders at him and fails to excite him. The Unionist press attacks him and he gives no sign. He smiles benignantly, answers suavely, counters effectively and goes straight ahead and does what he intended to do.

There is a disposition to consider Asquith an adroit politician, but that does not seem to me to be a proper designation. He is a politician, to be sure, but he is adept rather than adroit. The chief quality of the mind of Asquith is its judicial character. He would have been a great judge. As it is, he is a great premier who is also a great judge. He sets aside the immaterial. He discards the nonessentials. He considers his problems in the light of needs rather than in the light of expediencies, albeit he can be as expedient as the next one.

Asquith sets himself a task. He analyzes that task in all its bearings. He sifts all evidence for and against. He judicially considers every phase and every angle. Then, having it arranged in his mind he is not deterred from the end in view. There is no appeal to Asquith on the ground that next week or next month things may be different. Next week isn't in his calendar. He is not sentimental, nor revolutionary. He is a square-headed Yorkshireman, who disassociates all flubdub from his determination and goes ahead on the lines laid down by himself.

Just now he is at the head of a government that is engaged in a war of self-preservation. Nobody knows better than he knows that if England loses this war England also loses the power and prestige of centuries. No one knows better than he knows that it isn't imperialism at stake but empire. And his dealings with the problems of the vexed present are on that basis. I have heard him say twice, since this war began, that there could be no end for it save an end that would mean complete victory for Great Britain. He meant it too. You'll not find Asquith dealing in any sidelines or subterfuges. He sees the dangers that are ahead in case there is no victory or but a half victory, and he was the first man on the stump and in Parliament to say that there can be no end but the end encompassed by the complete triumph of the British arms.

He has held his cabinet well in hand, and it has been and is, except for the war unification, a cabinet not easily manageable, and composed of men with widely diverse views. But that domination wasn't the domination of a politician. It was the domination of a masterful intelligence.

It is quite probable that when the history of these times comes to be written Asquith will rank in Great Britain with the greatest of the parliamentary figures of the century. Moreover, he will rank as the man who began and perhaps if he lives—completed the most remarkable program of reconstruction the British Empire, or any other, has ever known. He has been the proponent of radical reforms. The list of what he has brought about is long. A few of the main items will show how revolutionary the premiership of this man has been, and how great have been his influence and his dominating intelligence.

Asquith has given home rule to Ireland. That law is now on the statute books after one hundred years of struggle. To be sure, because of the war it is not to be operative until a year has passed, or until the end of the war if the end of the war comes before a year; and to be sure, further, there still remains the Ulster protest; but there seems to be no doubt that Asquith, having brought the matter to this conclusion, will not be deterred from making the home rule of Ireland *de facto* rather than *de jure*.

The Man Who Handed It to the Lords

HE PRACTICALLY nullified the House of Lords—that ancient and barnacled institution that for all parliamentary time has stood in the way of British progress. He passed the law that deprived the Lords of the veto power, made the Lords a body subsidiary to the House of Commons, neutralized it. He thus made home rule possible, as he also made other measures possible.

In addition to all this he disestablished the Welsh Church, which has been a problem that has vexed England for years. He passed the workingmen's compensation acts, the insurance acts, the taxation acts—that have caused some of the unearned increment of these islands to pay a proper impost. These are but a few of the advanced measures that are due to the leadership of Asquith, to his farsightedness, to his superior abilities, as well as to his clear vision.

Asquith isn't one of those magnetic personalities who occasionally come to great position in politics and statesmanship. There is nothing magnetic about him. Indeed, he is distinctly unsympathetic. He is of the intellectual type. When he rises to speak he speaks to the point without embroideries or trimmings. He is not rhetorical. He is logical. He demands of himself a statement of his case that shall be supported by the facts, not evolved from contingencies. He works directly. He depends on the judgment of his own mind, and when that judgment is pronounced he will not bother to reply to anything other than logical retort or question. He pays no attention to aspersion. He cares little for opposition. What he does care for is his own consciousness of right. His language is precise. It is even a trifle cold and formal. He uses words to express his thoughts, not to amplify them, or to shroud them, or to convey an impression other than the direct one.

His premiership has been a stormy one. He has had many problems and he has been constantly assailed. British politics is more bitter than ours. In England they go to greater lengths of assault and denunciation than we ever do. A leader of the majority must be prepared for harder parliamentary fighting than a majority leader in our Congress, albeit there is the difference that a British majority leader is the head of the government, while our majority leader is merely a party leader. But Asquith has come brilliantly to this tremendous crisis of war. He will rank as one of the greatest of British reconstructionists—the greatest perhaps. Critics deny him qualities that made Pitt and Disraeli and Gladstone and Balfour famous; but no critic denies him the right to be called not only a man of tremendous ability and influence but also a man of remarkable capabilities as a shaper and procurer of policies, a man who has known how to keep himself clear from vanities and egotisms and jealousies, and who has been the mainspring of a machine that has accomplished much.

He is not a seeker after publicity. He is fair and just to his associates. He does not try to gather all credit for himself. He is what might be called an easy boss. He seems rather indifferent to the spat of applauding hands. He is willing to let his acts stand for their worth without exploitation of himself as the actor. He has a rich, full voice and speaks with a modified Yorkshire accent; that is to say, there is a suspicion of the broadness of the Yorkshire about his language—but only a suspicion. He is genial and companionable when in company, but cold and formal in debate. He is likely to be brusque with triflers and has no patience for foolish or inconsequential questions. Stupidity tries him sorely. Fools would do well to beware of him. There is no flubdub about him.

When he is talking or when he is in company he has one peculiar habit—almost at regular intervals he puts his hands on the sides of his chest and appears to draw in a long breath. He seems to be taking a deep inhalation through his nose, filling his chest. Also he has a habit of passing his hand over his chin or across his eyes. But when he has something to say he stands erect—almost stiff—and says it without loss of words and with entire baldness of statement. He is a direct person. Also he does the directing.

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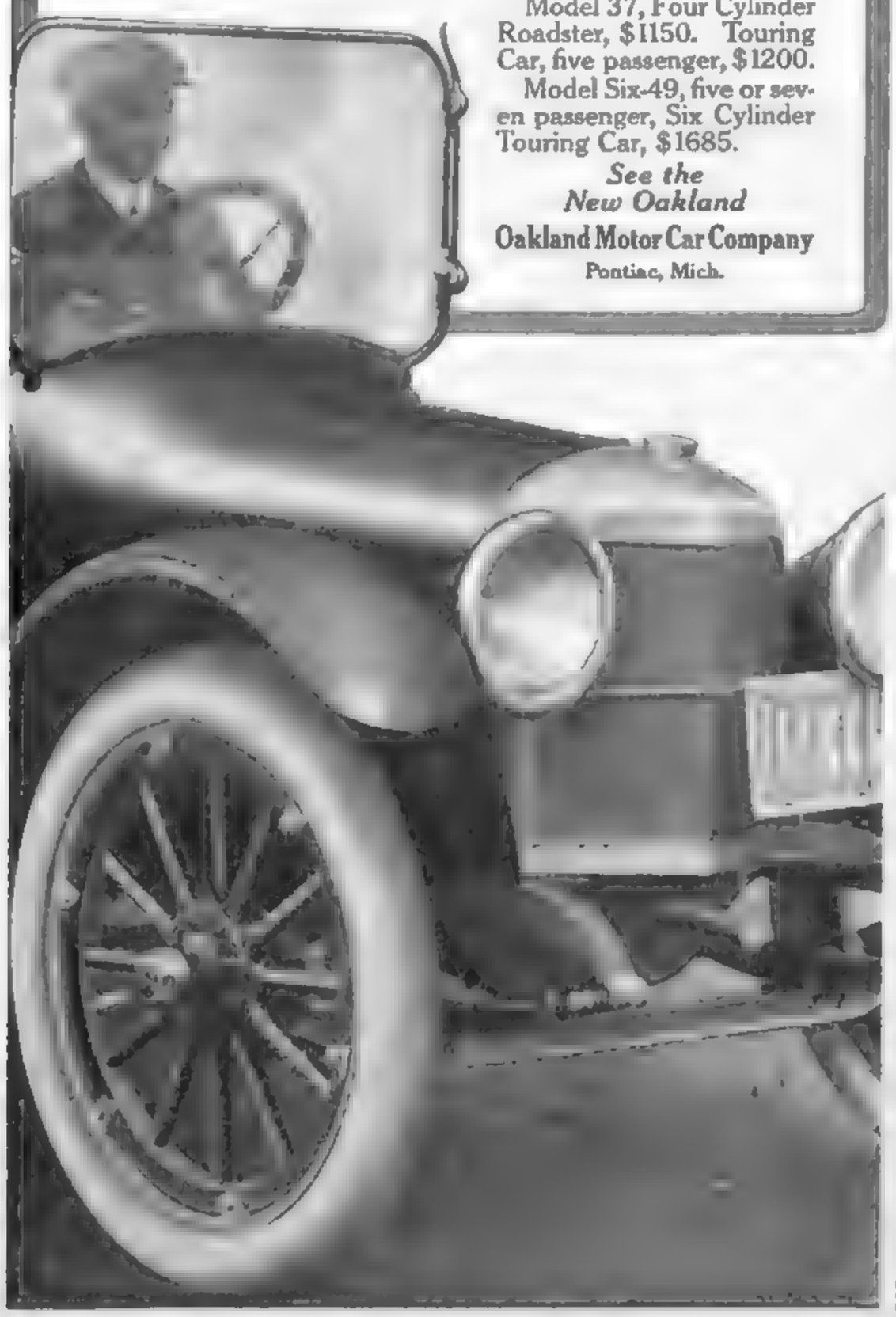

MARSCH, MARSCH, MARSCH, SO GEH'N WIR WEITER!

(Continued from Page 10)

Next day we again left Brussels, the submissive, and made, as you know, a much longer excursion under German auspices. And, at length, after much travail, we landed here in the German frontier city of Aix-la-Chapelle where I write these lines. Here it was, two days after our arrival, that we heard of the fate of Louvain and of that pale little man, the burgomaster, who had survived his crisis of the nerves to die of a German bullet.

We wondered what became of the proprietor of the House of the Million Columns; and of the young Dutch tutor in the Berlitz School of Languages, who had served as a guide and interpreter; and of the pretty, gentle little Flemish woman who brought us our meals in her clean, small restaurant round the corner from the Hôtel de Ville; and of the kindly, red-bearded priest at the Church of Saint Jacques, who gave us ripe pears and old wine on the first day after the Germans cut off our retreat!

I reckon we shall always wonder what became of them, and that we shall never know. I hope mightily that the American wing of the big Catholic seminary was spared. It had a stone figure of an American Indian—looking something like Sitting Bull, we thought—over its doors; and that was the only typically American thing we saw in all Louvain.

We Become Guests of Honor

Let me return now to my story where I left it last week and continue the account of our adventures up to the time when we were finally landed in Aix-la-Chapelle. When we came out of the little *taverne* at Beaumont, where we had been detained for more than twenty-four hours, to start—as we fondly supposed—for Brussels again on a German military train, it was pitch dark in the square of the forlorn little Belgian town. With us the polite and pleasant fiction that we were guests of the German authorities had already worn seedy, not to say threadbare, but young Herr Lieutenant Mittendorfer, who had been our chief custodian since the morning of the day before, persisted in keeping the little romance alive. For example, we had been requested—requested, mind you, and not ordered—to march to the station with the armed escort that would be in charge of the prisoners of war who were destined for that same train, and it had been impressed upon us that we were to assist in guarding the convoy, although no one of us had any more deadly weapon in his possession than a fountain pen; and finally, according to our instructions, if any prisoner attempted to escape in the dark we were to lay detaining hands upon him and hold him fast.

This was all very flattering and very indicative of the esteem in which the military authorities of Beaumont seemed to hold us. We might have been even more flattered by it if we had not overheard Mittendorfer's aide, a wounded noncommissioned officer, telling the sentries who would march near us that if any one of those American journalists—meaning by that us—tried to slip out of line, he was to be shot on the spot and his motives inquired into later, when there was more leisure for an investigation. So we were not puffed up with a sense of our new responsibilities. Also were we as a unit in agreeing that under no provocation would we yield to temptations to embark on any side-excursions upon the way to the railroad. Personally I know that I was particularly firm upon this point. I would defy that column to move so fast that I could not keep up with it.

In the black gloom we could make out a longish clump of men who stood four abreast, scuffling their feet upon the miry wet stones of the square. These were the prisoners—one hundred and fifty Frenchmen and Turcos, eighty Englishmen and eight Belgians. From them, as we drew nearer, an odor of wet, unwashed animals arose. It was as rank and raw as fumes from crude ammonia, that smell was. Then, in the town house of the Prince de Caraman-Chimay just alongside, which the general staff was using for headquarters, the double doors opened, and the light streaming out fell upon the naked bayonets over the shoulders of the sentries and made them look like slanting lines of rain.

There were eight of us by now in the party of guests, our original group of five having been swollen by the addition of three others—the Frenchman Gerbeaux, the young American artist Stevens and the Belgian court-photographer Hennebert, who, as I stated in a previous article, had been under arrest for five days because they were so reckless as to venture within the German lines with a Red Cross automobile and a camera. We eight, obeying instructions—no, requests—found places for ourselves in the double files of guards, four going one side of the column and four the other. I slipped into a gap on the left flank, alongside four of the English soldiers. The guard immediately behind me was a man I knew. He had been on duty the afternoon previous in the place where we were being kept, and he had been obliging enough to let me exercise my few words of German upon him. He grinned now in recognition and humorously patted the stock of his rifle—this last, I take it, being his effort to convey to my understanding that he was under orders to shoot me in the event of my seeking to play truant during the next hour or so. He didn't know me—wild horses could not have dragged us apart.

A considerable wait ensued. Officers, coming back from the day's battle lines in automobiles, jumped out of their cars and pressed up, bedraggled and wet through from the rain which had been falling, to have a look at the prisoners. Common soldiers appeared also. Of these latter many, I judged, had newly arrived at the front and had never seen any captured enemies before. They were particularly interested in the Englishmen, who as nearly as I could tell endured the scrutinizing pretty well, whereas the Frenchmen grew uneasy and self-conscious under it. We who were in civilian dress—and pretty shabby civilian dress at that—came in for our share of examination too. The sentries were kept busy explaining to newcomers that we were not spies going north for trial. There was little or no jeering at the prisoners.

Lieutenant Mittendorfer appeared to feel the burden of his authority mightily. His importance expressed itself in many bellowing commands to his men. As he passed the door of headquarters, booming like a large gray Prussian night-bittern, one of the officers there checked him with a gesture.

"Why all the noise, Herr Lieutenant?" he said pleasantly in German. "Cannot this thing be done more quietly?"

The young man took the hint, and when he climbed upon a bench outside the wineshop door his voice was much milder as he admonished the prisoners that they would be treated with all the due honors of war if they obeyed their warders promptly during the coming journey, but that the least sign of rebellion among them would mean but one thing—immediate death. Since he spoke in German, a young French lieutenant translated the warning for the benefit of the Frenchmen and the Belgians, and a British noncom did the same for his fellow countrymen, speaking with a strong Scottish burr. He wound up with an improvisation of his own, which I thought was typically English. "Now then, boys," he sang out, "buck up, all of you! It might be worse, you know, and some of these German chaps don't seem a bad lot at all."

Joining the German Ranks

So, with that, Lieutenant Mittendorfer blew out his big chest and barked an order into the night, and away we all swung off at a double quick, with our feet slipping and sliding upon the travel-worn granite boulders underfoot. In addition to being rounded and unevenly laid, the stones were now coated with a layer of slimy mud. It was a hard job to stay upright on them.

I don't think I shall ever forget that march. I know I shall never forget that smell, or the sound of all our feet clumping over those slick cobbles. Nor shall I forget, either, the appealing calls of Gerbeaux' black chauffeur, who was being left behind in the now empty guardhouse, and who, to judge from his tones, did not expect ever to see any of us again. As a matter of fact, I ran across him two weeks later in Liège. He had just been released and was trying to make his way back to Brussels.

The way ahead of us was inky black. The outlines of the tall Belgian houses on either side of the narrow street were barely visible, for there were no lights in the windows at all and only dim candles or lamp lights in the lower floors. No natives showed themselves. I do not recollect that in all that mile-long tramp I saw a single Belgian civilian—only soldiers, shoving forward curiously as we passed and pressing the files closer in together.

Through one street we went and into another which if anything was even narrower and blacker than the first, and presently we could tell by the feel of things under our feet that we had quit the paved road and were traversing soft earth. We entered railway sidings, stumbling over the tracks, and at the far end of the yard emerged into a sudden glare of brightness and drew up alongside a string of cars.

After the darkness the flaring brilliancy made us blink and then it made us wonder there should be any lights at all, seeing that the French troops, in retiring from Beaumont four days before, had done their hurried best to cripple the transportation facilities and had certainly put the local gas plant out of commission. Yet here was illumination in plenty and to spare. At once the phenomenon stood explained. Two days after securing this end of the line the German engineers had repaired the torn-up right-of-way and installed a complete acetylene outfit, and already they were dispatching trains of troops and munitions clear across Southeastern Belgium to and from the German frontier. When we heard this we quit marveling. We had by now ceased to wonder at the lightning rapidity and unhuman efficiency of the German military system in the field.

Under the sizzling acetylene torches we had our first good look at these prospective fellow-travelers of ours who were avowedly prisoners. Considered in the aggregate they were not an inspiring spectacle. A soldier, stripped of his arms and held by his foes, becomes all of a sudden a pitiable, almost a contemptible object. You think instinctively of an adder that has lost its fangs, or of a wild cat that, being shorn of teeth to bite with and claws to tear with, is now a more helpless, impotent thing than if it had been created without teeth and claws in the first place. These similes are poor ones, I'm afraid, but I find it difficult to put my thoughts exactly into words.

These particular soldiers were most unhappy looking, all except the half dozen Turcos among the Frenchmen. They spraddled their baggy white legs and grinned comfortably, baring fine double rows of ivory in their brown faces. The others mainly were droopy figures of misery and shame. By reason of their hair, which they wore long and which now hung down in their eyes, and by reason also of their ridiculous loose red trousers and their long-tailed awkward blue coats, the Frenchmen showed themselves especially unkempt and frowzy-looking. Almost to a man they were dark, lean, slouchy fellows; they were from the south of France, we judged. Certainly with a week's growth of black whiskers upon their jaws they were fit now to play stage brigands without further make-up.

When Eight is a Crowd

"Wot a bloomin', stinkin', rotten country!" came, two rows back from where I stood, a voice uplifted to the leaky skies. "There ain't nothin' to eat in it, and there ain't nothin' to drink in it too."

A little man alongside of me, whose chin was on his breast bone, spake downward along his gray flannel shirt bosom:

"Just wyte," he said; "just wyte till England 'ears wot they done to us, 'erdin' us about like cattle. Blighters!" He spat his disgust upon the ground.

The above utterance was taken down verbatim and committed to writing upon the spot. We spoke to none of them, nor they to us—that also being a condition imposed by Mittendorfer.

The train for us was composed of several small box cars and one second-class passenger coach of German manufacture with a dumpy little locomotive at either end, one to pull and one to push. In profile it would have reminded you somewhat of the wrecking trains that go to disasters in America. The prisoners were loaded aboard the box cars like so many sheep, with alert gray shepherds behind them, carrying guns in lieu of crooks; and, being entrained, they were bedded down for the night upon straw. The civilians composing our party were bidden to climb aboard the passenger coach, where the eight of us, two of the number being of augmented superadult size, took possession of a compartment meant to hold six. The other compartments were occupied by wounded Germans except one compartment, which was set aside for the captive French lieutenant and two British subalterns. Top-Sergeant Rosenthal, whose acquaintance we had made at Beaumont, was in charge of the train with headquarters aboard our coach. With him, as aides, he had three Red Cross men.

Finding Rest on a Baggage Rack

The lighting apparatus of the car did not operate. On the ledge of our window sat a small oil lamp, sending out a rich smell and a pale, puny illumination. Just before we pulled out Rosenthal came and blew out the lamp, leaving the wick to smoke abominably. He explained that he did this for our own wellbeing. Belgian snipers just outside the town had been firing into the passing trains, he said, and a light in a car window was but an added temptation. He advised us that if shooting started we should drop upon the floor. We assured him in chorus that we would, and then after adding that we must not be surprised if the Belgians derailed the train during the night he went away, leaving us packed snugly in together in the dark. This incident had a tendency to discourage light conversation among us for some minutes.

Possibly it was because daylight travel would be safer travel, or it may have been for some other good and sufficient reason, that after traveling some six or eight miles joltingly we stopped in the edge of a small village and stayed there until after sun-up. That was a hard night for sleeping purposes. One of our party, who was a small man, climbed up into the baggage rack above one row of seats and there stretched himself stiffly in the narrow hammocklike arrangement, and fearing to move lest he tumble down on the heads of his fellow-sufferers. Another laid him down in the little aisle flanking the compartment, where at least he might spraddle his limbs and where, also, persons passing the length of the car stepped upon his face and figure from time to time. This interfered with his rest. The remaining six of us mortised ourselves into the seats in neck-cricking attitudes, with our legs so intertwined and mingled that when one man got up to stretch himself he had to use great care in picking out his own legs. Sometimes he could only tell that it was his leg by pinching it. This was especially so after inaction had caused his extremities to go to sleep while the rest of him remained wide awake.

After dawn we ran slowly to Charleroi, the center of the Belgian iron industry, in a sterile land of mines and smelting works and bleak, bare, ore-stained hillsides. The Germans had fought here, first with organized troops of the Allies, and later, by their own telling, with bushwhacking civilians. Whole rows of houses upon either side of the track had been ventilated by shells or burned out with fire, and their gable ends, lacking roofs, now stood up nakedly fretting the skyline like gigantic saw teeth. As we were drawing out from between these twin rows of ruins we saw a German sergeant in a flower plot alongside a wrecked cottage bending over and apparently smelling at a clump of tall red geraniums. That he could find time in the midst of that hideous desolation to sniff at the posies struck us as a typically German bit of sentimentalism. Just then, though, he stood erect and we were better informed. He had been talking over a military telephone, the wires of which were buried underground with a concealed transmitter snuggling beneath the geraniums. The flowers even were being made to contribute their help in forwarding the mechanism of war. I think, though, that it took a composite German mind to evolve that expedient. A Prussian would bring along the telephone; a Saxon would bed it among the blossoms!

We progressed onward by a process of alternate stops and starts, through a land bearing remarkably few traces to show for its recent chastening with sword and shot, until in the middle of the blazing hot forenoon we came to Gembloux, which I think must be the place where all the flies in Belgium are spawned. Here on a siding we lay all day, grilled by the heat and pestered by swarms of the buzzing scavenger vermin, while troop trains without number

(Continued on Page 28)

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And it satisfies every one.

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But the trail up to that height
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In the watches o' the night.
For it takes a lot o' thinkin'
An' a-scratchin' with yo' hoe,
To raise two dollars, sonny,
Whar one dollar grew befo'.

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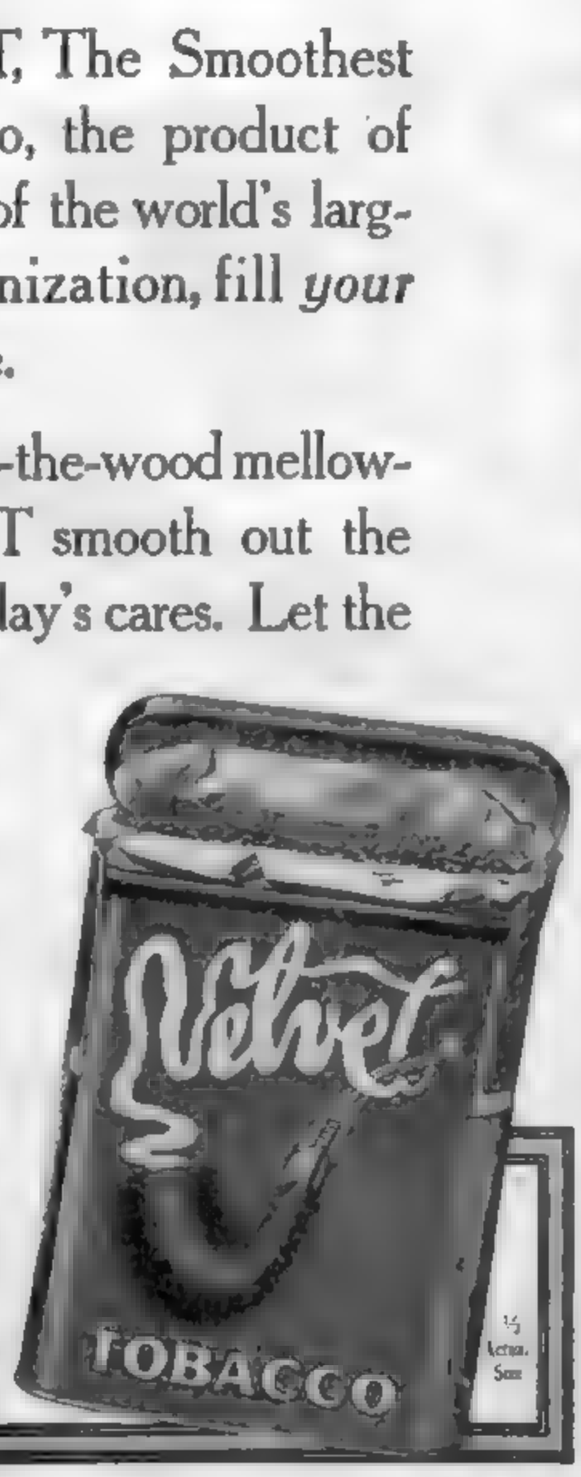
Let VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, the product of the best thought of the world's largest tobacco organization, fill *your* "thoughtful" pipe.

Let that aged-in-the-wood mellowness of VELVET smooth out the wrinkles left by today's cares. Let the natural fragrance of Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe* help you concentrate on the problems of tomorrow.



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(Continued from Page 25

passed us, hurrying along the sentry-guarded railway to the lower frontiers of Belgium. Every box-car door made a frame for a group-picture of broad German faces and uniformed German bodies. Upon nearly every car the sportive passengers had lashed limbs of trees and big clumps of field flowers. Also with colored chalks they had extensively frescoed the wooden walls as high up as they could reach. The commonest legend was "On to Paris," or for variety "To Paris Direct," but occasionally a lighter touch showed itself. For example, one wag had inscribed on a car door: "Declarations of War Received Here," and another had drawn a highly impressionistic likeness of his Kaiser, and under it had inscribed "Wilhelm II, Emperor of Europe."

Presently as train after train, loaded sometimes with guns or supplies but usually with men, clanked by, it began to dawn upon us that these soldiers we beheld now were of a different physical type from the soldiers we had seen heretofore. They were all Germans, to be sure, but the men along the front were younger men, hard-bitten and trained down, with the face which we had begun to call the Teutonic fighting face, whereas these men were older, and they were of a heavier port and fuller fashion of countenance. Also some of them wore blue coats, red-trimmed, instead of the dull green-gray service garb of the troops in the first invading columns. Indeed some of them even wore a nondescript mixture of uniform and civilian garb. They were *Landwehr* and *Landsturm*, troops of the third and fourth lines, going now to police the roads and garrison the captured towns, and hold the lines of communication open while the first line, who are picked troops, and the second line, who are reservists, pressed ahead into France.

The Value of Talking American

They showed a childlike curiosity to see the prisoners in the box cars behind us. They grinned triumphantly at the Frenchmen and the Britishers, but the sight of a Turco in his short jacket and his dirty white skirts invariably set them off in derisive catcalling and whooping. One beefy cavalryman in his forties, who looked the Bavarian peasant all over, boarded our car to see what might be seen. He had been drinking. He came nearer being drunk outright than any German soldier I have seen to date. Because he heard us talking English he insisted on regarding us as English spies.

"Hark! they betray themselves," we heard him mutter thickly to one of his wounded countrymen in the next compartment. "They are damned Englishers."

"*Nein! Nein!* All Americans," we heard the other say.

"Well, if they are Americans, why don't they talk the American language then?" he demanded. Hearing this, I was sorry I had neglected in my youth to learn Choctaw.

Still dubious of us, he came now and stood in the aisle, rocking slightly on his bolster legs and eying us glassily. Eventually a thought pierced the fog of his understanding. He hauled his saber out of its scabbard and invited us to run our fingers along the edge and see how keen and sharp it was. He added, with appropriate gestures, that he had honed it with the particular intent of slicing off a few English heads. For one, and speaking for one only, I may say I was, on the whole, rather glad when he departed from among us.

When we grew tired of watching the troop trains streaming south we fought the flies, and listened for perhaps the tenth time to the story of Stevens' experience when he first fell into German hands, six days before.

Stevens was the young American art student, a native of Michigan but a resident of some years in Continental cities, who accompanied Gerbeaux, the Frenchman, and Hennebert, the Belgian, on their ill-timed expedition from Brussels in an automobile bearing without authority a Red Cross flag. Gerbeaux was out to get a story for the Chicago paper which he served as Brussels correspondent, and the Belgian hoped to take some photographs; but a pure love of excitement brought Stevens along. He had his passport to prove his citizenship and a pass from General von Jarotzky, military commandant of Brussels, authorizing him to pass through the lines. He thought he was perfectly safe.

When their machine was halted by the Germans a short distance south and west of

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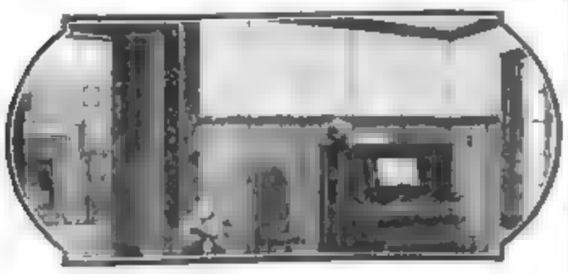

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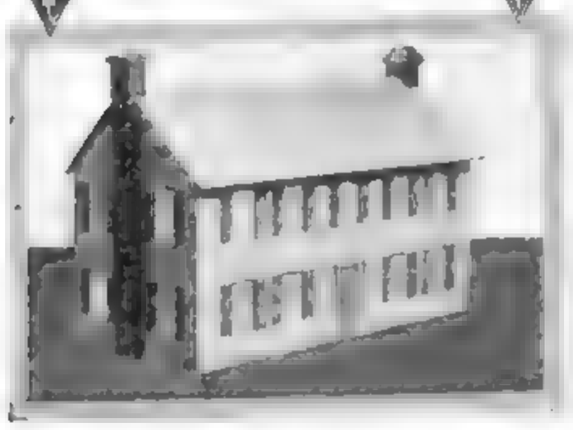


Waterloo, Stevens, for some reason which he could never understand, was separated from his two companions and the South-African negro chauffeur. A sergeant took him in charge, and all the rest of the day he rode on the tail of a baggage wagon with a guard upon either side of him. First, though, he was searched and all his papers were taken from him.

Late in the afternoon the pack-train halted and as Stevens was stretching his legs in a field a first lieutenant, whom he described as being tall and nervous and highly excitable, ran up and, after berating the two guards for not having their rifles ready to fire, he poked a gun under Stevens' nose and went through the process of loading it, meanwhile telling him that if he moved an inch his brains would be blown out. A sergeant gently edged Stevens back out of the danger zone, and from behind the officer's back another man, so Stevens said, tapped himself gently upon the forehead to indicate that the Herr Lieutenant was cracked in the brain.

After this Stevens was taken into an improvised barracks in a deserted Belgian gendarmerie and locked in a room. At nine o'clock the lieutenant came to him and told him in a mixture of French and German that he had by a court-martial been found guilty of being an English spy and that at six o'clock the following morning he would be shot. "When you hear a bugle sound you may know that is the signal for your execution," he added.

While poor Stevens was still begging for an opportunity to be heard in his own defense the lieutenant dealt him a blow in the back which left him temporarily breathless. In a moment two soldiers had crossed his wrists behind his back and were lashing them tightly together with a rope.

Looking Death in the Face

Thus bound he was taken back indoors and made to sit on a bench. Eight soldiers stretched themselves upon the floor of the room and slept there; a sergeant slept with his body across the door. A guard sat on the bench beside Stevens.

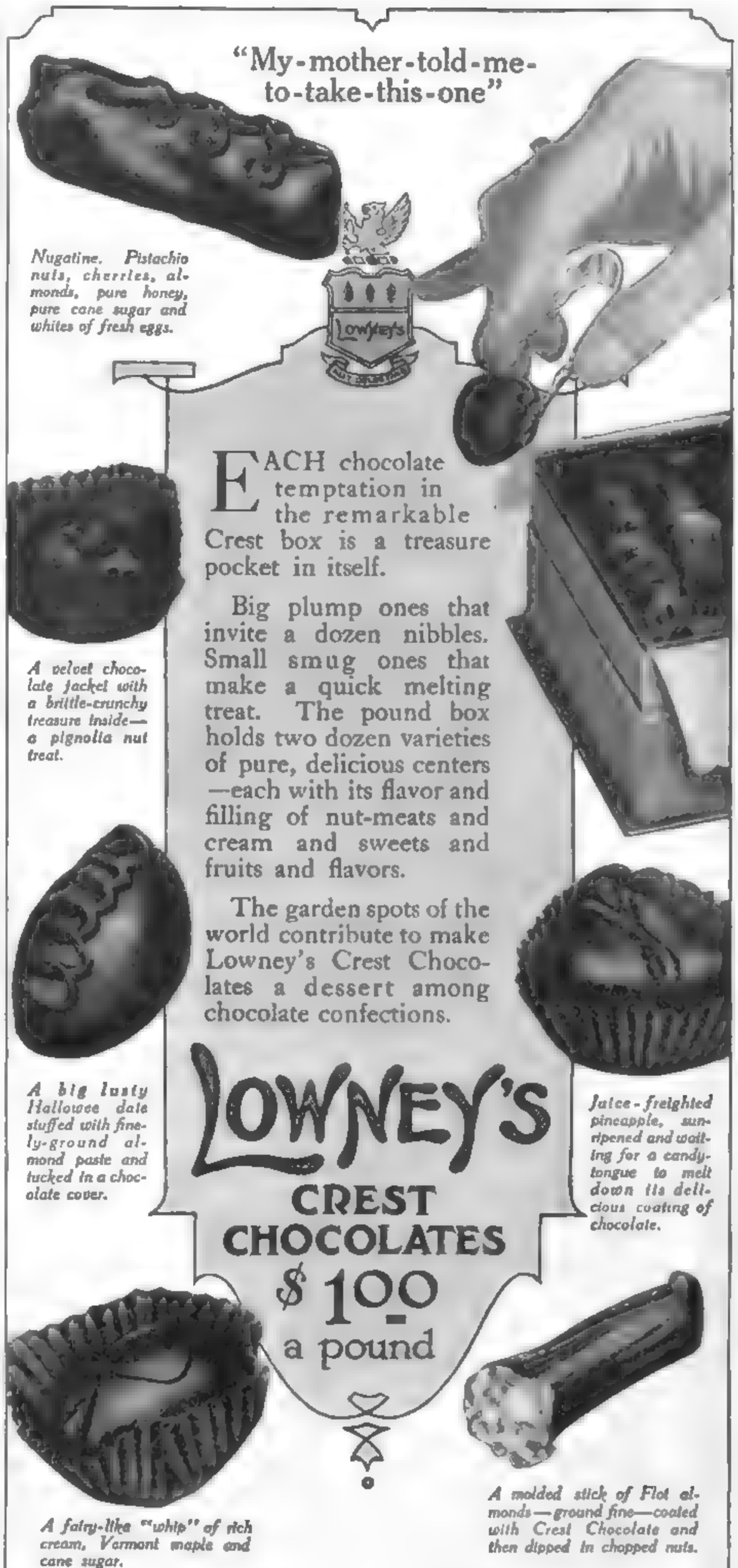
"He gave me two big slugs of brandy to drink," said Stevens, continuing his tale, "and it affected me no more than so much water. After a couple of hours I managed to work the cords loose and I got one hand free. Moving cautiously I lifted my feet, and by stretching my arms cautiously down, still holding them behind my back, I untied one shoe. I meant at the last to kick off my shoes and run for it. I was feeling for the laces on my other shoe when another guard came to reënforce the first, and he watched me so closely that I knew that chance was gone.

"After a while, strange as it seems, all the fear and all the horror of death left me. My chief regret now was, not that I had to die, but that my people at home would never know how I died or where. I put my head down on the table and actually dozed off. But there was a clock in the room and whenever it struck I would rouse up and say to myself, almost impersonally, that I now had four hours to live, or three, or two, as the case might be. Then I would go to sleep again. Once or twice a queer sinking sensation in my stomach, such as I never felt before, would come to me, but toward daylight this ceased to occur.

"At half-past five two soldiers, one carrying a spade and the other a lantern, came in. They lit the lantern at a lamp that burned on a table in front of me and went out. Presently I could hear them digging in the yard outside the door. I believed it was my grave they were digging. I cannot recall that this made any particular impression upon me. I considered it in a casual sort of fashion. I remember wondering whether it was a deep grave.

"At five minutes before six a bugle sounded. The eight men on the floor got up, buckled on their cartridge belts, shouldered their rifles and, leaving their knapsacks behind, tramped out. I followed with my guards upon either side of me. My one fear now was that I should tremble at the end. I felt no fear, but I was afraid my knees would shake. I remember how relieved I was when I took the first step to find my legs did not tremble under me. I was resolved, too, that I would not be shot down with my hands tied behind me. When I faced the squad I meant to shake off the ropes on my wrists and take the volley with my arms at my sides."

Stevens was marched to the center of the courtyard. Then, without a word of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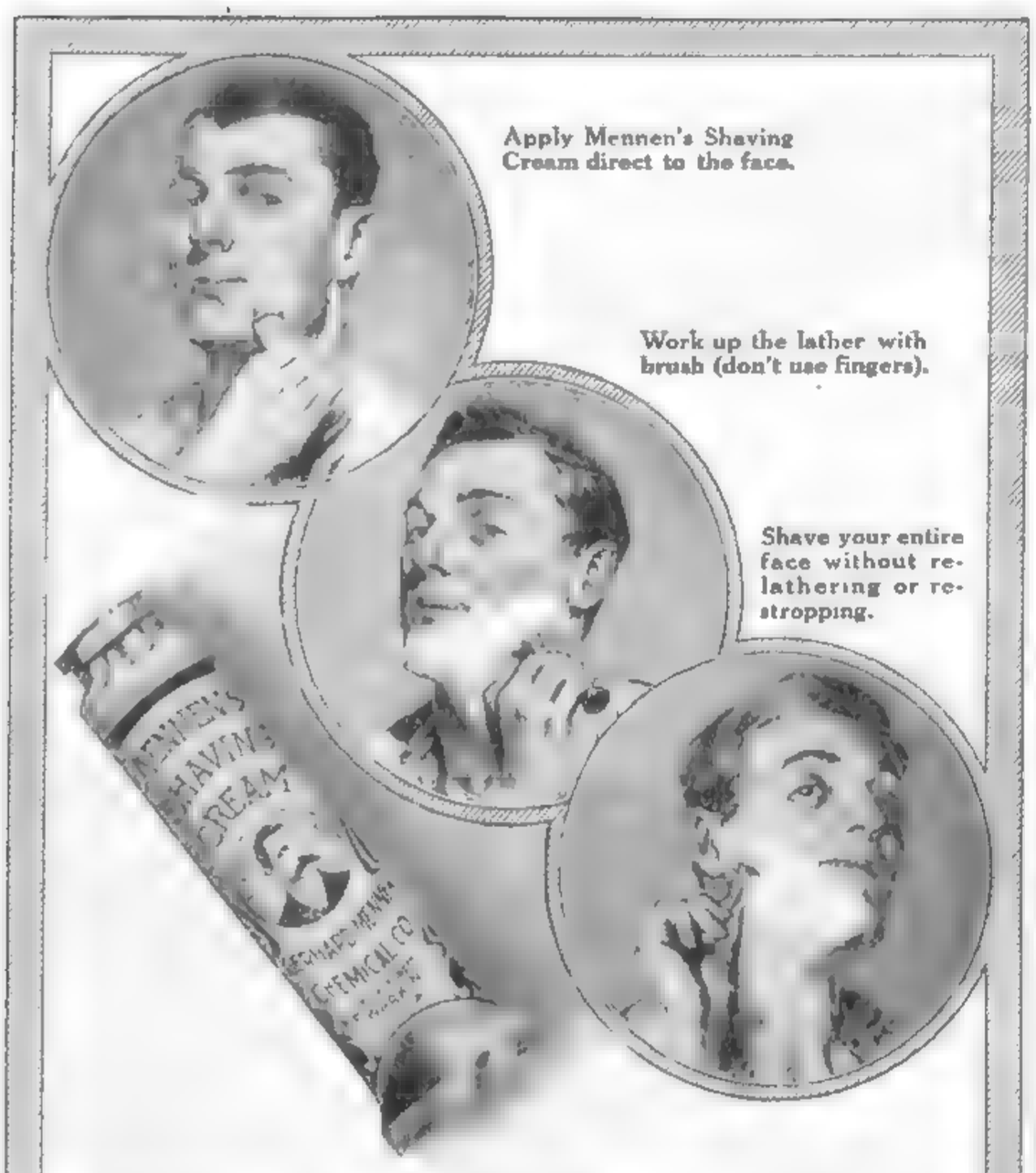
Lowney's
A velvet chocolate jacket with a brittle-crunchy treasure inside—a pignolia nut treat.
EACH chocolate temptation in the remarkable Crest box is a treasure pocket in itself.
Big plump ones that invite a dozen nibbles. Small smug ones that make a quick melting treat. The pound box holds two dozen varieties of pure, delicious centers—each with its flavor and filling of nut-meats and cream and sweets and fruits and flavors.
The garden spots of the world contribute to make Lowney's Crest Chocolates a dessert among chocolate confections.
A big lusty Hallowee date stuffed with finely-ground almond paste and tucked in a chocolate cover.
Juice-freighted pineapple, sun-ripened and waiting for a candy-tongue to melt down its delicious coating of chocolate.
LOWNEY'S
CREST CHOCOLATES
$1.00 a pound
A fairy-like "whip" of rich cream, Vermont maple and cane sugar.
A molded stick of Flot almonds—ground fine—coated with Crest Chocolate and then dipped in chopped nuts.
It's Crunchy? Yes. Munchy? Yes. Thank the pulled, pure molasses candy for it.
Meaty castana nuts hoarded in a maple-flavored cream and imprisoned in chocolate


Apply Mennen's Shaving Cream direct to the face.
Work up the lather with brush (don't use fingers).
Shave your entire face without re-lathering or re-stropping.

Shave the Mennen way—saves your face and your time

Just three simple operations and your shaving is done! No mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers. The rich, abundant lather of Mennen's Shaving Cream instantly softens the stiffest beard.

No smarting, burning after-effect. Mennen's contains no free caustic or other irritant to torture and disfigure your face.

Mennen's saves you time and torture. It leaves your face soft, cool, comfortable and refreshed. Use it and you will realize that you have been wrongfully blaming your razor—it's the *lather*.

One user of Mennen's who blamed his troubles on his razors, writes:

"Prior to using [illegible] cream, shaving was a torture that had to be endured. My razor pulled while shaving and my face smarted afterwards. I [illegible] powders, creams, etc., finally decided that the fault of my razor so I bought a safety. Now in using your cream I find every [illegible] with the same effect as perhaps with a hair cut and no smarting afterwards."

Another says:

"Mennen's Shaving Cream is certainly fine both to [illegible] and the [illegible]. It doesn't turn rancid nor does it make a sticky and slimy lather which gets into the blade [illegible] of safety razors to clog and [illegible] and the cutting edges. It is not harsh, therefore does not cause irritation to the face after shaving, which other creams do. It doesn't dry on the face, but by keeping the face moist assists the razor in cutting. Its use is economical. Less cream is required, just a small [illegible] of any other [illegible] nothing to harden, no other soaping than that with the brush required."

A barber says his most interesting experience:

"In our shop we have 24 monthly customers each that have their own [illegible] shaving outfits. I gave each a trial with your cream. Now 22 out of the 24 have their own tubes. Out of these men and W[illegible] to get me [illegible] years ago. Another customer was a very tender neck was in the habit of getting a rash after shaving. However, after using the cream the [illegible] he said: 'Cut out that old face wash of yours. *It was decent soap my skin needed.*'"

Mennen's Shaving Cream is put up in airtight, sanitary tubes with handy hexagon screw tops. Prove its value. Try it; that is the only way to find out what it will do *for you.*

At all dealers—25c. Send 10c for a demonstrator tube containing enough for 50 shaves. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J. Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borated and Violet Talcum Toilet Powders and Mennen's Cream Dentifrice.

Mennen's Shaving Cream

explanation to him his bands were removed and he was put in an automobile and carried off to rejoin the other members of the unlucky sight-seeing party. He never did find out whether he had been made the butt of a hideous practical joke by a half-mad brute or whether his tormentor really meant to send him to death and was deterred at the last moment by fear of the consequences. One thing he did learn—there had been no court-martial. Thereafter, during his captivity, Stevens was treated with the utmost kindness by all the officers with whom he came in contact. His was the only instance that I have knowledge of where a prisoner has been tortured, physically or mentally, by a German. It was curious that in this one case the victim should have been an American citizen whose intentions were perfectly innocent and whose papers were orthodox and unquestionable.

Glancing back over what I have here written down I find I have failed altogether to mention the food which we ate on that trip of ours with the German wrecking crew. It was hardly worth mentioning, it was so scanty. We had to eat, during that day while we lay at Gembloux, a loaf of the sourish soldiers' black bread, with green mold upon the outer crust, and a pot of rancid honey which one of the party had bethought him to bring from Beaumont in his pocket. To wash this mixture down we had a few swigs of miserably bad lukewarm ration-coffee from a private's canteen, a bottle of confiscated Belgian mineral water, which a private at Charleroi gave us from his store, and a precious quart of the Prince de Caraman-Chimay's commandeered wine—also a souvenir of our captivity. Late in the afternoon a sergeant sold us for a five-mark piece a big skin-casing filled with half-raw pork sausage. I've never tasted anything better.

When Raw Sausage Is a Luxury

Even so, we fared better than the prisoners in the box cars behind and the dozen wounded men in the coach with us. They had only coffee and dry bread and, at the latter end of the long day, a few chunks of the sausage. Some of the wounded men were pretty badly hurt too. There was one whose left forearm had been half shot away. His stiff fingers protruded beyond his soiled bandages and they were still crusted with dried blood and grained with dirt. Another had been pierced through the jaw with a bullet. That part of his face which showed through the swathings about his head was terribly swollen and purple with congested blood. The others had flesh wounds, mainly in their sides or their legs. Some of them were feverish; all of them sorely needed clean garments for their bodies and fresh dressings for their hurts and proper food for their stomachs. Yet I did not hear one of them complain or groan. With that oxlike patience of the North-European peasant breed, which seems accentuated in these Germans in time of war, they quietly endured what was acute discomfort for any sound man to have to endure. In some dim, dumb fashion of their own they seemed, each one of them, to comprehend that in the vast organism of an army at war the individual unit does not count. To himself he may be of prime importance and first consideration, but in the general carrying out of the scheme he is a mote, a molecule, a spore, a protoplasm—an infinitesimal, utterly inconsequential thing to be sacrificed without thought. Thus we interpreted their attitudes.

Along toward five o'clock a goodish string of cars was added to our train, and into these additional cars seven hundred French soldiers, who had been collected at Gembloux, were loaded. With the Frenchmen as they marched under our window went, perhaps, twenty civilian prisoners, including two priests and three or four subdued little men who looked as though they might be civic dignitaries of some small Belgian town. In the squad was one big, broad-shouldered peasant in a blouse, whose arms were roped back at the elbows with a thick cord.

"Do you see that man?" said one of our guards excitedly, and he pointed at the pinioned man. "He is a grave robber. He has been digging up dead Germans to rob the bodies. They tell me that when they caught him he had in his pockets ten dead men's fingers which he had cut off with a knife because the flesh was so swollen he could not slip the rings off. He will be shot, that fellow."

(Concluded on Page 33)

—and the Greatest of these is "Whip"

Nearly half the pipes in America are filled with Tobaccos of Patterson origination.

During the seventy years we Pattersons have been making smoking tobaccos, we have originated many of the most popular brands on the market.

We are proud of every [illegible] we have originated. They are all good tobaccos—some better than others—but the best we knew how to produce at the time of its origination.

Of "Whip"—our latest blend—we are proudest of all. It is our masterpiece. It has the qualities we have been experimenting for years to produce. It is the sum total of all we have learned in the blending of other great Patterson brands.

Whip
Ready Rolled Tobacco

Every day we receive scores of letters from smokers telling us "Whip" is our greatest achievement. Like this letter for example.

"I have been a constant user of 'Whip' ever since it appeared, some six months ago. Not only that, but have found it so good that I have been a constant booster for a tobacco that is *[illegible]*."

[illegible] —, Spokane, Wash.

"Whip" is the mildest tobacco ever blended—yet it is full flavored and deliciously fragrant. But judge "Whip" for yourself. Let me send you an

Ounce Tin Free

A postcard bearing your name and the name of your dealer will bring it. "Whip" is put up in 1 oz. tins at 5c a tin, 2 oz. tins at 10c a tin, and (patented) pound pottery humidors at $1.00.

M. C. Patterson
Pres't.
Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc.
Richmond, Va.

[illegible] dealer [illegible] 10c [illegible] Whip [illegible] 2 oz. tins [illegible]

UNITED PROFIT SHARING COUPONS

Save Coupons From Boxes Containing Coupons. Good for valuable premiums. Packed [illegible] Whip [illegible]

Wouldn't you like one?

Ask your dealer to show you these charming tray sets in Heisey's Glassware—individual cream sugar and butter that fit snugly together for convenient carrying on a tray.

[illegible] we will be glad to show you here [illegible] by Parcel Post [illegible] $2.00. Write today for illustrated booklet. Learn how many beautiful things for the home you can get in Heisey's Glassware.

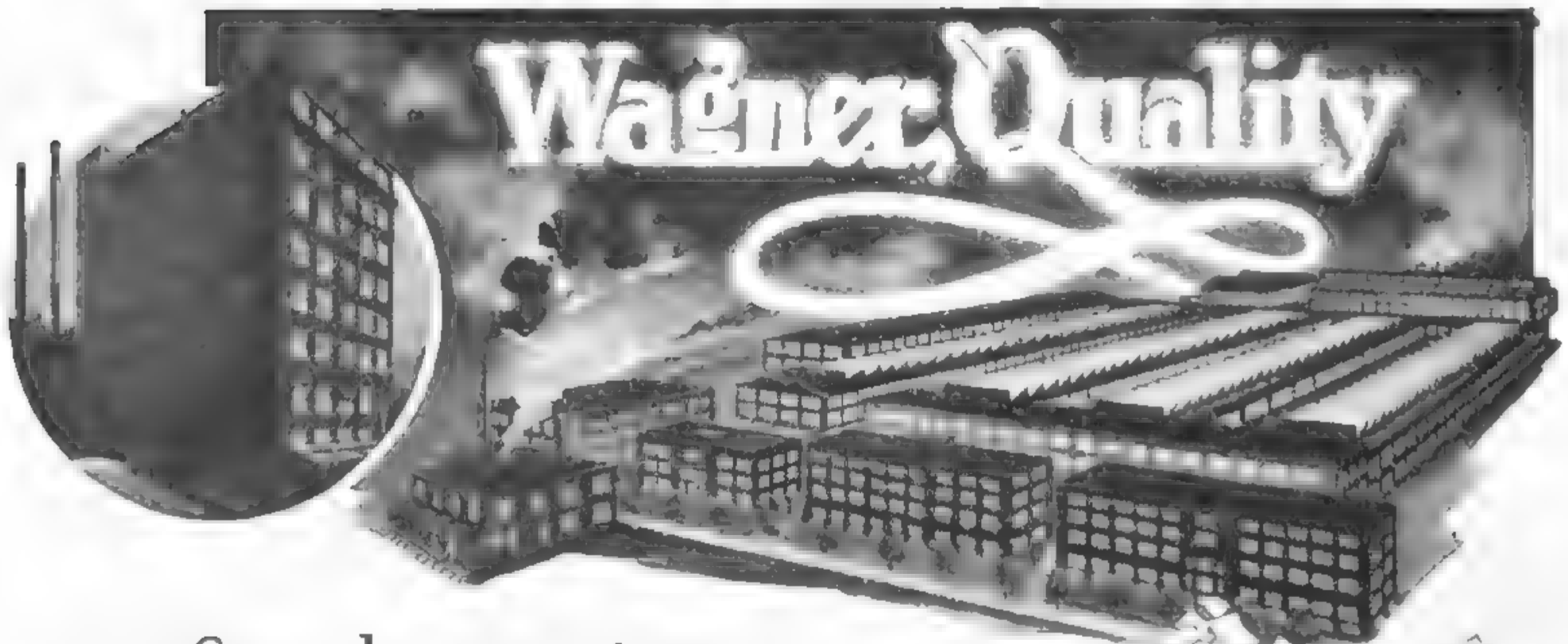
A. H. Heisey & Co.
Dept. 87
Newark, Ohio

WANTED An Idea! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for Free "List of Inventions Wanted" and "How to get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

A Fortune to the Inventor

who secures [illegible] of the [illegible] R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay. Send Sketch or Model for Search. BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE. Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.



Leaves from the experience of the factory that makes

The Starter that is built to order.

THE WAGNER STARTER is not the product of a business that has sprung up to meet a need or to grasp an opportunity. It is the natural development of a business that, for nearly a quarter of a century, has been noted for its pioneer work in the development of electrical machinery.

It is made by the third largest of the great electrical machinery manufacturers of America. Its perfection is due to the genius of the Wagner engineers, whose many achievements include the development of the single-phase motor; the first 10,000 volt, and the first 40,000 volt transformer; the unity power factor motor; the self-starting poly-phase motor; the single-phase converter for charging electric vehicle batteries, and for moving picture work; the vibrating reed rectifier for charging small batteries; etc.

The Wagner success has been due, first—to Wagner, Quality, and next—to the appreciation of the fact that any electrical apparatus reaches its highest efficiency when perfectly adapted to the work it has to do. That is the underlying principle of

The Wagner Starter

It is built on the knowledge that no two automobile engines have the same cranking requirements, and that a starter, to give the best service, should be built to order for the engine it is to start. Such a starter, if properly made, as all Wagner Starters are, will crank the car, unfailingly, without taking unnecessary power from the engine, or adding unnecessary weight to it.

That Wagner Starters do this is proven by the fact that with some one hundred thousand Wagner started cars in use, and Wagner service stations at convenient centers all over the country, these service stations have no work to do.

The Wagner Starter cannot be applied to an old car, or added to a new one, but must initiate with the car builder's good judgment when he designs and builds his car. You get the benefit when you buy a car that is equipped with a Wagner Starter. Ask the agent of any Wagner started car for a demonstration of starting efficiency.

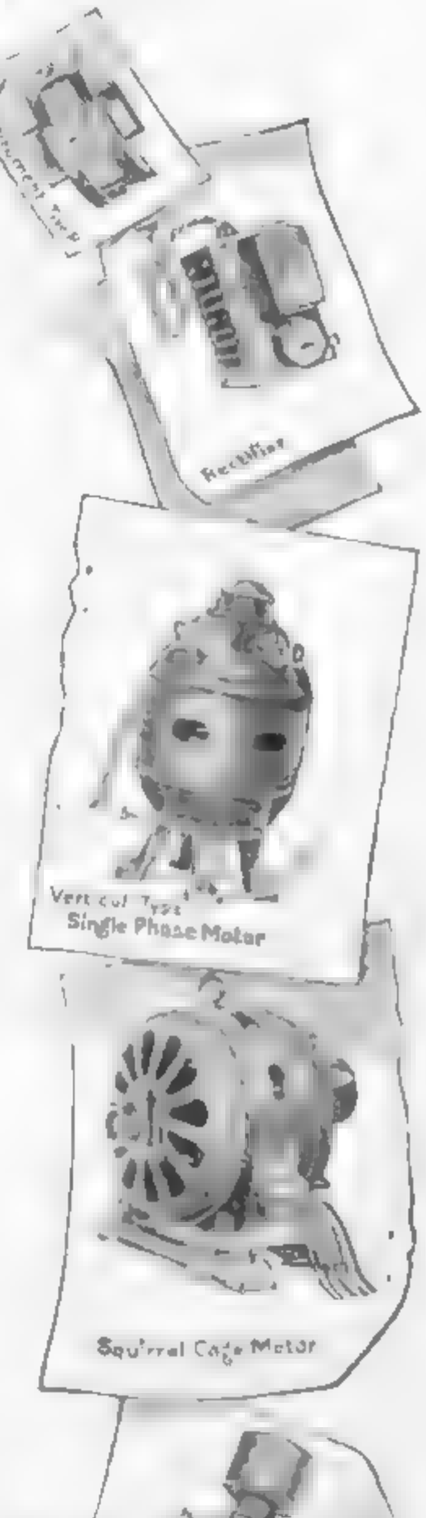
The story of the Wagner Starter and the great organization behind it is interestingly told in "The Starter That is Built to Order" Write for a free copy. If you are interested in Wagner, Quality electrical apparatus, and the Wagner Service behind them, confer with the nearest Wagner Branch and Service Station, or write,

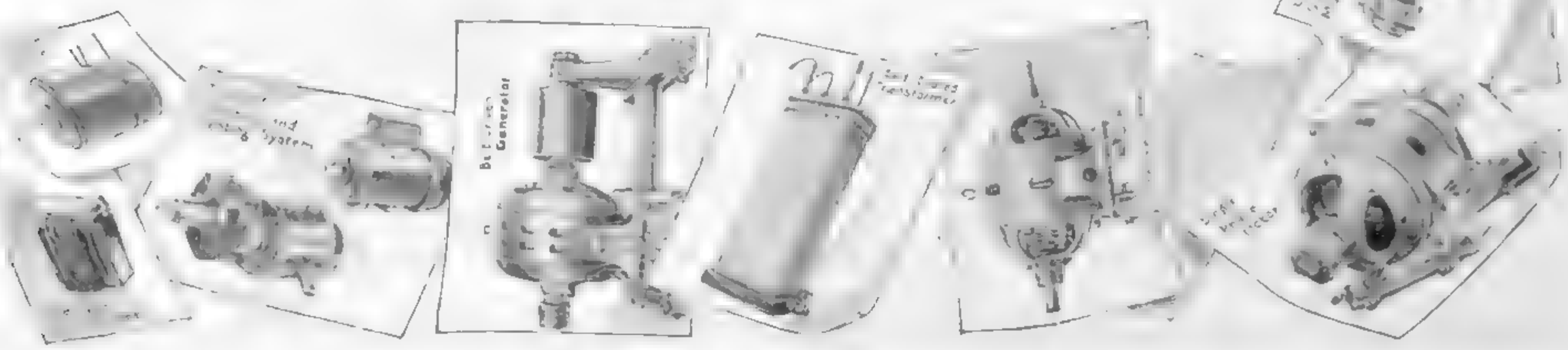
Wagner Electric Manufacturing Co., St. Louis, U.S.A.

Factory Branches with Fully Equipped Service Stations

Boston, Reading, Pa., Toronto, Chicago, New York, Swarthmore, Pa., Cleveland, Milwaukee, Montreal, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Toledo, St. Louis, Richmond, Buffalo, Detroit, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle

Selling Agencies: New Orleans, Sioux City, Denver, El Paso, Salt Lake City, London, Eng.





Why sigh for the freedom from sweeping and dusting that 85,000 other housewives enjoy? Get your own Frantz Premier and gain time to spend in the bracing Autumn air.

Frantz Premier
ELECTRIC CLEANER

THE efficiency and convenience of this sturdy nine-pound dirt devourer are proven because 85,000 American women use and prefer it; because more than 2,500 reliable dealers sell it and vouch for it; and because the makers build every part and fully guarantee it. You can order yours over the telephone with the positive assurance that you are getting as perfect a machine as if it had been made to your order.

A nearby dealer will gladly send you one today if you will telephone. If you don't know him, write us, and we will instantly forward his name and our illustrated "9 A. M." book.

Remember, it is not a genuine nine-pound Frantz Premier unless it has the air-driven revolving brush, one of the many exclusive Frantz Premier advantages.

The fine quality of material and workmanship that have made the Frantz Premier the most dependable of cleaners is still maintained although the price has been reduced. This attractive price is made possible because of our increased production of 100,000 machines this year.

NOW $25

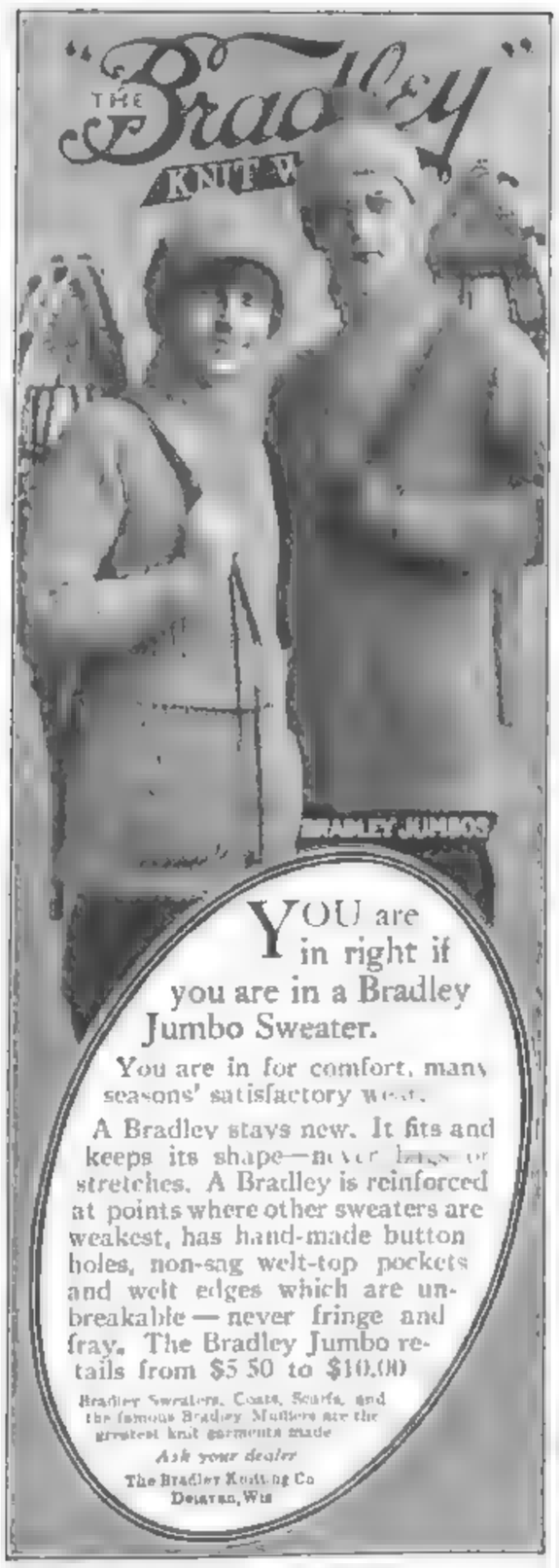
Attachments for special purposes, $7.50.

West of the Rockies, $27.50.

Dominion of Canada, $32.00.

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Cleveland, U. S. A.

Principal Canadian Headquarters: The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.


THE Bradley KNIT
BRADLEY JUMBOS
YOU are in right if you are in a Bradley Jumbo Sweater.
You are in for comfort, many seasons' satisfactory wear.
A Bradley stays new. It fits and keeps its shape—never bags or stretches. A Bradley is reinforced at points where other sweaters are weakest, has hand-made button holes, non-sag welt-top pockets and welt edges which are unbreakable — never fringe and fray. The Bradley Jumbo retails from $5.50 to $10.00
Bradley Sweaters, Coats, Scarfs, and the famous Bradley Mufflers are the greatest knit garments made
Ask your dealer
The Bradley Knitting Co
Delavan, Wis

SAFETY FIRST

SEALPACKERCHIEF
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sealed Packages of White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs for Men and Women

When You Break the Seal

you hold in your hand a snowy, unfingered, ready-to-use handkerchief, folded to fit the pocket, soft and white looking, fresh from the board of an adept laundress.

Each handkerchief is dainty and inviting—germ proof and dust proof: the packing makes it so

Men's Packages		Women's Packages	
Number	Price	Number	Price
1	15¢	1	15¢
3	45¢	3	45¢
6	90¢	6	90¢
12	$1.80	12	$1.80

Look for the name on the package and see that the Seal is unbroken.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send [prepaid] on receipt of price.

SEALPACKERCHIEF CO., N. Y.

Fly For Sport or Business

Land or water flying taught under supervision of Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss, at our San Diego flying camp. Now open for fifth winter season. Good opportunity to witness Army aeroplane competition. A future for you. Illustrated prospectus free on request.

THE CURTISS AEROPLANE CO.
44 Lake Street Hammondsport, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 30)

We looked with a deeper interest then at the man whose arms were bound, but privately we permitted ourselves to be skeptical regarding the details of his alleged ghoulishness. We had begun to discount German stories of Belgian atrocities and Belgian stories of German atrocities. I might add that I am still discounting both varieties. I hear of them daily, almost hourly, but usually the proof is lacking.

To help along our train two more little engines were added, but even with four of them to draw and to shove their load was now so heavy that we were jerked along with sensations as though we were having a jaw tooth pulled every few seconds. After such a fashion we progressed very slowly. Already we knew that we were not going to Brussels, as we had been promised in Beaumont that we should go. We only hoped we were not bound for a German military fortress in some interior city—say Cologne or Münster or Düsseldorf.

It fell to my lot that second night to sleep in the aisle. In spite of being walked on at intervals I slept pretty well. When I waked it was three o'clock in the morning, just, and we were standing in the train shed at Liège, and hospital corps men were coming aboard with hot coffee and more raw sausages for the wounded. In the German army, you will note, sausages are used medicinally. I think they must keep supplies of sausages in their homes, too, for use in cases of accident and sickness.

I got up and looked from the window. The station was full of soldiers moving about on various errands. Overhead big arc lights sputtered spitefully, so that the place was almost as bright as day. Almost directly below me was a big table, which stood on the platform and was covered over with papers and maps. At the table sat two officers—high officers, I judged—writing busily. Their stiff white cuff-ends showed below their coat-sleeves; their slim black boots were highly polished, and altogether they had the look of having just escaped from the hands of a valet.

Chaperoned by Secret Service

When I woke again it was broad daylight and we had crossed the border and were in Germany. At small way stations women and girls wearing long white aprons and hospital badges came under the car windows with hot drinks and bacon sandwiches for the wounded. They gave us some, too, and, I think, bestowed what was left upon the prisoners at the rear. We ran now through a land untouched by war, where prim farmhouses stood in prim gardens. It was Sunday morning and the people were going to church dressed in their Sunday best. Considering that Germany was supposed to have been drained of its able-bodied male adults for war-making purposes we saw, among the groups, an astonishingly large number of men of military age. By contrast with the harried country from which we had just emerged this seemed a small Paradise of peace. Over there in Belgium all the conditions of life had been disorganized and undone, where they had not been wrecked outright. Over here in Germany the calm was entirely unruffled.

It shamed us to come into such surroundings as we were. For our car was littered with sausage skins and bread crusts, and filth less pleasant to look at and stenches of many sorts abounded. Indeed I shall go further and say that it stunk most fearsomely. As for us, we felt ourselves to be infamous offenses against the bright, clean day. We had not slept in a bed for five nights or had our clothes off for that time. For three days none of us had eaten a real meal at a regular table. For two days we had not washed our faces and hands.

The prisoners of war went on to Cologne to be put in a fortress, but we were bidden to detrain at Aix-la-Chapelle. We climbed off, a frowzy, wrinkled, unshaven troop of vagabonds, to find ourselves free to go where we pleased. That is, we thought so at first. But by evening the Frenchman and the Belgians had been taken away to be held in prison until the end of the war as prisoners of war, and for two days the highly efficient local secret-service staff kept the rest of us under its watchful care. After that, though, the American consul, Robert T. Thompson, succeeded in convincing the military authorities that we were not dangerous.

I still think, however, that taking copious baths and getting ourselves shaved helped to clear us of suspicion.

Elgin Wonder Tales

An Elgin Watch that refused to be eaten

"ABOUT the year 1896 I got my Elgin Watch. It has many times bumped on the rocks about the mine. It has been at the bottom of El Saletra Creek, in Mexico. I had it in Alaska in the cold and wet, and for a week at a time I was soaking wet. I went into the Thunder Mountain, Idaho, excitement in 1902-3. This mine is a quicksilver mine, and when mercury is volatilized into fumes from the ore and rock it penetrates anything, and even eats iron and solder. While superintendent of this mine for 3½ years I carried my Elgin Watch, and it never was hurt one particle. With all the jerks and knocks it has received, it has kept time to the second."

(Extract from signed statement, filed in our office.)

No mere "watch" could stand up against such extremes of climate, such exposure to the elements and to destructive acid fumes.

ELGIN *Watches*

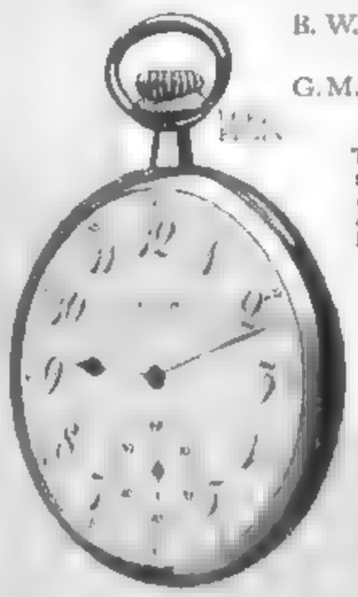
for both men and women, are master mechanisms, designed and built for all emergencies. Put to any service test, the result will be in Elgin's favor.

LORD ELGIN—The Masterwatch. *$135* to *$85.*

LADY ELGIN—A Dainty Timekeeper—pendant and bracelet. A wide range of prices.

B. W. RAYMOND—The Railroad Man's Watch. *$60* to *$32.50.*

G. M. WHEELER—The Foremost Medium Priced Watch. *$50* to *$25.*



TO FRATERNAL ORDERS: Elgin Watches are most appropriate for presentation as tokens of esteem. Upon request, we will be glad to send a number of suitable watches to your local jeweler, from which you can select.

Ask your Elginear — your local jeweler — to show you different models. Booklet on request.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Elgin, Illinois

SAUSAGE has been our specialty at the Jones Dairy Farm for twenty-seven years. The choice parts of the young pigs go into it. We cordially welcome to the farm visitors who wish to inspect our methods.

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

Why not have a small amount of sausage delivered to you regularly? Your dealer gets it fresh on several days each week. Ask him for a booklet of our receipts.

MILO C. JONES, Box 605, FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

Partial list of representative dealers who sell Jones Dairy Farm Sausage

CENTRAL STATES

Illinois ... P. C. Bartlett Co., R. J. Wright & Co. *Riverside*—W. V. Moore. *Rockford*—Burt Bros. *Rock Island*—H. R. Battles. *Springfield* Geo. B. Connelly. *Urbana*—B. F. Stevenson ... Iowa ... Kentucky ... Michigan ... Minnesota *Duluth*—M. M. Cossett ... Wisconsin ...

EASTERN STATES

Connecticut ... Maine ... Massachusetts ... & Co. *North Attleboro*—Geo. A. Hancock & Son. *Pittsfield*— ... New Jersey ... New York ... Ohio ... Pennsylvania ... Vermont ... W. Virginia ...

WESTERN STATES

Arizona: *Bisbee*—J. B. Angius. *Globe*—The Connelly ... California ... *Los Angeles*—*Pasadena*—*San Diego*—*Stockton*—Jon Gianelli Co. Colorado: *Aspen*—L. Andia. *Colorado Springs*—Counes Bros. *Denver*—A. J. Beckwith, Gelb & Hodgson. *Montrose*—Deemer & Gage. *Pueblo*—Gamble & Co. *Silverton*—Silverton Supply Co. *Telluride*—Kratzaw Groc. Co. *Trinidad* Snodgrass Food Co. Idaho: *Boise*—W. J. Campbell & Son. *Idaho Falls*—Eagle ... Montana ... Nebraska ... New Mexico ... Nevada ... N. Dakota ... & South Dakota: *Deadwood*—Mont. Cox Grocery Co. *Grand Forks*—Colton-Widder Groc. Co. *Jamestown*—H. W. Kelley. *Minneapolis*—Mahany-Sours Co. *Rugby*—Nels Jacobson. Heckrick & Co. Oregon: *Pendleton*—The Peoples Warehouse. *Portland*—Sealy Dresser Co. S. Dakota: *Aberdeen* ... Utah ... Washington ... Wyoming *Buffalo* ...

SOUTHERN STATES

Alabama ... Arkansas ... Conner Fulbright Grocery Co. *Fort Smith* Wm. T. Brumley. *Helena*—D. T. Hargraves & Co. *Hot Springs*—Oliver ... Co. Florida: *Daytona*—S. H. McDonald. ... Georgia ... Louisiana ... Mississippi ... Missouri ... Oklahoma ... S. Carolina ... Tennessee ... Texas ...

THE MILLER OF OSTEND

(Concluded from Page 4)

The peasant stopped and, speaking in a like manner, carefully replied in a sort of French. There were Flemish words in it, and all that the German could make out was that the crew of the Zeppelin was to be returned to the sky.

Then the peasant went on. And the wounded man, unable to imagine what the Delphic utterance meant, tried to move his hip into a position where the pain of his injury would not be so unbearable.

Presently the cart stopped. The peasant took up the prisoner, entering what seemed to be a swinging gate, crossed a bit of turf, paused before a door, unlatched it, put his burden inside and, fastening the door behind him, returned to the cart.

With a profound relief the wounded man now understood what the peasant was about. The wind was coming up and perhaps with it rain. The authorities of the Red Cross had sent this man with the cart to bring the wounded prisoners under the shelter of a roof. The old peasant could bring but one at a time. He had gone back for another. And the pain-racked man, no longer making any mental effort, lay in a sort of coma.

The old peasant presently returned with another of the wounded. And so continued his journeys until the four living men had been brought into the house. The dead he did not disturb, nor did he bring a blanket or any article from the wreckage.

The four men lay on the dirt floor—side by side in the darkness.

The door stood open. The night seemed thick and dense. The wind had come up steadily. The old peasant had gone out, and now the men on the floor heard noises as though heavy timbers were being slowly moved about. The sound went on for some time. Then all at once the old peasant appeared in the door, took up the last man whom he had brought in and, flinging him on his shoulder as though he were a bag of wheat, carried him away.

The wounded officer was now alarmed. What thing was this inscrutable peasant about? Once before on this night he had been mistaken in the creature's intent. And the sense of disaster that had seized him when the peasant first approached now returned and possessed him. He strained his ears to listen. For a time there were only slight indistinguishable sounds. Then there was a great creak, and the jar and grind of straining timbers, as though something big and unwieldy arose with difficulty into the air. The old peasant returned and carried away another of the prisoners and again another, until the room was empty. And after his departure there was always the creak and the grind and strain of timbers.

At sunrise the uhlans, advancing along the Brussels road, saw a thing that all the multiple horrors of the Great Mad War could never blur nor efface.

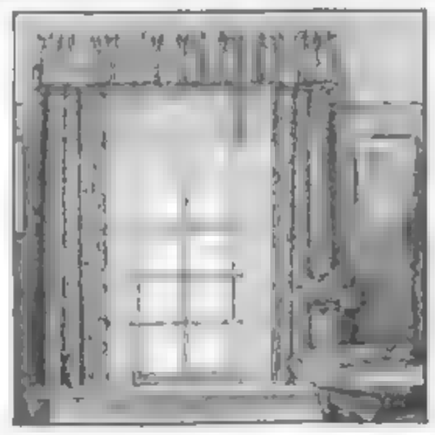
In an old timber windmill of the earliest Belgian type, with a tiny muslin red cross tacked on the door, a stooped peasant was grinding wheat; while, lashed to the great arms in place of the canvas sails, four human bodies turned in a ghastly circle in the sky.

Motor Culture

AUTOMOBILE plows and automobile cultivators, to take the place of horse plows on comparatively small farms, are appearing in many designs both in America and abroad. They are made to be guided by one man, like a horse plow, with handles for steering and levers on the handles for controlling the engine, though in some designs an attachment causes the plow to steer itself after making the first furrow.

The hardest problem the designers had was how to turn the plow at the end of the furrow. The weight of the engine makes the plow too heavy for a man to lift up and turn round, and it would not be practicable to rely on making a great turn at the end of each furrow.

Various schemes have been adopted to meet this difficulty. Some designers have used the plan of shutting the power off from one wheel, so that as the other wheel revolves the plow swings round, and others have installed an automatic lifting arrangement by which the plow will swing itself round on a pivot.



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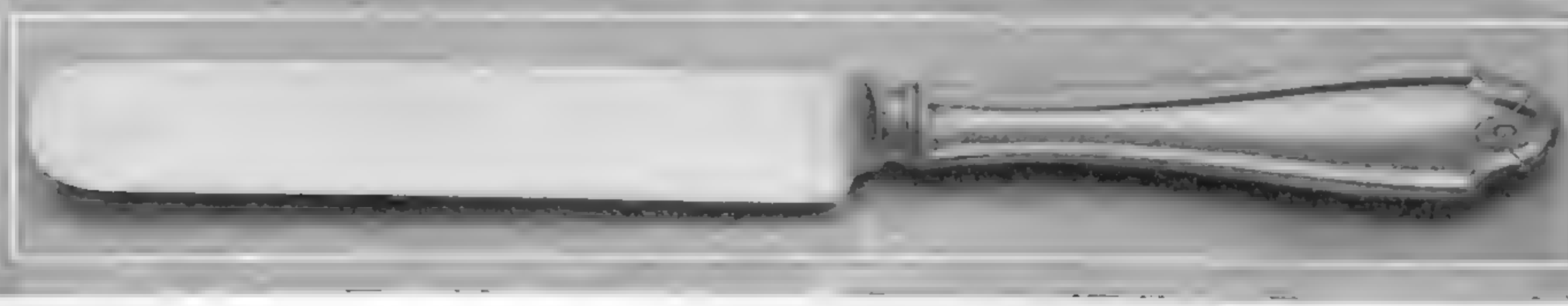

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MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 18)

this is the toughest thing in driving I've ever known! I can do ninety with this car easier than I can do this three. Hello, some one else in trouble!"

Before them in the middle of the road a light was being slowly swung backward and forward. Lane brought the car to a standstill. He had scarcely done so when he and his companion were conscious of the sound of footsteps all round them. The arms of both men were seized from behind. They were addressed in guttural French:

"Messieurs will be pleased to descend."

"What the—— What's wrong?" Lane demanded.

"Descend at once," was the prompt order.

By the light of the lantern that the speaker was holding they caught a glimpse of a dozen white faces and the dull gleam of metal from the firearms his companions were carrying. Hunterleys stepped out. An escort of two men was at once formed on each side of him.

"Tell us what it's all about anyhow?" he asked coolly.

"Nothing serious," the same guttural voice answered. "A little affair that will be settled in a few minutes. As for you, monsieur," the man continued, turning to Lane, "you will drive your car slowly to the next turn and leave it there. Afterward you will return with me."

Richard set his teeth and leaned over his wheel. Then it suddenly flashed into his mind that Mr. Grex and his daughter must be among the captured. He quickly abandoned his first instinct.

"With pleasure, monsieur," he assented. "Tell me when to stop."

He drove the car a few yards round the corner past a line of others. Their lights were all extinguished and the chauffeurs absent.

"This is a pleasant sort of picnic!" he grumbled as he brought his car to a standstill. "Now what do I do, monsieur?"

"You return with me, if you please," was the reply.

Richard stood for a moment irresolute. The idea of giving in without a struggle was most distasteful. Then he realized that not only was his captor armed, but accomplices of this man were on every side.

"Lead the way," he decided tersely.

He was marched up the hill, a little way across some short turf, and round the back of a rock to a long building that he remembered to have noticed on his way up. His guide threw open the door and Richard looked in upon a curious scene. Ranged up against the farther wall were about a dozen of the guests who had preceded him in his departure from the clubhouse. Only one man had his hands tied behind him. The others apparently were considered harmless. Mr. Grex was the one man, and there was a little blood dripping from his right hand. The girl stood by his side. She was no paler than usual—she showed, indeed, no signs of terror at all—but her eyes were bright with indignation. One man was busy stripping the jewels from the women and throwing them into a bag. In the far corner the little group of chauffeurs was being watched by two more men, also carrying firearms. Lane looked down the line of faces. Lady Hunterleys was there and by her side Draconmeyer. Hunterleys was a little apart from the others. Freddy Montressor, who was leaning against the wall, chuckled as Lane came in.

"So they've got you, too, Dicky, have they?" he remarked. "It's a holdup—a bully one too. Makes one feel quite homesick, eh? How much have you got on you?"

"Precious little, thank heaven!" Richard muttered.

His eyes were fixed upon the brigand who was collecting the jewels and who was now approaching Miss Grex. He felt something tingling in his blood. One of the guests began to talk excitedly. The man who was apparently the leader, and who was standing at the door with an electric torch in one hand and a revolver in the other, stepped a little forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "once more I beg you not to be alarmed. So long as you part with your valuables peaceably you will be at liberty to depart as soon as every one has been dealt with. If there is no resistance there will be no trouble. We do not wish to hurt anyone."

The collector of jewels had arrived in front of the girl. She unfastened her necklace and handed it to him.

"The little pendant round my neck," she remarked calmly, "is valueless. I desire to keep it."

"Impossible!" the man replied. "Off with it!"

"But I insist!" she exclaimed. "It is an heirloom."

The man laughed brutally. His filthy hand was raised to her neck. Even as he touched her, Lane, with a roar of anger, sent one of his guards flying on to the floor of the barn, and snatching the gun from his hand sprang forward.

"Come on, you fellows!" he shouted, bringing it down suddenly upon the hand of the robber. "These things aren't loaded. There's only one of these blackguards with a revolver."

"And I've got him!" Hunterleys, who had been watching Lane closely, cried suddenly, swinging his arm round the man's neck and knocking his revolver up.

There was a yell of pain from the man with the jewels, whose wrist Lane had broken; a howl of dismay from the others; pandemonium.

"At 'em, Freddy!" Lane shouted, seizing the nearest of his assailants by the neck and throwing him out into the darkness. He just escaped a murderous blow and drove his fist into the face of the man who had aimed it. "Good for you, Hunterleys! There isn't one of those old guns of theirs that'll go off. They aren't even loaded."

The barn seemed suddenly to become half empty. Into the darkness the little band of brigands crept away like rats. In less than half a minute they had all fled, excepting the one who lay on the ground unconscious from the effects of Richard's blow, and the leader of the gang, whom Hunterleys still held by the throat. Richard, with a clasp-knife which he had drawn from his pocket, cut the cord that had been tied round Mr. Grex's wrists. His action, however, was altogether mechanical. He scarcely glanced at what he was doing. Somehow or other he found the girl's hands in his.

"That brute didn't touch you, did he?" he asked.

She looked at him. Whether the clouds were still outside or not, Lane felt that he had passed into heaven.

"He did not, thanks to you," she murmured. "But do you mean really that those guns all the time weren't loaded?"

"I don't believe they were," Richard declared stoutly. "That chap kept on playing about with the lock of his old musket and I felt sure that it was no use, loaded or not. Anyway when I saw that brute try to handle you, well ——"

He stopped with an awkward little laugh. Mr. Grex tapped a cigarette upon his case and lighted it.

"I am sure, my young friend, we are all very much indebted to you. The methods that sometimes are scarcely politic in the ordinary affairs of life," he continued dryly, "are admirable enough in a case like this. We will just help Hunterleys tie up the leader of the gang. A very plucky stroke that of his!"

He crossed the barn. One of the women had fainted, others were busy collecting their jewelry. The chauffeurs had hurried off to relight the lamps of the cars.

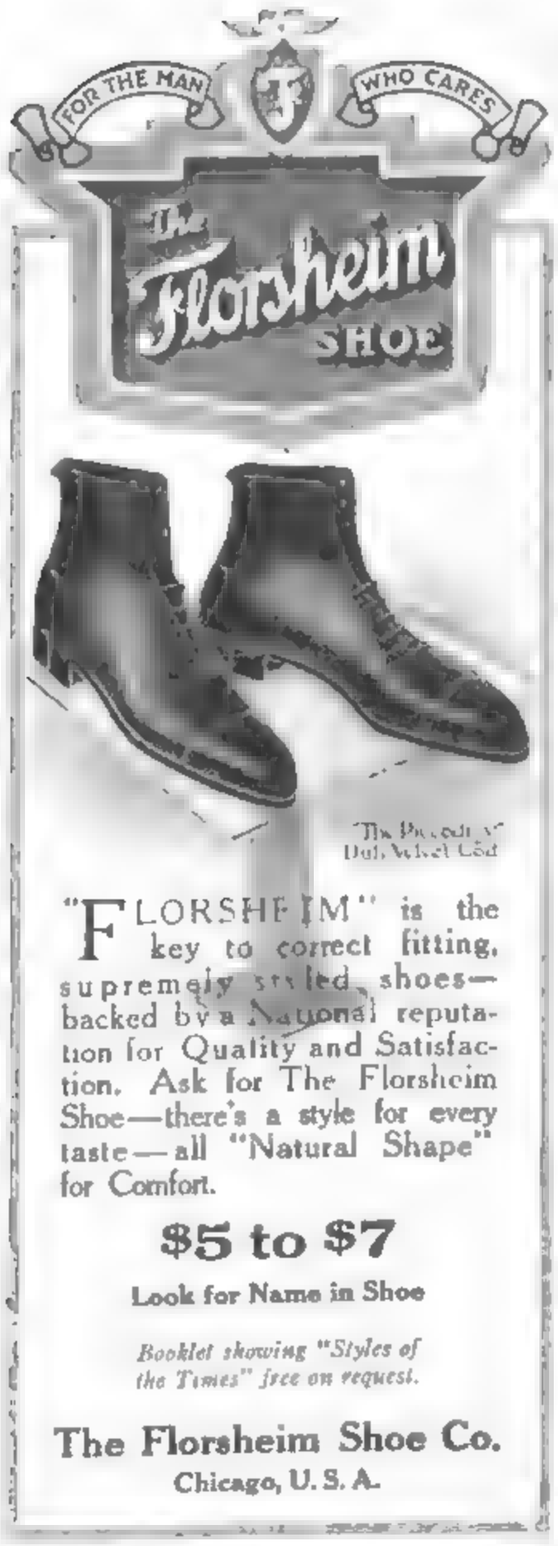
"I must tell you this," Richard said, drawing a little nearer to the girl. "Please don't be angry with me. I went to your father this afternoon. I made an idiot of myself; I couldn't help it. I was staring at you and he noticed it. I didn't want him to think that I was such an ill-mannered brute as I seemed. I tried to make him understand, but he wouldn't listen to me. I'd like to tell you now—now that I have the opportunity, that I think you're just ——"

She smiled very faintly.

"What is it that you wish to tell me?" she asked patiently.

"That I love you," he wound up abruptly.

There was a moment's silence, a silence with a background of strange noises. People were talking, almost shouting to one another with excitement. Newcomers were being told the news. The man whom Hunterleys had captured was shrieking and cursing. From beyond came the tooting of motor horns as the cars returned. Lane heard nothing. He saw nothing but the white face of the girl still standing in the shadows of the barn with its walls of roughly threaded pine trunks.



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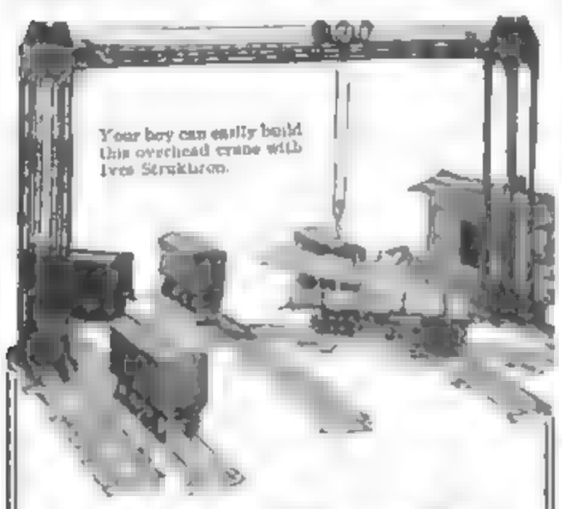

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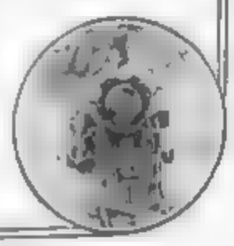

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"But I have scarcely ever spoken to you in my life!" she protested, looking at him in astonishment.

"It doesn't make any difference," he replied. "You know I am speaking the truth. I think in your heart that you, too, know these things don't matter, now and then. Of course you don't—you couldn't feel anything of what I feel, but with me it's there now and for always, and I want to have a chance, just a chance, to make you understand. I'm not really mad. I'm just—in love with you."

She smiled at him, still in a friendly manner, but her face had clouded. There was a look in her eyes almost of trouble, perhaps of regret.

"I am so sorry," she murmured. "It is only a sudden feeling on your part, isn't it? You have been so splendid to-night that I can do no more than thank you very, very much. And as for what you have told me, I think it is an honor but I wish you to forget it. It is not wise for you to think of me in that way. I fear that I cannot even offer you my friendship."

Again there was a brief silence. The clamor of exclamations from the little groups of people still filled the air outside. They could hear cars coming and going. The man whom Hunterleys and Mr. Grex were tying up was still groaning and cursing.

"Are you married?" Richard asked abruptly.

She shook her head.

"Engaged?"

"No!"

"Do you care very much for anyone else?"

"No!" she told him softly.

He drew her away.

"Come outside for one moment," he begged. "I hate to see you in the place where that beast tried to lay hands upon you. Here is your necklace."

He picked it up and handed it to her, and she followed him obediently outside. People were standing about, shadowy figures in little groups. Some of the cars had already left, others were being prepared for a start. Below once more the clouds had parted and the lights twinkled like fireflies through the trees. This time they could even see the lights from the village of La Turbie, less brilliant but almost at their feet. Richard glanced upward. There was a star clearly visible.

"The clouds are lifting," he said. "Listen: If there is no one else, tell me why there shouldn't be the slightest chance for me? I am not clever, I am nobody of any account, but I care for you so wonderfully. I love you, I always shall love you, more than anyone else could. I never understood before, but I understand now. Just this caring means so much."

She stood close to his side. Her manner at the same time seemed to depress him and yet to fill him with hope.

"What is your name?" she inquired.

"Richard Lane," he told her. "I am an American."

"Then Mr. Richard Lane," she continued softly, "I shall always think of you and think of to-night and think of what you have said, and perhaps I shall be a little sorry that what you have asked me cannot be."

"Cannot?" he repeated.

She shook her head almost sadly.

"Some day," she went on, "as soon as our stay in Monte Carlo is finished, if you like, I will write and tell you the real reason, in case you do not find it out before that time."

He was silent, looking downward to where the gathering wind was driving the clouds before it, to where the lights grew clearer and clearer every moment.

"Does it matter," he asked abruptly, "that I am rich—very rich?"

"It does not matter at all," she answered.

"Doesn't it matter," he demanded, turning suddenly upon her and speaking with a new passion, almost a passion of resentment—"doesn't it matter that without you life doesn't exist for me any longer? Doesn't it matter that a man has given you his whole heart, however slight a thing it may seem to you? What am I to do if you send me away? There isn't anything left for me in life."

"There is what you have always found in it," she reminded him.

"There isn't!" he replied fiercely. "That's just what there isn't. I should go back to a world that was like a dead city."

He suddenly felt her hand upon his.

"Dear Mr. Richard Lane," she begged, "wait for a little time before you nurse these sad thoughts, and when you know

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how impossible what you ask is it will seem easier. But if you really care to hear something, if it would really please you sometimes to think of it when you are alone and you remember this little foolishness of yours, let me tell you, if I may, that I am sorry—I am very sorry."

His hand was suddenly pressed, and then before he could stop her she had glided away. He moved a step to follow her and almost at once he was surrounded. Lady Hunterleys patted him on the shoulder.

"Really," she exclaimed, "you and Henry were our salvation. I haven't felt so thrilled for ages. I only wish," she added, dropping her voice a little, "that it might bring you the luck you deserve."

He answered vaguely. She turned back to Hunterleys. She was busy tearing up her handkerchief.

"I am going to tie up your head," she said. "Please stoop down."

He obeyed at once. The side of his forehead was bleeding.

"Too bad to trouble you," he muttered.

"It's the least we can do," she declared, laughing nervously. "Forgive me if my fingers tremble. It is the excitement of the last few minutes."

Hunterleys stood quite still. Words seemed difficult to him just then.

"You were very brave, Henry," she said quietly. "Whom—whom are you going down with?"

"I am with Richard Lane," he answered, "in his two-passenger racer."

She bit her lip.

"I did not mean to come alone with Mr. Draconmeyer—really," she explained. "He thought up to the last moment that his wife would be well enough to come."

"Did he really believe so, do you think?" Hunterleys asked.

A voice interposed. Mr. Draconmeyer was standing by their side.

"Well," he said, "we might as well resume our journey. We all look and feel, I think, as though we had been taking part in a scene from some *opéra bouffe*."

Lady Hunterleys shivered. She had drawn a little closer to her husband. Her coat was unfastened. Hunterleys leaned toward her and with strong fingers buttoned it up to her throat.

"Thank you," she whispered. "You wouldn't—you couldn't drive down with us, could you?"

"Have you plenty of room?" he inquired.

"Plenty," she declared eagerly. "Mr. Draconmeyer and I are alone."

For a moment Hunterleys hesitated. Then he caught the smile upon the face of the man he detested.

"Thank you," he said, "I don't think I can desert Lane."

She stiffened at once. Her good night was almost formal. Hunterleys stepped into the car which Richard had brought up. There was just a slight mist round them, but the whole country below, though chaotic, was visible, and the lights on the hillside from La Turbie down to the seaboard were in plain sight.

"Our troubles," Hunterleys remarked as they glided off, "seem to be over."

"Maybe," Lane replied grimly. "Mine seem to be only just beginning!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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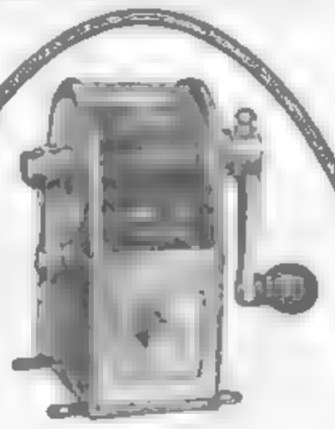

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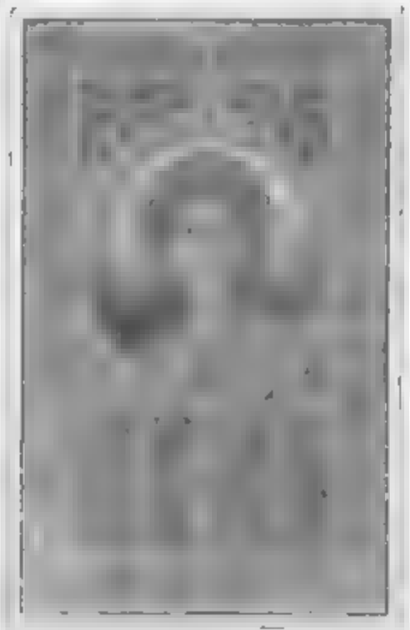

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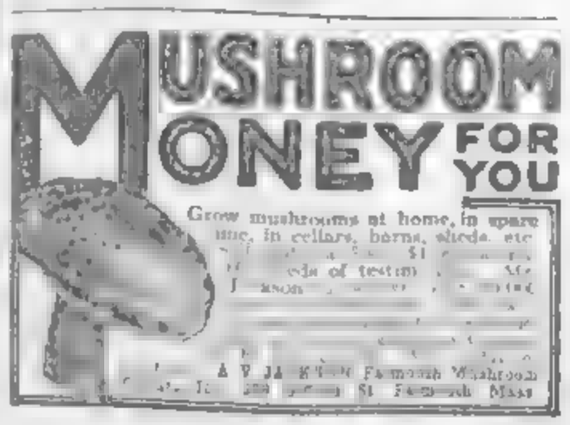

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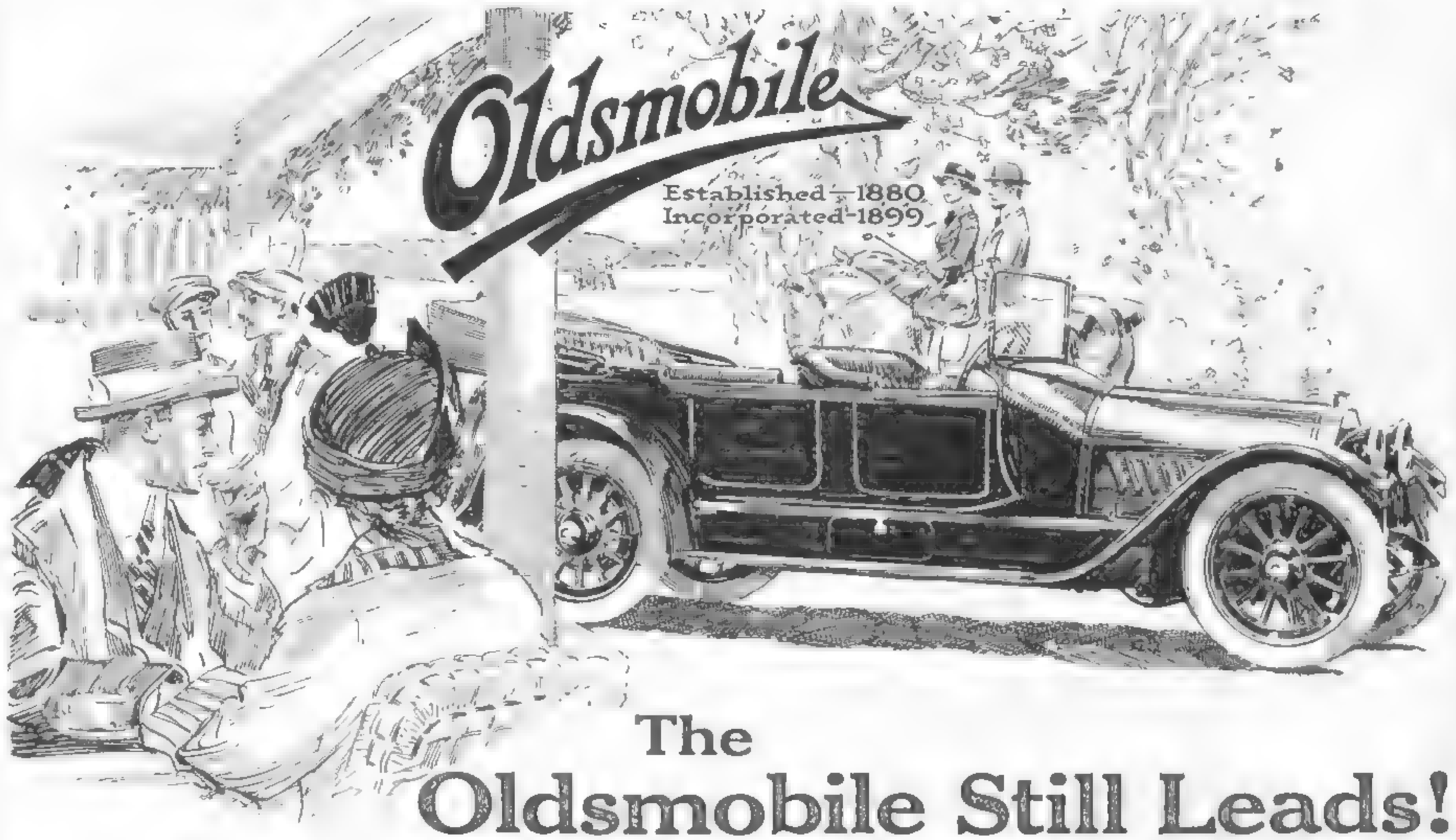

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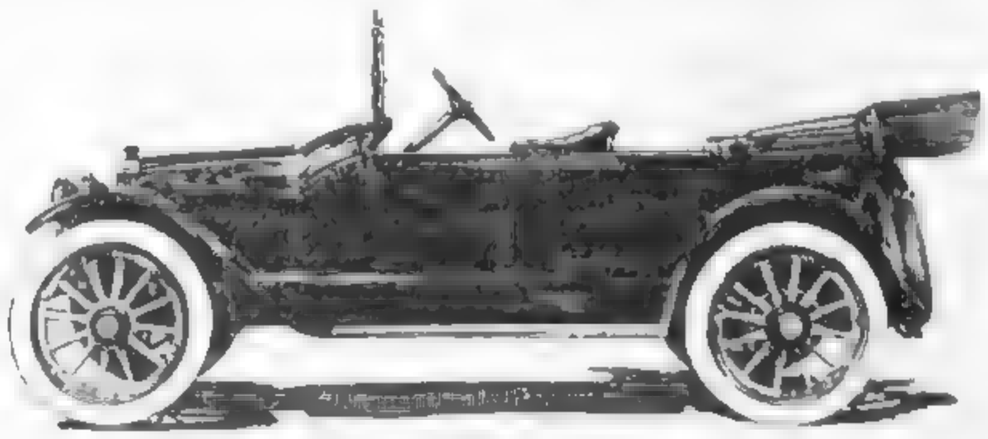


THE OLDSMOBILE "FOUR"

The OLDSMOBILE FOUR $1285

The Little Brother of the Big Six

When we announced for 1915 the new Oldsmobile Light "Four" at $1285, the price made many wonder.

In the past Oldsmobiles have always been among higher priced cars. The question naturally arose: Has this newest Oldsmobile those true characteristics of refinement and patrician qualities that have marked former cars bearing this famous name?

Let us compare the Oldsmobile Light "Four" with its big brother which has been well called "the greatest six-cylinder car in America."

Place the two cars side by side and the likeness is astonishing. The smaller car is truly a replica of the Oldsmobile "Six" reduced in wheel base length to 112 inches. The same distinctive body lines, the same graceful sweep and the same low center of gravity that makes it seem to "hug the ground."

Doors of extreme width; deep luxurious upholstering; big easy-riding underslung springs; beautifully grained Circassian walnut woodwork throughout.

A handsome dash unit with all instruments, including Delco electric starting and lighting system, speedometer and eight-day clock, set flush and immediately under the driver's hand, flooded at night by electric light, makes driving equally easy in darkness and daylight. Dimming searchlights; cast aluminum foot and running boards; concealed tool box, with complete tool equipment; strong substantial wheels of carefully selected hickory in natural finish; Jiffy curtains with one man cape top, with boot.

Only the large demand for a car of this size and style, of true Oldsmobile quality, makes this low price of $1285 possible. We anticipated this demand two years ago and began planning to meet it, working out each detail step by step, until the triumphant result, exemplified in this light Oldsmobile, has been achieved.

Light weight has been achieved without sacrificing an ounce of strength. Ready for the road it weighs less than 2500 pounds.

Under the hood is a remarkable motor. Following the latest tendencies of European designers, it has four small bore cylinders, cast en bloc, unusually compact and powerful; the overhead valves are enclosed and all working parts covered. A special Oldsmobile silencer reduces all motor noise to a quiet hum.

See the Oldsmobile that interests you most at any Oldsmobile branch in the larger cities or call on any of our hundreds of dealers scattered from coast to coast. Our catalog "A," describing the Oldsmobile "Six," and catalog "B," describing the "Four," will be sent on request

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Lansing, Michigan

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

The "Bulldog"

HERE is how a good thing will force its way to the front. For a long time there was only one "Bulldog" Gillette Razor in existence. Then there were two, then seven, and now everybody wants one.

The first "Bulldog" was designed for the Chief of the Company to meet his desire for a *stocky bulldog handle.* He liked it at once. Said it shaved better—new grip and balance—gives more weight and swing to the stroke.

Other members of the organization adopted the "Bulldog": it was evident that the extra weight and different balance are *fundamental.*

Then men everywhere were given a chance at the "Bulldog". They saw the point instantly. Result, the most widespread and immediate success of any new model ever put out by the Gillette Company.

It is making thousands of new friends for the Gillette and regular users are finding it well worth while to buy the new "Bulldog."

Contained in an oval case of Gray Antique Leather, with Blade Boxes to match, containing 12 double-edged Gillette Blades *(24 shaving edges).* With Triple Silver plated Razor, $5.00; with Gold plated Razor, $6.00. See the "Bulldog" at your Gillette dealer's anywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON

Those Who Earn Their Way Through College

Represent today a far larger proportion of the roll-call than they did ten years ago. In the first place, young men and young women now recognize the fact that a college education is a tremendous help to success in most walks of life. In the second place, it is easier to secure the necessary funds.

Thousands of young men and young women have obtained the education they needed through Curtis Scholarships. They entered the institutions offering them the courses they required and we paid the bills.

If you are handicapped by the lack of funds, yet feel that your plans for the future demand a college, conservatory or technical training, write us today. We will tell you just how Curtis Scholarships are awarded and how, without cost to yourself, you can secure the education you require.

In technical schools, in agricultural schools, in business colleges, in universities and state institutions of learning—all over the country are enrolled young men and young women whose fees are paid through our Scholarship plan. Let us tell you about it anyway.

Educational Div., Box 661 ***The Curtis Publishing Company*** *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

THE KRIS-GIRL

(Concluded from Page 21)

not give them; but if she did not Cristina was of opinion that Bob might forget his refinement.

After all, she need not have troubled over the ball, for it proved the tamest affair that Monday Island had known in a very long time—all on account of something that occurred on the very day itself. I was and am extremely sorry the play was not played out to its conclusion.

The sight of Lily Laurence at one end of the room, herding in all the eligible men like a particularly able collie gathering sheep, with Bob at the other, a sultan throwing handkerchiefs among the fairest womanhood of the island, would have been a thing to remember all the rest of one's life. It did not happen, however, and it was Lily herself who prevented it.

At four in the afternoon I was—I am thankful to say—in the billiard room, watching a match of a hundred up between the marker and one of our best players. There were a good many bets on, but the odds offered against the other man were heavy. I had a sovereign on the game myself and had backed Bob at evens.

All the windows were open and the double doors were hooked back; the swing panels in the ceiling were open, too, and the electric fans were whining over our heads; nevertheless, the heat was pretty bad.

I sat drying my face with what had been a clean handkerchief, and watching Bob, who was going to play.

He leaned out over the green cloth until his right leg left the ground. It was not quite an impossible stroke, but

We held our breaths; nobody spoke.

At that precise moment came a most atrocious row in the stone passage leading to the billiard room. Bob started, with his cue just on the move. Of course he missed; and the ball —— Well, we never saw where the ball went.

Something irrupted into the billiard room at that minute which put all thoughts of the ball—even of bets—out of our heads. We had to look twice to see that it was the Lily of Hodgen's Bar—this hundredweight or so of silk-clad flesh—who came hurtling into the room, dragging behind her a remonstrant but defeated Boots.

Miss Laurence's refinement had vanished completely. Where it had been was nought. Only a very angry woman, using words that might have startled a bullock driver if he were young and new to his work, was there, stamping her feet on the tiles of the billiard-room floor and making short, bull-like rushes at Bob Black.

As for Bob, the moment he saw Lily enter he had dropped his cue and got on the other side of the table. He was much the more active of the two, and I do not know how the matter might have ended had not the devoted Boots, in trying to intercept the Lily, succeeded in intercepting Bob instead. Immediately the Lily's hand was on Bob's collar, and the Lily's voice proclaimed to a stunned and silent billiard room:

"No more goings on of this kind—not for me! Bob, you come up to your room and pack your things, with me lookin' on; and then you come down to the boat with your own lawful wife! And you go straight off to Sydney!"

The roar that went up from that billiard room sounds in my ears still. In the midst of it Bob and the Lily disappeared.

Some wit threw a handful of rice after them as they went through the hall a few minutes later. Mrs. Bob stopped short in her tracks, and addressed the crowd with various flowers of language.

She did not want any of their "etcetera'd" jokes, she said. Bob Black and she were lawful husband and wife—married three and a half years; and if she'd chosen to go under her unmarried name while she was at Hodgen's it was because she and her husband wanted to set up a little "shawp somewhere Sydney wye"; and a married girl in a bar isn't any sort of draw and doesn't get any "wyges" worth talking of. No; Hodgen didn't know and the hotel didn't know—and it wasn't any of their business! Bob knew her—with a coruscation of profanity—and he knew that she was the "strightest" woman in Australia, bar none—more display of amazing expletive. He'd have split any one's head who said otherwise. But she didn't know Bob, it seemed. Well, now she did know him, she was going to learn him—that was all! If she caught him up to any of his games ——

Bob Black, ex-prizefighter, put his hand timidly on his lawful partner's arm at this and endeavored to lead her away. Mrs. Black delivered one stinging blow on a war-worn ear that scarcely any man in Queensland could have "got home" on, and detached herself from the marker's control.

"Now I've said my say, and I choose to go," she said; "and I shall go! Bob Black"—a shower of vividly descriptive adjectives—"you go first; and don't let me catch you up to tricks again!"

A great peace fell on the hotel and we realized that the fun was over.

I have said that the dance of that evening was a dull one. So it was—for Monday Island in general. Scores, it was conceded, were fairly equal between the men and women of the town; neither side, therefore, enjoyed the triumph and intoxication of victory. But for Cristina and myself ——

We were in the moonlight out among the kapok trees that grew near the ballroom veranda. No leaves had come on the boughs as yet, but large honey-yellow flowers clustered thickly on them and fell at our feet in golden showers. Some little way off the piano was rollicking out a merry two-step; light skirts flashed past the veranda doors and white suits stamped joyfully up and down. Here in the glancing half-shade of the kapok boughs, with the warm sea creaming on the beach not far away, there was solitude enough for us.

Cristina's small left hand, with the marquise ring of carved gold, hung down at her side. I lifted it and asked her:

"May I?"

She answered not a word; but I felt her tremble with some emotion I could not altogether understand—or could I?—perhaps! She made no resistance as I drew the ring from her finger.

On the soft white flesh where the ring had lain there was a wide purple scar. Cristina covered it with the other hand and looked pitiably at me.

"I can't tell you," she said.

"You don't need to, Cristina," I answered, using her Christian name for the first time. "You have laughed at me this long while for being stupid about your own special talents—about those things, you know, that you find out. I acknowledge I have been; my mind isn't light enough to follow yours in affairs that concern Tom, Dick and Harry and all the world. But when it's something that has to do with you ——"

I stopped for a moment; it was hard to speak.

"When it has to do with you," I went on, "then, my Kris-Girl, I can cut as sharply through a mystery as yourself. Because, where it's love—love, Cristina!—a man can always do better than his best."

I lifted her hand again.

"That scar," I said, "was made three and a half years ago by the mad dog that bit your fiancé. You went through the same treatment as he did. He died; and you knew that you might have the same horrible end to face. You couldn't bear the thought and you ran away from it—kept running away. You consulted doctors, and they told you that the longest period of incubation, fairly authenticated, was about five years. So you gave yourself five years to carry that fear about with you—alone."

"How did you know?" asked the Kris-Girl in a low voice.

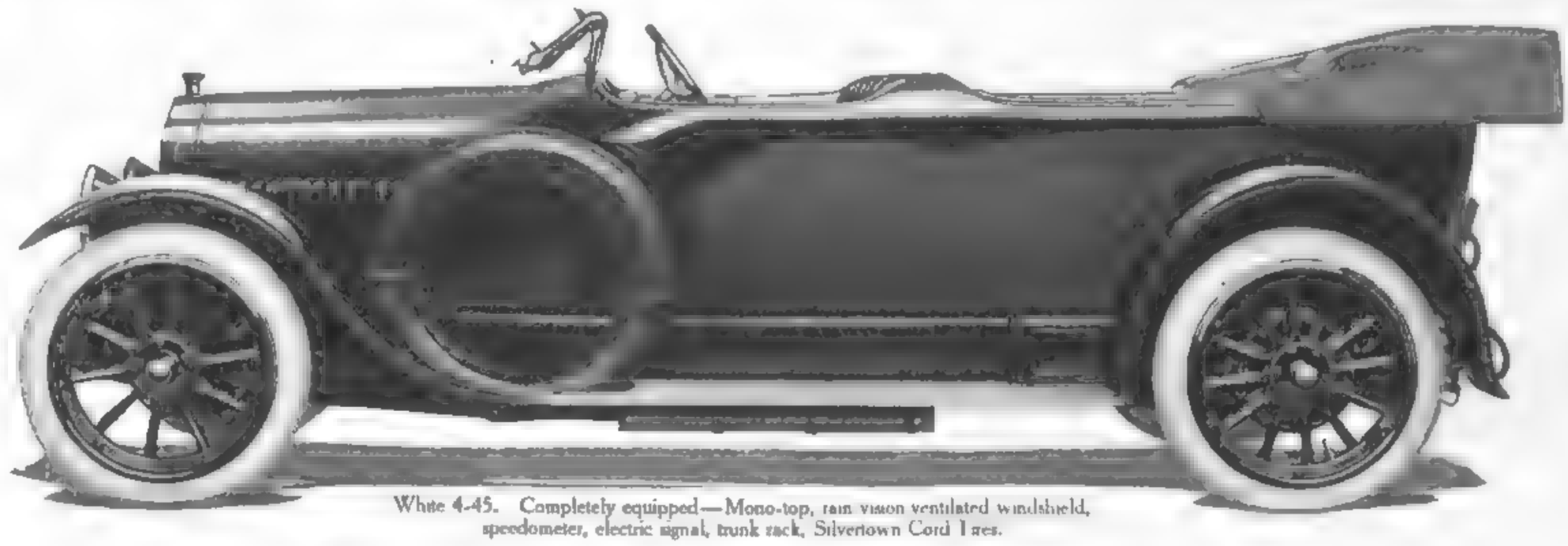
"I was with you, and—I loved you!" I answered. "Besides, Miss Kris-Girl, there are doctors in every port; and other people besides yourself can get dates from them and put those dates together. Talking of ports," I said, "I've something here I got in the last one—where the pearl fisheries are. You remember the little shop there?"

I took a pearl half-hoop from my pocket. Old Rosenstein had told me it was the finest he had put together in the last ten years, and I do not think he lied. I slipped it over the scar on the small white hand.

"Now," I said, "we will go down together and throw that gold marquise into the sea. And you and I, Cristina, will take what may or may not be coming—together!"

That was three years ago. Cristina the Second bit a pearl out of the half-hoop last week. I shall have some trouble in getting it matched.

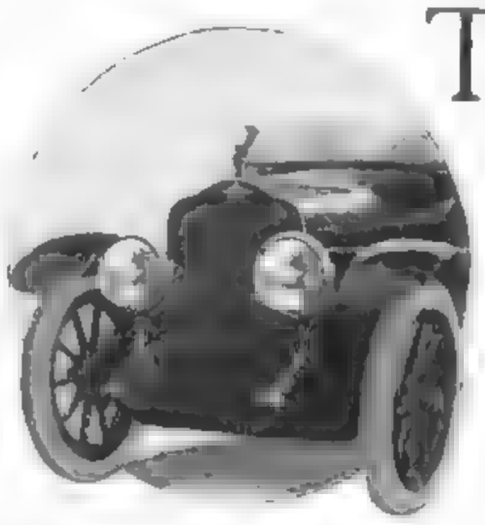
Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of stories by Beatrice Grimshaw.



White 4-45. Completely equipped—Mono-top, rain vision ventilated windshield, speedometer, electric signal, trunk rack, Silvertown Cord Tires.

·THE·LATEST·WHITE·

Leadership in Body Design Added to Leadership in Mechanical Construction



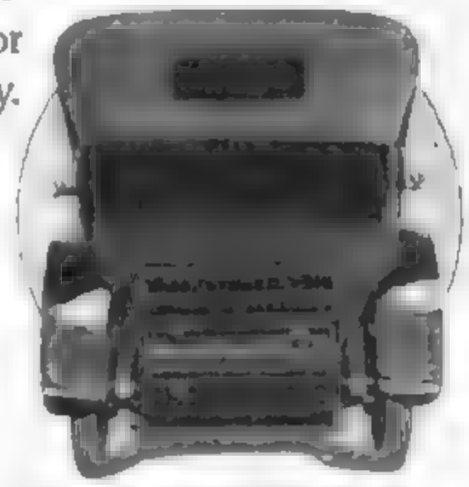
Observe the application of the "streamline" to the front of the car—the most difficult place to achieve the proper result.

THE insistence upon quality which has always dominated the mechanical construction of White Motor Cars is now given expression in every line of the body.

The latest White presents the finally-perfect streamline—without a break, without an angle. The eye sweeps naturally and easily along and over the entire car.

Even the conventional back of the front seat—always awkward in appearance—is gone—absorbed in the artistic double cowl effect.

In these latest productions no detail has been omitted which would give The White an external appearance on a par with the mechanical goodness which has been the strength of the phrase, "KEEP YOUR CAR."



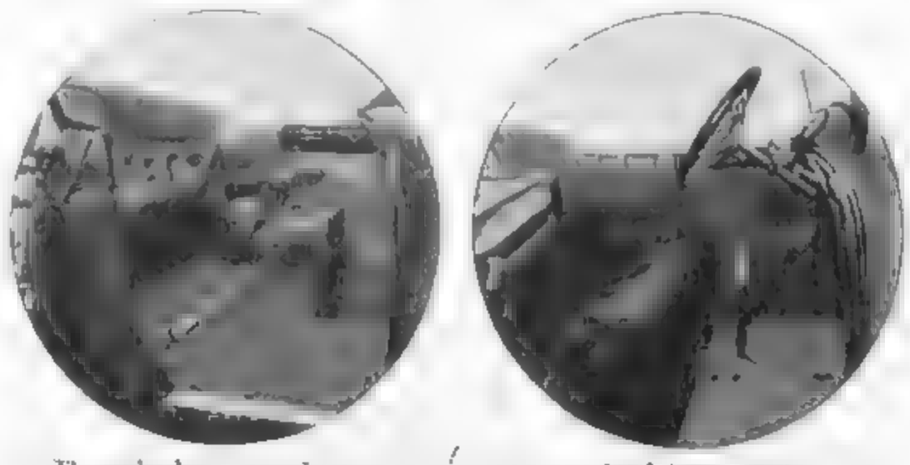
There is refinement and dignity here which fulfills the promise suggested by a view from any other angle

White leadership is a principle

The important and fundamental improvements in automobile construction and operation—the features that are exploited most widely today—have been basic principles in White Cars for years.

In 1909 The White presented the first monobloc, long stroke, high-speed motor—the type of motor heralded as a sensation today, and which has proved its superior efficiency so often.

In 1910 The White presented the logical left-side drive—the first high-grade car to break away from European traditions and give the American public the proper drive for American traffic rules.



The wide doors open into roomy compartments; the fittings are what you expect in such a car. The seats are low, with heavy straight-grain leather upholstery—the sensation is that desirable one of sitting *in* the car, not *on* it. The dash is clean; the control is unified and concentrated on the steering post; the leg room is more than ample.

In 1911 The White presented electrical starting and lighting, with the tremendous advantage of the non-stallable engine, and White foresight gave to the public the system that has so universally proved its superiority—at a time when mechanical, pneumatic and explosive starting systems were at the height of their popularity.

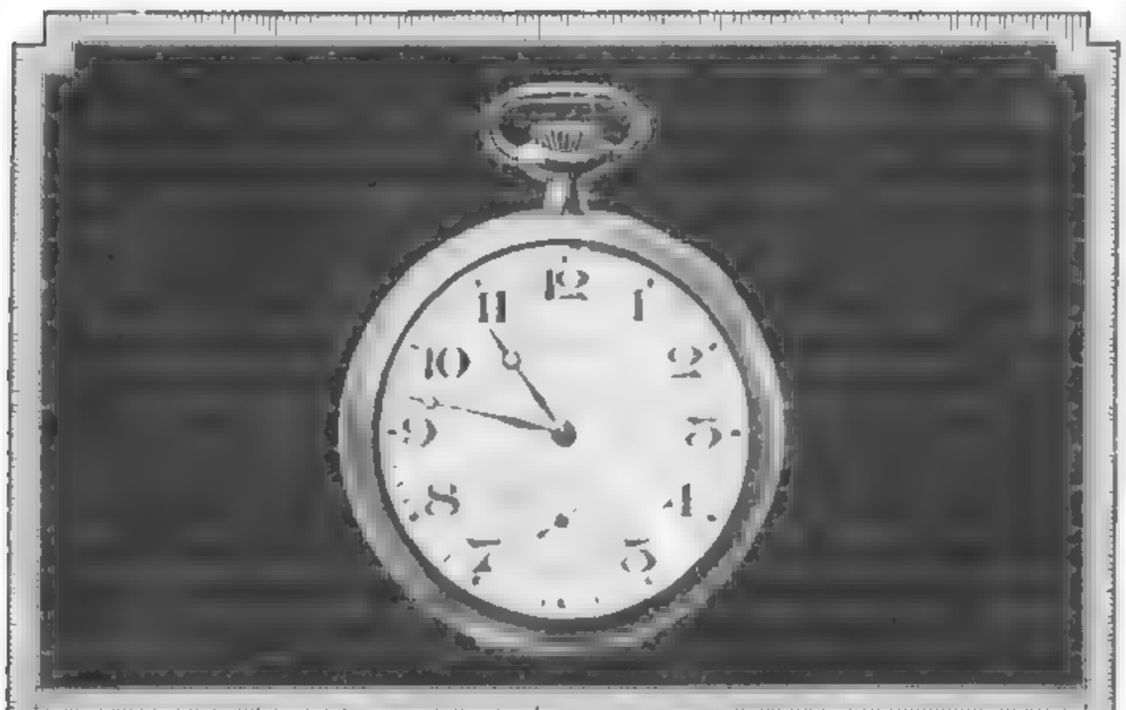
From time to time other important improvements have been perfected and then brought out in White Cars.

The White is replete with dominating ideas in mechanical construction and in the attributes of comfort and beauty.

WHITE DEALERS WILL GIVE FULL INFORMATION CONCERNING THESE LATEST WHITE CARS

THE WHITE COMPANY, Cleveland,

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Motor Trucks and Taxicabs



Visit your Jeweler's and see this
WALTHAM
"Colonial Royal" Watch
at $37.50

17 Jewels-adjusted to temperature & 3 positions

Born and bred into every Waltham Watch are the hereditary Waltham qualities of Accuracy and Beauty.

The simple fact that such a watch (as shown above) is offered at such a price is a genuine "news-item" to all who seek value in a watch.

"The Colonial Royal" can be had either in single-jointed (gold-filled) Calumet case or in a double-jointed case—Washington style, if desired.

This watch is its own best praise. Look for it in your jeweler's window.

Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

1500 College Scholarships Without Cost

Last month forty-two young people commenced college life at the expense of *The Saturday Evening Post*. We say "college life," but the list of the institutions in which these young men and young women are now studying includes not only colleges but the foremost musical conservatories, business colleges and technical schools in the country. *The Saturday Evening Post* is paying their expenses in return for work done for this periodical during the preceding summer. You can do the same thing now.

If you will give some of your spare time to looking after our renewals and new subscriptions in your own town, we will pay all of your expenses in any educational institution which you may select. There is nothing competitive about the plan and you can take whatever time is necessary to accomplish your object.

If you really want to secure an education which will be of value to you all your life, tell us what your ambitions are and we will tell you how to realize them. Nearly 1500 scholarships have already been awarded. Address your letter to

Educational Division, Box 663

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE KITTEN AND THE MOUSE

(Continued from Page 7

"That's right!" agreed Mrs. Necker, to which Mrs. Mix added:

"You can't tell about those fellows, once they've had the mitten handed them. One of mine once said he'd shoot himself!"

"Did he?" Mrs. Backus asked.

Mrs. Mix said "No." He had gone into wholesale shoe findings instead, and had done well.

"Maybe you know him, Mrs. C.?" she asked. "His name's Mr. Beebe—J. Horace is the initial. They live on Riverside Drive."

Mrs. Carew had not met Mr. Beebe. Shaking her head she inquired:

"What was led, please? Hearts?"

It was diamonds, it happened; and, having played one, Mrs. Carew remarked:

"But, of course, Mildred will not live on Riverside Drive. The East Side near the Avenue is much more *choisi*."

"Which?" inquired Mrs. Balch.

"The East Side," Mrs. Carew repeated. "They will have a house, I think, near the Avenue."

"Yes—but lots of swell people prefer the Drive," said Mrs. Mix, adding that she know a number who lived there. She was, in fact, in the midst of naming them when Mrs. Carew spoke again:

"And a country house at the Pier. It was there, you know, that we met Mr. Barclay. He is very fond of yachting, as I've told you. It wouldn't astonish me, indeed, if they went on one for their trip—either there or to the Riviera."

"We went to Old Point Comfort," Mrs. Necker was saying; when Mrs. Carew continued:

"But then, you know, I shall leave all that to Mildred."

Mildred having been mentioned, it was only natural that the ladies should inquire for her. At once Mrs. Carew smiled appreciatively. Mildred was resting. Naturally it was a trying moment for her—a most serious moment. Still, it would never do for her not to look her best, her brightest.

"You understand, don't you?" murmured Mrs. Carew, her tone significant.

Yes; the ladies understood perfectly. While Mrs. Carew, however, was telling them that Mildred preferred a pearl surrounded by diamonds to the usual solitaire, to her annoyance Mrs. Balch interrupted her.

"That reminds me," Mrs. Balch said abruptly. "Where's Tillie Bulty? I haven't see her this afternoon."

"That's so!" echoed Mrs. Backus. "Neither have I!"

As she had already heard several times about the pearl and diamonds—"set in platinum; the chasing exquisite!" Mrs. Carew was saying—Mrs. Backus added:

"What's she doing, anyhow?"

No one could say. Mrs. Necker recalled, though, that just before luncheon Mrs. Bulty had knocked at her door.

"She asked me whether I had any old shoes," continued Mrs. Necker; "but as I was doing up my hair at the time I said no."

"Old shoes!" Mrs. Backus repeated, the other ladies also betraying astonishment. "Is she crazy?"

Possibly, though, the village Mission, Mrs. Necker thought, may have had something to do with it. They were always after one's old clothes and things, she pointed out, adding then:

"Only I give mine to the chambermaid, you know. It saves tipping her."

However, the last seen of Mrs. Bulty was in the writing room. Just after luncheon she had been seen there, hastily penning something. It was a telegram, believed Mrs. Mix, who had seen her.

Mrs. Backus nodded. Mr. Bulty was in New York; but, as Mrs. Backus remarked, a woman nowadays was a fool if she had to write, then wire.

"I have a check book of my own, you'd better believe!" she added.

Afterward she suggested to Mrs. Carew it would be well if she saw that Mildred got one too. It was an excellent suggestion, and Mrs. Carew nodded.

"Yes, of course," she said, adding that there were several things she meant to arrange with Mr. Barclay. One of them was what Mrs. Carew termed a suitable establishment.

"Naturally I shall insist on a butler," she remarked—"and probably a second man. There is also Mildred's car. An ordinary motor will do for the Pier, but in the city she most certainly must have [illegible] They are—— They [illegible]

The speech died on Mrs. Carew's lips. She slowly rose. Her air [illegible] Mrs. Carew was then seen to gape [illegible] astonished, the other ladies for a moment stared at her; then they turned, and, looking down the veranda, they, too, gaped.

The hotel bus had just driven up to the steps, and within it sat Mildred, Mr. Dimmock and Mrs. Bulty. Opposite them sat a smallish gentleman, in diameter plump, with a round face and eyes slightly protuberant. His hat in his hand as he mopped his brow, it was seen he was a little bald. Mildred was talking to him. Evidently this was Mr. Barclay, though at the moment Mrs. Carew did not say so. Still speechless, she was gazing at Mr. Dimmock.

The bus having stopped, Mr. Dimmock was the first to alight. At once the entire veranda was aware he wore what was probably the first silk hat ever seen at Mattituck. A neat morning coat also attired him, in addition to which Mr. Dimmock was adorned with a pair of lavender trousers. Turning, he assisted Mildred to alight; then Mrs. Bulty.

Mildred was all in white, her gown an embroidered muslin trimmed with Irish lace. The hotel, however, hardly noticed Mildred. Having glanced again at Mr. Dimmock, the glances were directed at Mrs. Bulty now. She was wreathed in smiles. What is more, under each arm Mrs. Bulty bore what was apparently a decrepit shoe. Presently, with one of these in her hand, she began to gesticulate, just as a woman does when she is about to throw something at a cat. Ere the missile could be launched, however, there was a diversion.

Mrs. Carew gave a sudden cry.

"Milly!" she ejaculated.

It was the first time in many years that Mildred had been called anything less dignified than Mildred. She started consciously. Then, her hands outstretched, her face appealing, Mildred hastened toward her mother.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried. "Can you ever, ever forgive me?"

At the same instant, desisting from her perilous design, Mrs. Bulty touched Mr. Dimmock on the elbow.

"Give me your arm," she said; then, arm in arm, she and Mr. Dimmock approached Mrs. Carew.

Mildred's mother had just regained her speech. Turning from her daughter, who meantime had burst into tears, Mrs. Carew now addressed Mr. Dimmock.

"What have you been doing?" she demanded, her voice stern, her face severe.

And, gazing at Mildred, then back at Mrs. Carew, Mr. Dimmock spoke.

"I have been getting married," he replied.

From the signs Mrs. Carew might have known it; but somehow the announcement seemed to stagger her.

"Married!" she ejaculated. "To Milly?"

It was so. Mildred, in fact, confirmed it.

"Please, mother," she pleaded, "forgive me! I had to! Mr. Dimmock made me!"

"He made you!" echoed Mrs. Carew, her accent rising on the "he."

Then she glanced at Mr. Dimmock. It was a look mothers often give their daughters' husbands, but Mr. Dimmock met it like a Belgian. However, having said what she said, a thought seemed suddenly to burst on Mrs. Carew's mind. She whirled on Mrs. Bulty.

"I see it now!" she said. "It was you who made him make her! He never in the world would have done it if you hadn't!"

Addressed thus abruptly Mrs. Bulty gave a conscious start.

"What say?" she inquired.

In response Mrs. Carew scourged her with a glance of scorn.

"You dreadful woman!" she exclaimed.

"Well, I wouldn't put it so bad as that," Mrs. Bulty confessed; "but I admit I had a hand in it. I couldn't sleep nights thinking of Mr. Dimmock. He seemed like a real nice young fellow, only he didn't know anything about girls. I was a girl once, you know," added Mrs. Bulty; "so I gave him a pointer or two. Men don't understand. Sometimes we like them if they're fierce."

Mrs. Carew did not deign to reply. Her face icy, she turned to Mr. Dimmock. She wished to speak to Mr. Barclay, she said.

Though the request was addressed to Mr. Dimmock, and though Mr. Dimmock,

by habit, hurried to fulfill it, Mr. Barclay for some reason did not respond. He was still seated in the hotel bus, which still remained at the hotel steps, its driver an interested observer. However, Mr. Dimmock having carried Mrs. Carew's message, Mr. Barclay was seen for a moment to wave his arms, his manner agitated.

"He won't come," Mr. Dimmock reported, returning.

An icy calm had settled over Mrs. Carew.

"It is of no consequence," she murmured; and after a glance at her Mr. Dimmock turned to Mildred.

"Well, dearest," he announced, "we must be going."

That ended it. After a last glance, a last appealing look, Mildred bent forward suddenly and kissed her mother.

"Forgive me, dearest!" she exclaimed; then her voice dropped. "I love him so!"

A moment later the bus, bearing them all, whirled off toward the station. However, ere it darted out from under the hotel porte-cochère a shoe was seen to fly hurtling through the air toward it. Miraculously escaping the bride and bridegroom it landed on Mr. Barclay's head. He snatched it up and flung it through the window. Then, immersed in a cloud of dust, the bus hurried to catch the down train.

"They left their bags at the parsonage, you know," explained Mrs. Bulty, adding that if they missed the train they meant to take a motor to Portland.

A few minutes later Mrs. Backus spoke. Meantime Mrs. Carew had disappeared. Weeping, she had retreated to her bedroom.

"Tillie Bulty," said Mrs. Backus, "it's my opinion you're a fool!"

"Yes, of course—two spades!" said Mrs. Bulty.

DON'T YOU CARE!

(Continued from Page 13)

creditors in this world, and we big fellows and you little fellows must all work together."

Life had a regularity now that would have maddened a man more ambitious than Eddie or a woman more restless than Ellaphine. Their life was like the petunia garden—the flowers were not orchids or telegraph-pole-stemmed roses; but their little faces were joyous, their frocks neat, and their perfume savory.

They knew just how much money was coming in and there was no temptation to hope for an increase. They knew just how much time they had, and one day was like another except that along about the first of every month Eddie went to the office a little earlier and went back at night to get out the bills and adjust his balances.

On these evenings Ellaphine was apt to go along and sit with him, knitting thick woolen socks for the winter, making him shirts or nightgowns, or fashioning something for herself or the house. Her loftiest reach of splendor was a crazy quilt; and her rag carpets were highly esteemed.

On Sundays they went to church in the morning and again in the evening. Prayer-meeting night saw them always on their way to the place where the church bell called: "Come! Come!"

Sometimes irregular people, who forgot it was prayer-meeting night, would be reminded of it by seeing Eddie and Ellar go by. They went so early that there was time for the careless to make haste with their bonnets and arrive in time.

It was a saying that housewives set their kitchen clocks by Eddie's transits to and from the factory. At any rate, there was no end to the occasions when shiftless gossips, dawdling on their porches, were surprised to see Eddie toddle homeward, and scurried away, cackling:

"My gracious! There goes Eddie Pouch, and my biscuits not cut out!"

x

THE whole year was tranquil now for the Pouches, and the halcyon brooded unalarmed in the waveless cove of their life. There were no debtors to be harassed, no creditors to harass them. They paid cash for everything—at least, Ellaphine did; for Eddie turned his entire forty-five dollars over to her. She was his banker and his steward.

She could not persuade him to smoke, or to buy new clothes before the old ones grew too shabby for so nice a man as a bookkeeper is apt to be. He did not drink or play cards or billiards; he did not belong to any lodge or political organization.

The outgo of money was as regular as the income—so much for the contribution basket on Sundays; so much for the butcher; so much for the grocer; so much for the coal-oil lamps. The baker got none of their money and the druggist little.

A few dollars went now and then to the dry-goods store for dress goods, which Pheeny made up; and Eddie left an occasional sum at the Pantatorium for a fresh alpaca coat, or for a new pair of trousers when the seat of the old ones grew too refulgent or perilously extenuate. As Eddie stood up at his tall desk most of the time, however, it was rather his shoes than his pantaloons that felt the wear and tear of attrition.

And yet, in spite of all the tender miserhood of Ellaphine and the asceticism of Eddie, few of the forty-five dollars survived the thirty days' demands. Still, there was always something for the savings bank, and the blessing on its increment was that it grew by exactions from themselves—not from their neighbors.

The inspiration of the fund was the children that were to be. The fund had ample time for accretion, since the children were as late as Never is.

Such things are not discussed, of course, in Carthage. And nobody knew how fiercely they yearned. Nobody knew of the high hopes that flared and faded.

After the first few months of marriage Eddie had begun to call Pheeny "Mother"—just for fun, you know. And it teased her so that he kept it up; for he liked a joke as well as the next fellow. Before people, of course, she was "Pheeny," and, on very grand occasions, "the wife." "Mrs. Pouch" was beyond him. But once, at a sociable, he called across the room: "Say, mother!"

He was going to ask her whether she wanted him to bring her a piece of the "chalklut" cake or a hunk of the "cokernut"; but he got no farther. Nobody noticed it; but Eddie and Pheeny were consumed with shame and slunk home scarlet. Nobody noticed that they had gone.

Time went on and on, and the fund grew and grew—a little coral reef of pennies and nickels and dimes. The amusements of the couple were petty—an occasional church sociable was society; a revival period was drama. They never went to the shows that came to the Carthage Opera House. They did not miss much.

Eddie wasted no time on reading any fiction except that in the news columns of the evening paper, which a boy threw on the porch in a twisted boomerang every afternoon, and which Eddie untwisted and read after he had wiped the dishes that Pheeny washed.

Ellaphine spent no money on such vanities as novels or short stories, but she read the edifying romances in the Sunday-school paper and an occasional book from the Sunday-school library, mainly about children whose angelic qualities gave her a picture of child life that would have contrasted strongly with what their children would have been if they had had any.

Their great source of literature, however, was the Bible. Soon after their factory passed out of their control and their evenings ceased to be devoted to riddles in finance, they had resolved to read the Bible through, "from kiver to kiver." And Eddie and Ellaphine found that a chapter read aloud before going to bed was an excellent sedative.

They had not invaded Genesis quite three weeks before the evening when it came Eddie's turn to read aloud the astonishing romance of Abram, who became Abraham, and of Sarai, who became Sarah. It was very exciting when the child was promised to Sarah, though she was "well stricken in age." Eddie smiled as he read: "Sarah laughed within herself." But Pheeny blushed.

Ellaphine was far from the ninety years of Sarah, but she felt that the promise of a son was no laughing matter. These poignant hopes and awful denials and perilous adventures are not permitted to be written about or printed for respectable eyes. If they are discussed it must be with laughing ribaldry.

Even in their solitude Eddie and Pheeny used modest paraphrases and breathed hard and looked askance, and made sure

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that no one overheard. They whispered as parents do when their children are abed upstairs.

The neighbors gave them hardly thought enough to imagine the lofty trepidation of these thrilling hours. The neighbors never knew of the merciless joke Fate played on them when, in their ignorance, they believed the Lord had sent them a sign. They dwelt in a fools' paradise for a long time, hoarding their glorious expectations.

At length Pheeny grew brazen enough to consult the old and peevish Doctor Noxon; and he laughed her hopes away and informed her that she need never trouble herself to hope again.

That was a smashing blow; and they cowered together under the shadow of this great denial, each telling the other that it did not matter, since children were a nuisance and a danger anyway.

They pretended to take solace in two current village tragedies—the death of the mayor's wife in childbed and the death of the minister's son in disgrace; but, though they lied to each other lovingly, they were neither convincing nor convinced.

YEAR followed year as season trudged at the heel of season. The only difference it made to them was that now Ellaphine evicted weeds from the petunia beds, and now swept snow from the porch and beat the broom out on the steps; now Eddie carried his umbrella up against the sun or rain and mopped his bald spot, and now he wore his galoshes through the slush and was afraid he had caught a cold.

The fund in the bank went on growing like a neglected garden, but it was growing for nothing. Eddie walked more slowly to and from the office, and Pheeny took a longer time to set the table. She had to sit down a good deal between trips and suffered a lot of pain. She said nothing about it to Eddie of evenings, but it grew harder to conceal her weakness from him when he helped her with the Sunday dinner.

Finally she could not walk to church one day and had to stay at home. He stayed with her, and their empty pew made a sensation. Eddie fought at Pheeny until she consented to see the doctor again—on Monday.

The doctor censured her for being foolish enough to try to die on her feet, and demanded of Eddie why they did not keep a hired girl. Eddie had never thought of it. He was horrified to realize how heartless and negligent he had been. He promised to get one in at once.

Pheeny stormed and wept against the very idea; but her protests ended on the morning when she could not get up to cook Eddie's breakfast for him. He had to get his own and hers, and he was late at the office for the first time in years. Two householders, seeing him going by, looked at their clocks and set them back half an hour.

Jabez spoke harshly to Eddie about his tardiness. It would never do to ignore an imperfection in the perfect. Eddie was Pheeny's nurse that night and overslept in the morning. It would have made him late again if he had stopped to fry an egg or boil a cup of coffee. He ran breakfastless to his desk.

After that Pheeny consented to the engagement of a cook. They tried five or six before they found one who combined the traits of being both enduring and endurable.

Eddie was afraid of her to a painful degree. She put too much coffee in his coffee and she made lighter bread than Pheeny did.

"There's no substance to her biscuits!" Eddie wailed, hoping to comfort Pheeny, who had leisure enough now to develop at that late date her first acquaintance with jealousy.

XII

THE cook was young and vigorous, and a hired man on a farm might have called her good-looking; but her charms did not interest Eddie. His soul was replete with the companionship of his other self—Pheeny; and if Delia had been as sumptuous a beauty as Cleopatra he would have been still more afraid of her. He had no more desire to possess her than to own the Kohinoor.

And Delia, in her turn, was far more interested in the winks and flatteries of the grocer's boy and the milkman than in any conquest of the fussy little fat man, who ate whatever she slammed before him and never raised his eyes.

Pheeny, however, could not imagine this. She could not know how secure she was in Eddie's heart, or how she had grown in and about his soul until she fairly permeated his being.

So Pheeny lay up in the prison of her bed and imagined vain things, interpreting the goings-on downstairs with a fantastic cynicism that would have startled Boccaccio. She did not openly charge Eddie with these fancied treacheries. She found him guilty silently and silently acquitted him of fault, abjectly asking herself what right she had to deny him all acquaintance with beauty, hilarity and health.

She remembered her mother's eternal moan: "All men are alike." She dramatized her poor mouse of a husband as a devastating Don Juan; and then forgave him, as most of the victims of Don Juan's ruthless piracies forgave him.

She suffered hideously, however. Eddie, seeing the deep, sad look of her eyes as they studied him, wondered and wondered, and often asked her what the matter was; but she always smiled as a mother smiles at a child that is too sweet to punish for any mischief, and she always answered: "Nothing! Nothing!" But then she would sigh to the caverns of her soul. And sometimes tears would drip from her brimming lids to her pillow. Still, she would tell him nothing but "Nothing!"

Finally the long repose repaired her worn-out sinews and she grew well enough to move about the house. She prospered on the medicine of a new hope that she should soon be well enough to expel the third person who made a crowd of their little home.

And then Luella Thickins came back to town. Luella had married long before and moved away; but now she came back a widow, handsome instead of pretty, billowy instead of willowy, seductive instead of spoony, and with that fearsome menace a widow carries like a cloud about her.

Eddie spoke of meeting her "downtown," and in his fatuous innocence announced that she was "as pirty as ever." If he had hit Pheeny with a hatchet he would have inflicted a less painful wound.

XIII

LUELLA'S presence cast Pheeny into a profounder dismay than she had ever felt about the cook. After all, Delia was only a hired girl, while Luella was an old sweetheart. Delia had put wicked ideas into Eddie's head and now Luella would finish him. As Ellaphine's mother had always said: "Men have to have novelty."

The Lord Himself had never seen old Mr. Govers stray an inch aside from the straight path of fidelity; but his wife had enhanced him with a lifelong suspicion that eventually established itself as historical fact.

Pheeny could find some excuse for Eddie's Don Juanity with the common clay of Delia, especially as she never quite believed her own beliefs in that affair; but Luella was different. Luella had been a rival. The merest courtesy to Luella was an unpardonable affront to every sacred right of successful rivalry.

The submerged bitternesses that had gathered in her soul like bubbles at the bottom of a hot kettle came showering upward now, and her heart simmered and thrummed, ready to boil over if the heat were not removed.

One day, soon, Luella fastened on Eddie as he left the factory to go home to dinner. She had loitered about, hoping to engage the eye of Jabez, who was now the most important widower in town. Luella had elected him for her next; but he was away, and she whetted her wits on Eddie. She walked at his side, excoriating him with her glib memories of old times and the mad devotion he had cherished for her then.

He felt that it was unfaithful of him even to listen to her, but he could not spur up courage enough to bolt and run. He welcomed the sight of his own gate as an asylum of refuge. To his horror Luella stopped and continued her chatter, draping herself in emotional attitudes and italicizing her coquetries. Her eyes seemed to drawl languorous words that her lips dared not voice, and she committed the heinous offense of plucking at Eddie's coat sleeve and clinging to his hand. Then she walked on like an erect cobra.

Eddie's very back had felt that Pheeny was watching him from one of the windows or from all the windows, for when, at last, he achieved the rude victory of breaking away from Luella and turned toward the porch, every window was a somber eye of reproach.

(Continued on Page 46)

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(Continued from Page 44

He would not have looked so guilty if he had been guilty. He shuffled into the house like a boy who comes home late to dinner; and when he called aloud—"Pheeny! Oh, Pheeny!"—his voice cracked and his throat was uncertain with phlegm.

He found Pheeny upstairs in their room, with the door closed. He closed it after him when he went in. He feigned a care-free joy at the sight of her, and stumbled over his own feet as he crossed the room and put his arms about her, where she sat in the big rocking-chair; but she brushed his arms aside and bent her cheek away from his pursed lips. This startled him, and he gasped:

"Why, what's the matter, honey? Why don't you kiss me?"

"You don't want to kiss me," she muttered.

"Why don't I?" he exclaimed.

"Because I'm not pirty. I'm not young. I'm not round or tall. I haven't got nice clothes or those terrible manners that men like in women. You're tired of me. I don't blame you; but you don't have to kiss me, and you don't want to."

It was a silly sort of contest for so old a couple; but their souls felt as young as childhood, or younger, and this debate was all-important. He caught at her again and tried to drag her head to his lips, pleading inanely:

"Of course I want to kiss you, honey! Of course I do! Please—please don't be this way!"

But she evaded him still, and glared at him as from a great distance, sneering rather at herself than him and using that old byword of Luella's:

"What can you see in me?" Suddenly she challenged him: "Who do you kiss when you kiss me?"

He stared at her for a while as if he were not sure who she was. Then he sat down on the broad arm of her chair and took one of her hands in his—the hand with the wedding ring on it—and seemed to talk to the hand more than to her, lifting the fingers one after another and studying each digit as though it had a separate personality—as perhaps it had.

XIV

"WHO do I kiss when I kiss you? That's a funny question!"

He laughed solemnly. Then he made a very long speech, for him; and she listened to it with the attention due to that most fascinating of themes, the discussion of oneself by another.

"Pheeny, when I was about knee-high to a grasshopper I went over to play in Tim Holdredge's father's orchard; and when I started for home there was a big dawg in old Mrs. Pittinger's front yard, and it jumped round and barked at me. I guess it was just playing, because, as I remember it now, it was wagging its tail, and afterward I found out it was only a cocker spaniel; but I thought it was a wolf and was going to eat me. I begun to cry, and I was afraid to go backward or to go forward.

"And by and by a little girl came along and asked me what I was crying about, and I said: 'About the dawg!' And the little girl said: 'O-oh! He's big, ain't he?' And I said: 'He's goin' to eat one of us all up!' And the little girl said: 'Aw, don't you care! You take a-holt of my hand and I'll run past with you; and if he bites he'll bite me first and you can git away!' She was as scared as I was; but she grabbed my hand and we got by without being et up. Do you remember who that little girl was?"

The hand in his seemed to remember. The fingers of it closed on his a moment, then relaxed as if to listen for more. He mused on:

"I wasn't very big for my size even then, and I wasn't very brave ever. I didn't like to fight, like the other boys did, and I used to rather take a lickin' than give one. Well, one day I was playin' marbles with another boy, and he said I cheated when I won his big taw; but I didn't. He wanted to fight, though, and he hit me; and I wouldn't hit back. He was smaller than what I was, and he give me a lot of lip and dared me to fight; and I just couldn't. He said I was afraid, and so did the other boys; and I guess I was. It seemed to me I was more afraid of hurtin' somebody else than gettin' hurt myself; but I guess I was just plain afraid.

"The other boys begun to push me round and call me a cowardy-calf, and I begun to cry. I wanted to run home, but I was

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afraid to start to run. And then a little girl came along and said: 'What's the matter, Eddie? What you cryin' for?' And I said: 'They're all pickin' on me and callin' me cowardy-calf!' And she said: 'Don't you care! You come right along with me; and if one of 'em says another word to you I'll scratch their nasty eyes out!' Do you remember that, Pheeny?"

Her other hand came forward and embraced his wrist.

"And another time you found me cryin'. I was a little older, and I'd studied hard and tried to get my lessons good; but I failed in the exam'nations, and I was goin' to tie a rock round my neck and jump in the pond. But you said: 'Aw, don't you care, Eddie! I didn't pass in mine either!'

"And when I wanted to go to college, and Uncle Loren wouldn't send me, I didn't cry outside, but I cried inside; and I told you and you said: 'Don't you care! I don't get to go to boardin' school myself.'

"And when I was fool enough to think I liked that no-account Luella Thickins, and thought I'd go crazy because her wax-doll face wouldn't smile for me, you said: 'Don't you care, Eddie! You're much too good for her. I think you're the finest man in the country.'

"And when the baby didn't come and I acted like a baby myself, you said: 'Don't you care, Eddie! Ain't we got each other?'

"Seems like ev'ry time I been ready to lay down and die you've been there with your old 'Don't you care! It's going to be all right!'

"Just last night I had a terrible dream. I didn't tell you about it for fear it would upset you. I dreamed I got awful sick at the office. I couldn't seem to add the figures right and the old desk wobbled. Finally I had to leave off and start for home, though it was only a quarter of twelve; and I had to set down on Doc Noxon's horse block and on Holdredge's wall to rest; and I couldn't get our gate open. And you run out and dragged me in, and got me upstairs somehow, and sent Delia around for the doctor.

"Doc Noxon made you have a trained nurse, but I couldn't stand her; and I wouldn't take medicine from anybody but you. I don't suppose I was dreamin' more'n a few minutes, all told; but it seemed like I laid there for weeks, till one day Doc Noxon called you out of the room. I couldn't hear what he was saying, but I heard you let out one terrible scream; and then I heard sounds like he was chokin' you, and you kept sayin': 'Oh, no! No! No!'

"I tried to go to help you, but I couldn't lift my head. By and by you come back, with your eyes all red. Doc Noxon was with you and he called the nurse over to him. You come to me and tried to smile; and you said:

"'Well, honey, how are you now?'

"Then I knew what the doctor had told you and I was worse scared than when the black dog jumped at me. I tried to be brave, but I never could seem to be. I put out my hands to you and hollered:

"'Pheeny, I'm goin' to die! I know I'm goin' to die! Don't let me go! I'm afraid to die!'"

Now the hands clenched his with a frenzy that hurt, but beautifully. And he kissed the wedding ring as he finished:

"And you dropped down to me on the floor by the bed and took my hands—just like that. And you whispered: 'Don't you care, honey! I'll go with you. Don't you care!'

"And the fever seemed to cool out of me, and I kind of smiled and wasn't afraid any more; and I turned my face to you and kissed you—like this, Pheeny.

"Why, you've been cryin', haven't you? You mustn't cry—you mustn't! All those girls I been telling you about are the girl I kiss when I kiss you, Pheeny. There couldn't be anybody as beautiful as you are to me.

"I ain't 'mounted to much; but it ain't your fault. I wouldn't have 'mounted to anything at all if it hadn't been for you, Pheeny; and I been the happiest feller in all this world—or I have been up to now. I'm awful lonedsome just now. Don't you s'pose you could spare me a kiss?"

She spared him one.

Then the cook pounded on the door and called through in a voice that threatened to warp the panels:

"Ain't you folks ever comin' down to dinner? I've rang the bell three times. Everything's all cold!"

But it wasn't. Everything was all warm.

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PRINCESS
New Gaiter Boot
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FASHION decrees *Fancy Tops* and *Gaiter Effects* for 1914-1915. These "smart" features are carried out with dash and daintiness in this distinctive Regal Style, with a plain vamp of Patent Leather and a gaiter top of Fawn-colored Buckskin.

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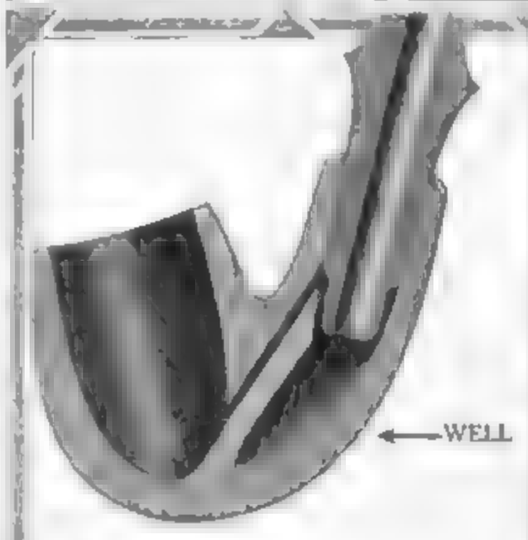

The Right Pipe Principle

This illustration speaks for itself. Note how the *well* is made to catch all the saliva and keep it out of the bowl. That's the Wellington principle and it makes sure of a cool, sweet, dry smoke to the last grain of the tobacco.

The Wellington

is the leader of the W D C line of first-rate pipes, stamped with the triangle trademark that has identified W D C pipes for fifty years and more. The Wellington has given the best kind of satisfaction for more than ten years; it isn't an experiment. Made in many styles. 25c, 35c, 50c and up. At good dealers'. Made in America.

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Free Book—Send me your dealer's name and I will send you my Free Book [illegible] a free sample copy of my [illegible] magazine "Erector [illegible] interesting things you [illegible] enjoy. Write me today

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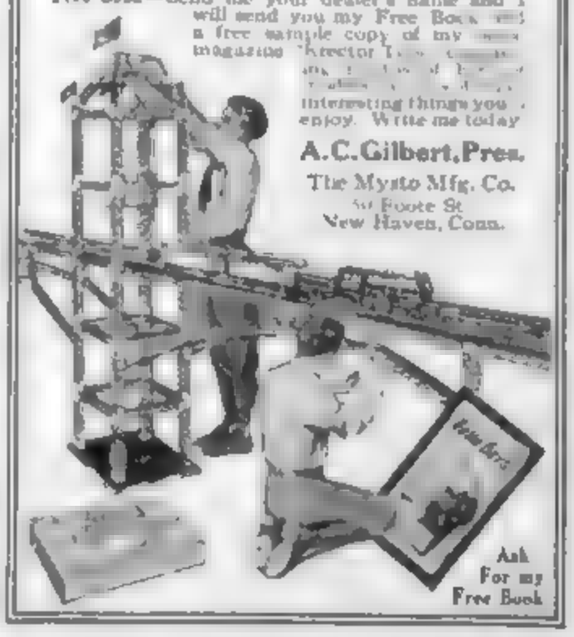

Ask For my Free Book

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

What Electric Cranking and Lighting have done for the Automobile

We stated in an advertisement some months ago that "The Delco System has revolutionized the Automobile Industry."

This is literally true.

The Delco System was the pioneer in the Electric Cranking field.

When it first appeared it was looked upon with suspicion, and condemned as impractical by automobile and electrical engineers.

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Today there are 173,000 Delco equipped cars in use, and every automobile built to sell at $750 or more has electrical equipment of some kind.

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It has so simplified driving that thousands of men and women who would not undertake to handle a car in the old days of hand-cranking and troublesome lighting systems are now enjoying the pleasure and exhilaration of driving.

It has added greatly to the safety of driving—by making it possible to start the car instantly when the engine stalls in a dangerous place—by furnishing a brilliant, reliable light for night driving—by eliminating the chance of a broken arm in cranking.

And it has made possible a great many refinements in motor car construction.

It is no longer necessary to sacrifice efficiency or long life in order to secure a motor that can be easily cranked.

Electricity takes care of the cranking now—and the gasoline engine designer can devote all his attention to the development of power and economy.

With electric cranking it is also possible to make carburetor adjustments much finer than in old days—thus not only developing more power but increasing very considerably the mileage per gallon of gasoline.

Hence, we have as a result of the revolutionary movement that was started by the introduction of the Delco system—

A greatly increased market for automobiles.

Greater ease and pleasure in driving.

Greater safety.

Greater engine efficiency.

Better carburation—more power and more miles per gallon.

And in addition a more efficient and reliable system of ignition than was ever before developed.

The automobile of today is a better car than was dreamed of a few years ago.

The Delco electric cranking, lighting and ignition system has helped to make it so.

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO. STARTING LIGHTING IGNITION DELCO DAYTON OHIO

PERMANENT PROSPERITY

(Continued from Page 15)

and factories? Shall we not establish a real, a permanent and a nonpartisan tariff commission of experts, each one of whom is master of the subject, whose sole and exclusive business it shall be to do for us that part of our tariff work which can be done only by such men and in such a way? Shall we not settle our tariff question for good and all—get it out of the way of business? Shall we not secure for ourselves steadiness in business conditions and a normal and permanent prosperity?

Or shall we go on in the old way, which gives us tariff laws written by the hand of ignorance, guided in the writing by the hand of interest—laws that are just to nobody? Shall we go on allowing political parties to create tariff upheavals every few years that shock our entire business world, and throw out of gear the machinery of our domestic commerce, and make normal prosperity impossible and permanent prosperity a hopeless dream?

You would think there could be but one answer to these questions; and that would be the case but for the intellectual locomotor ataxia with which partisanship inflicts us. Can we throw off at the ballot box this deadly paralysis which benumbs our minds and controls us? Have we sense enough and will enough to vote for our own permanent welfare instead of voting as politicians who control political parties tell us to vote? It is an acid test of our intelligence. It goes far to show our boasted capacity for governing ourselves.

If possible our other great business question has been treated even more foolishly than the tariff question; and yet what should be done with it is just as simple as what should be done with the tariff.

The way we have handled our so-called trust question would have practically stopped business in any country having smaller resources and denser population. As the German business man already quoted practically declared: "We could not do business at all if we treated our tariff and trust questions as you Americans treat yours."

At the risk of being tedious, I again ask all Americans, especially American business men, whether they have reflected that the only reason we are able to have any kind of prosperity in this country, treating our business laws as we have treated them, is because of our perfectly enormous natural resources, our ideal trade location, and our comparatively small population. Please consider what our situation would be if the products of our farms were only half of what they now are, if two-thirds of our mines did not exist, and if a billion men, women and children were within our borders.

Just what, then, is the trust question, and just how have we gone about answering it?

The time is within the memory of living men when most of the country's business was done by small partnerships or little corporations. Railroads were few, poor, slow, disconnected and extremely expensive. Wagon roads were so bad that travel or transportation over them meant heavy loss. Thus, production and distribution were generally limited to small areas.

Dismembering Business Giants

To-day, however, excellent railroads, with perfect connections; telegraphs reaching from the great business centers into the smallest hamlet; telephones from factory to farmhouse; fast mail and rural free delivery—have knit a hundred million people, scattered over a continent, into a single industrial, commercial and social family. To supply the needs of these people thus closely thrown together, larger and ever larger producing and distributing organizations spring up.

The little concerns of fifty years ago could no more supply the growing wants of the people than the school, fire and police arrangements in the small cities of that period could take care of the education, safety and order of the great cities of to-day.

Thus there grew up quite naturally, in response to a sound, economic demand, great business organizations, just as was the case in every other modern country. For example, Germany has more of what we call trusts, in proportion to her wealth, area and population, than we have in the United States; but throughout our history we developed a savage and monstrous individualism, the motto of which has been: "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost!" It became a part of our common thought that "every man's business is nobody's business but his own."

This manner of thinking and doing was, of course, adopted by the managers of the big-business concerns that the expanding necessities of the people and perfect means of communication developed—concerns so big that they became public as well as private affairs. Therefore they did as they pleased; and they did wickedly. The idea was to get money in any way. Profits by hook or by crook, the amassing of wealth by fair means or by foul, was the ideal. Thus came overcapitalization and all the evil practices of great corporations from which the people have suffered.

The people felt the injury done them, and they saw the size of the commercial and industrial giants that did the injury. Instead of using their combined power to make these giants serve them, the people wished to dismember the giants, though these mighty economic forces were the children of the people's own economic progress, and though these vast organizations were necessary to do the services the people needed, and can be made to serve the people as no other known agency can serve them.

Laws That Leave Us in the Dark

Thus came about our so-called antitrust law, which does not strike at a single evil of Big Business from which alone the people suffer; but strikes only at the very existence of concerns when they become great enough to focus on themselves the eyes of the nation.

Of course our so-called antitrust law has not succeeded in destroying these great business organizations; on the contrary, the quarter of a century during which it has been on the statute books has been the period when the so-called trusts have grown greatest in size and power. In the impossible effort to break them up, instead of controlling them, no attention, generally, has been paid—until quite recently—to stopping their evil doings.

So, on the one hand, the people are as directly and sadly wronged to-day by great and wicked business concerns as they ever were; and, on the other hand, the efforts of the courts to dismember them have thrown all honest business into a frightened confusion, which takes away from the hundreds of thousands of honest American business men a large part of their efficiency and power for good.

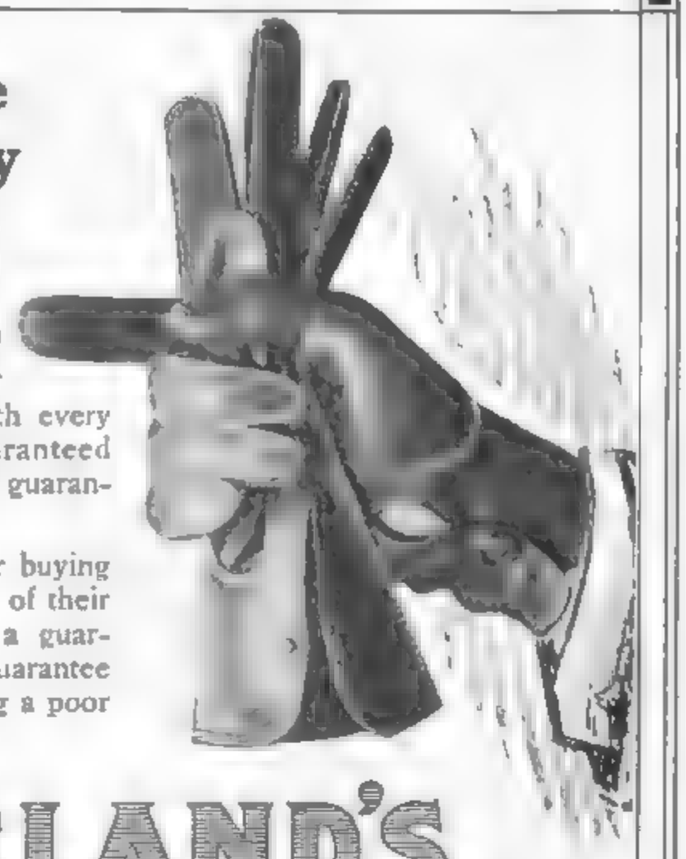
The reason of this, of course, is that the conflicting decisions of the courts, in their efforts to break up big-business organizations under the so-called antitrust law, lay down rules that all other business must heed. And these rules are so crisscross and confusing that there is not a business man in the United States who can get a learned and honest lawyer to give him a written opinion as to just how he can carry on his business with a certainty of not violating a law the meaning of which changes with almost every case brought before the courts.

A good illustration of this is furnished in the last three great so-called trust decisions handed down from the bench. The court dissolved the Oil and Tobacco trusts—not because they were big, but because they were wicked; yet only the other day the court dissolved the International Harvester Company—not because it was wicked, but solely because it was big.

Can any person, and especially any business man, make head or tail of this condition? For the business man it is a case of "damned if you do and damned if you don't!" The absurd argument that, even if a big-business concern really does right, it might do wrong, would suspend all healthful human activities if applied to everybody and everything. For example, it would lock up a strong but good man because he might knock his neighbor down; it would prevent the use of electricity because that element is as potent for death and destruction as for life and useful purposes—and so on ad infinitum. It is especially grotesque in the mouths of lawyers, since the fallacy of the possible abuse of power as a reason against its existence was utterly annihilated by the great Chief Justice Marshall in his most unanswerable opinions.

On the other hand, the ordinary business man, who wants to do right quite as much as he wants to make money, is floundering about in a fog of uncertainty, which gets

You Can See Their Beauty



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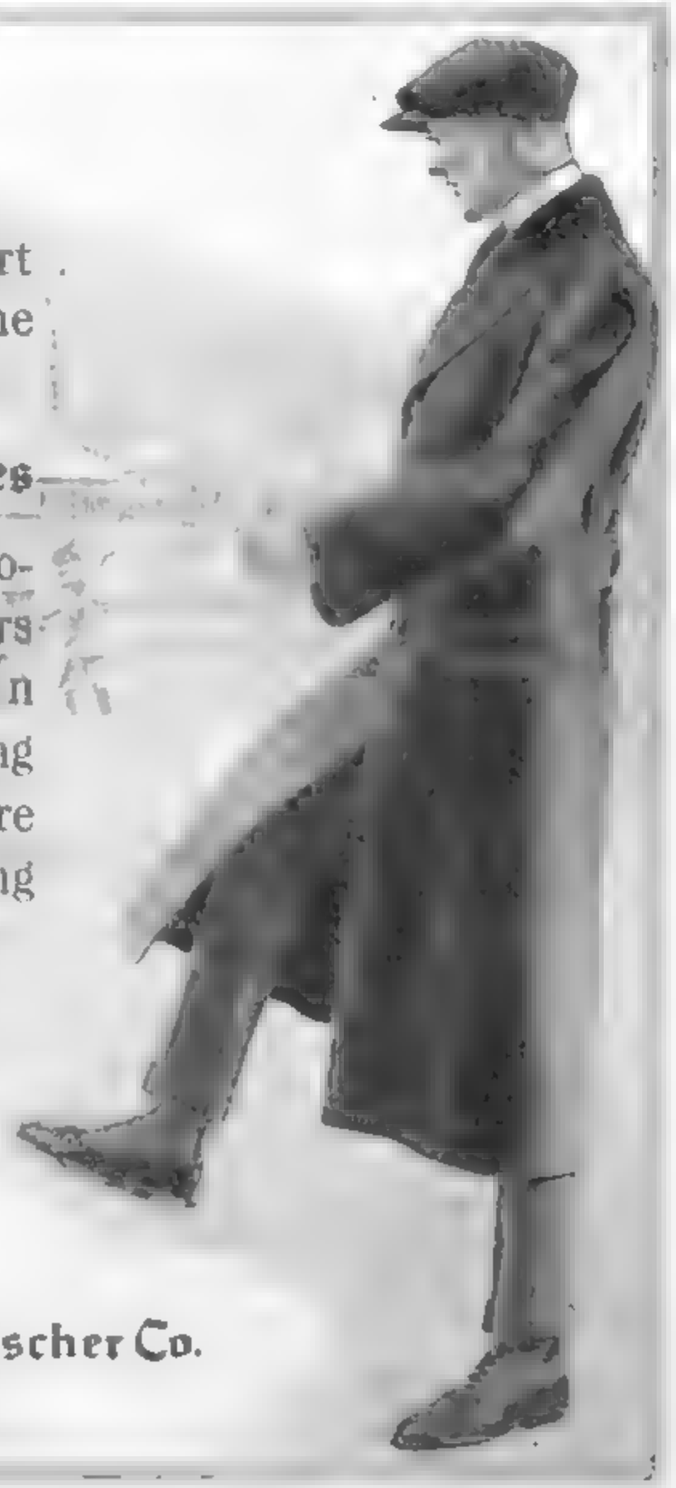
FOR solid comfort we suggest the *Shawl Collar*, a **Sincerity Clothes**—garment. Snug protection for the ears and throat; an exclusive appearing coat. Try it on before a mirror at a leading store in your city.



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Guiterman Bros.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

thicker all the time; so that he never knows at what minute he may stumble into the penitentiary.

Does anybody now wonder that the German business man, already twice quoted, should declare that if German business laws were made and administered as ours are, Germany, with her small resources and dense population, would be bound hand and foot commercially, industrially and financially?

Necessary as great business units now are conceded to be to serve properly the vast and growing needs of our own people at home, such great business units are absolutely indispensable to get for the United States anything like our share of foreign trade. It is by means of immense business organizations that other nations have made and are making their astonishing progress in the world's trade; and it is mathematically true that those great foreign business units can be met only by at least equally large business units of our own. As a matter of fact they would have to be much larger, because foreign business concerns have the aggressive and practical help of their governments in foreign trade.

Money for Everybody's Pocket

One proof that our growing foreign trade is largely due to our great business organizations is that our manufactured exports have gone ahead of our agricultural exports; and that the most considerable quantities of our manufactured exports are those in which American business organizations are greatest and most concentrated.

An ever-growing foreign trade is necessary to our prosperity. This is made plain by the well-known fact that if our export commerce stopped a large percentage of our producing industry would also stop, resulting in idle labor, reduced wages, glutted markets and general business congestion. And that portion of foreign trade which is most valuable is the manufactured exports; for it is axiomatic that every dollar of manufacture is distributed over a broad area of industry—it includes the producers of raw material, those engaged in transportation, and the various forms of labor needed to turn out the ultimate product.

So that every dollar that comes to our shores from other lands in payment for our manufactured exports goes into the pockets of our entire producing population. And yet this immense, infinitely diversified and widely distributed source of wealth cannot be won except by organizations of capital, engaged in industry and trade, large enough to meet the immense business units of foreign countries. But, notwithstanding the fact that all this is merely the A B C of economics, we actually allow politicians, playing the game of partisan politics, to attempt to cut these indispensable business units all to pieces instead of controlling them in the public interest, as common sense and common justice require.

Legislation is being put through a physically, mentally and nervously exhausted Congress, which, overworked, tired and irritable, has been sitting, day in and day out, for more than a year. And this legislation is drawn on the same old theory that large business units must be broken up into little factions, each fighting the other. It is more restrictive, yet more vague, than the handcuff-in-the-dark legal condition already binding and blinding business. If present prospects are realized this dog-day legislation will add to the confusion already so maddening, and thicken the fog of uncertainty already so dense that business can make headway in it only with the greatest difficulty.

Curiously enough, these hot-weather laws are drawn on the old theory of unregulated, unlimited and savage competition, though every economic authority agrees and every student knows that this very unregulated, unlimited and savage competition was the principal means by which criminal Big Business achieved its worst purposes. It is the law of the jungle and of the ocean depths—the strongest animal of prey eating the weaker.

On the so-called trust question this law of the jungle is made the law of civilized business. Yet, in the railroad question, Congress has been forced to do exactly the opposite; for example, when the railroads were forbidden to give rebates the greatest and most natural weapon of competition was taken away from them. Similar examples of such legislative contradictions could be given by the score and are well known to all.

The truth is, as every modern economic authority asserts, competition must be regulated, controlled and directed for the public good, like everything else; otherwise it is savage and lawless, hurtful to the public welfare, destructive of honest business, and hostile to the very spirit and philosophy of civilization.

What, then, should be done? We cannot break up and ought not to break up our great business organizations; but we can and ought to stop their oppression of the consuming public. We can and ought to stop the dead hand they lay on the business world. We can and ought to clear the business atmosphere and take from the hands of honest business the shackles of doubt and fear now clamped on them.

In doing this we hazard no untried experiment. We have done precisely the same thing with the railroad question, which presented exactly the same difficulties that the so-called trust question presents. If the Interstate Commerce Commission has proved a good thing to regulate and control, in the public interest, the railroads, which carry the products of the trusts, why would not an Interstate Trust Commission, with the same or larger powers, prove a good thing to regulate and control the trusts, the products of which the railroads carry?

Such a commission, with ample powers to stop, on its own motion, evil practices of business; to point out to the business world what business men safely can do; to take up a bad method at its first appearance and avert its consequences before they develop into real injury; to issue or withhold licenses to interstate corporations applying for the same only as the capitalization and business practices of those corporations are sound; to take from any real monopoly the basis on which it rests—such a commission would do more to prevent the wrongs committed by Big Business than has been done in a quarter of a century of mistaken effort to break it up. And such a commission would do more to release the now burdened, hampered and blinded energies of honest American business than all the restrictive laws that could be written.

This commission should not be a mere bureau, but a great independent arm of the Government, of equal dignity with and greater power than the Interstate Commerce Commission which deals with our transportation troubles, or the proposed Tariff Commission which will deal with our tariff complications.

Also, with such a commission the Sherman Law might become really useful, instead of merely destructive, as it now is; for if a real monopoly should develop which, nevertheless, was not overcapitalized and did not raise prices unjustly, but which, solely because it is a monopoly, ought not to be tolerated—then the Sherman Law could be invoked and the commission could see to it that a dissolution decree were actually carried out, instead of avoided, as is now the case. Private monopolies are not to be endured; and a National Trust Commission would be a real force to check and overcome them instead of a mere sword of lath with which to make harmless passes at them.

The railroads, the tariff and the trusts constitute the three fundamental divisions of our business activity; and our business activity is nothing more than the producing and trade activities of the whole people. Each of these divisions, then, should be handled by a separate arm of the National Government.

Throwing Regularity to the Winds

Those who object to the creation of new branches of the national establishment must remember that in the beginning we had only the Treasury, State, Justice, War and Post-Office Departments. The Navy Department was not established until nearly eleven years after the Constitution was adopted. The Interior Department, the Department of Agriculture and the Departments of Commerce and Labor were created at different times to meet the growing requirements of the National Government by the expanding and varied activities of our people. Exactly the same process created the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Shall we not, then, make permanent prosperity our business watchword and throw party regularity on the scrapheap? What will your verdict be in the great case of Your Own Welfare versus Partisan Politics?

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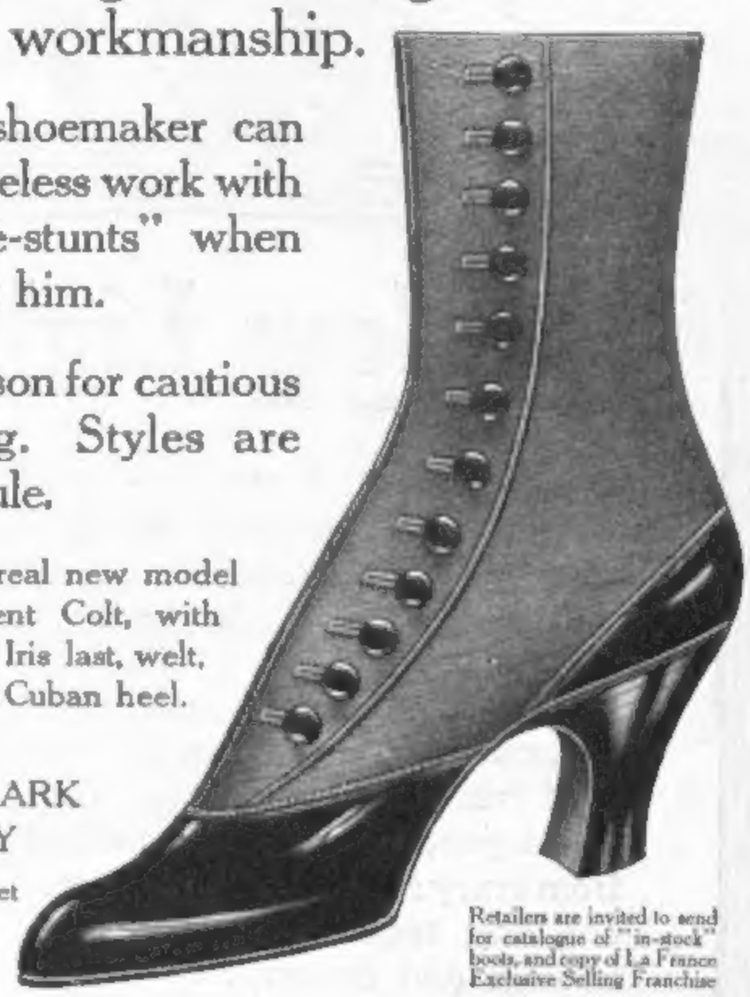

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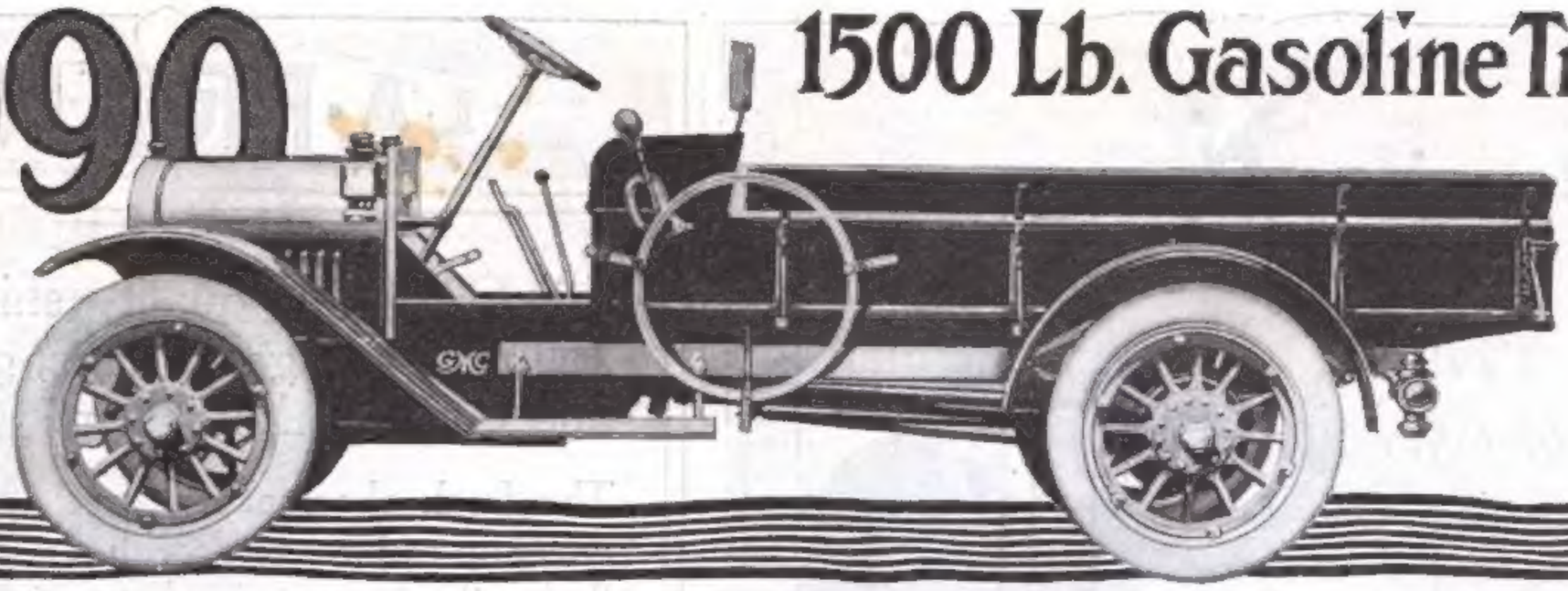

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Big Production Makes Price Low

In our preliminary announcement of this truck it was priced at $1150. It was so well received by our dealers and customers, however, that we have increased our production schedule and lowered the price to $1090—a price made possible only by big production and big buying power.

At $1090 this light truck can be operated with profit in many classes of work that formerly could not be economically handled by heavier trucks alone. It can also be used in many lines that have not yet felt able to afford the advantages of motor delivery. It is a practical truck for the farmer, retail merchant, jobber, wholesaler, truck gardener—anyone who has loads to haul not exceeding 1500 lbs.

Specifications in Brief

Capacity—1500 lbs. in addition to body weight allowance of 750 lbs.

Weight—Complete chassis 2360 lbs.

Speed—20 miles per hour.

Motor—Vertical, 4-cylinder, water cooled—"L" type, 3½" bore, 5" stroke.

Carburetor—Automatic float feed type.

Governor—Automatic, fully enclosed and Yale locked.

Control—Left hand drive, center control.

Transmission—Sliding gear, selective type—3 speeds forward and reverse. Direct drive on high.

Drive—Propeller shaft.

Brakes—Two sets.

Tires—35" x 5" all around—pneumatic.

Wheel Base—122".

Tread—Front and rear 56".

Price—Chassis only in lead, including seat, two oil side lights, one oil tail light, horn, complete set of tools, including jack and extra demountable rim, $1090 f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich.

Remember

We make the most complete line of gasoline and electric trucks yet produced; seven gasoline models up to 5 tons capacity and eight electric models up to 6 tons. In this line there is the *right* truck for *your* business no matter what its requirements.

Our practical transportation men are prepared to co-operate with you in selecting the type of truck that will most profitably and satisfactorily do your work. Explain your haulage conditions to us and we will give you an unbiased recommendation. Communicate with the nearest GMC dealer or write our factory direct as you prefer.

DEALERS—We start deliveries of 1500 lb. gasoline models November 15th. Write for our special proposition in unoccupied territory.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

One of the Units of General Motors Co.

Pontiac, Michigan

Direct Factory Branches:

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City

GMC

GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY

TRUCKS

Gasoline ***Electric***

Buick

The Car for the Hills

EVERY ***Buick*** *Car is a powerful car* whether it is the smallest model or the "Six." *Every* ***Buick*** *has ample reserve power for its weight* to take the hills "on high" that many others barely make "on low."

The ***Buick*** Motor *delivers all its power* when called upon. This is proven in tests of all kinds in every part of the world.

A ***Buick*** climbed Pike's Peak in record time.

Two ***Buicks*** were the only team to receive perfect scores in the Tour de France in 1914. This was a reliability run of over 3,000 miles with 34 entrants.

Buick is the *only* car that has crossed the Andes mountains.

In hundreds of other tests, ***Buick*** has proved itself a winner and record breaker.

We *guarantee* the *Buick* Valve-in-Head motor to develop and *deliver* more power than any other type of automobile motor of equal size—American or foreign make.

Here is another statement which we back with our integrity and every dollar behind this organization—there is not a single part of the 1915 ***Buick*** car that is not as good as or better than the same part which we used in 1914, and in many instances the design has been improved and the quality bettered.

Many new features have been added, and ***Buick*** *today offers greater value than ever before—at a lower price.* Greater demand and increased output make this possible. Some of the improvements are:

The latest ***Delco*** System of starting, lighting and ignition, which has an increased generating capacity of 35 per cent and the automatic spark advance.

Tungsten Steel Valves.

Carburetor supplied by Stewart-Warner gravity feed vacuum system.

Controls located on instrument board in cowl.

Non-skid tires on rear wheels of all models.

The 1915 ***Buick*** includes three chassis and six models.

Now on the dealers' floors. Deliveries made in order of purchase.

A ***Buick*** contract is a Big Asset to a Dealer. Responsible men are acceptable in open territories.

Built in Fours and Sixes. Price $900 to $1,650

F. O. B. Factory

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan

It says Here—

"—bread can be no better than the flour from which it is made. Therefore, GOLD MEDAL FLOUR will Eventually be used by all particular housewives. It retains the virile strength of the original wheat. It is a natural flour with creamy white, velvety texture"

Eventually

WASHBURN - CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WHY NOT NOW?